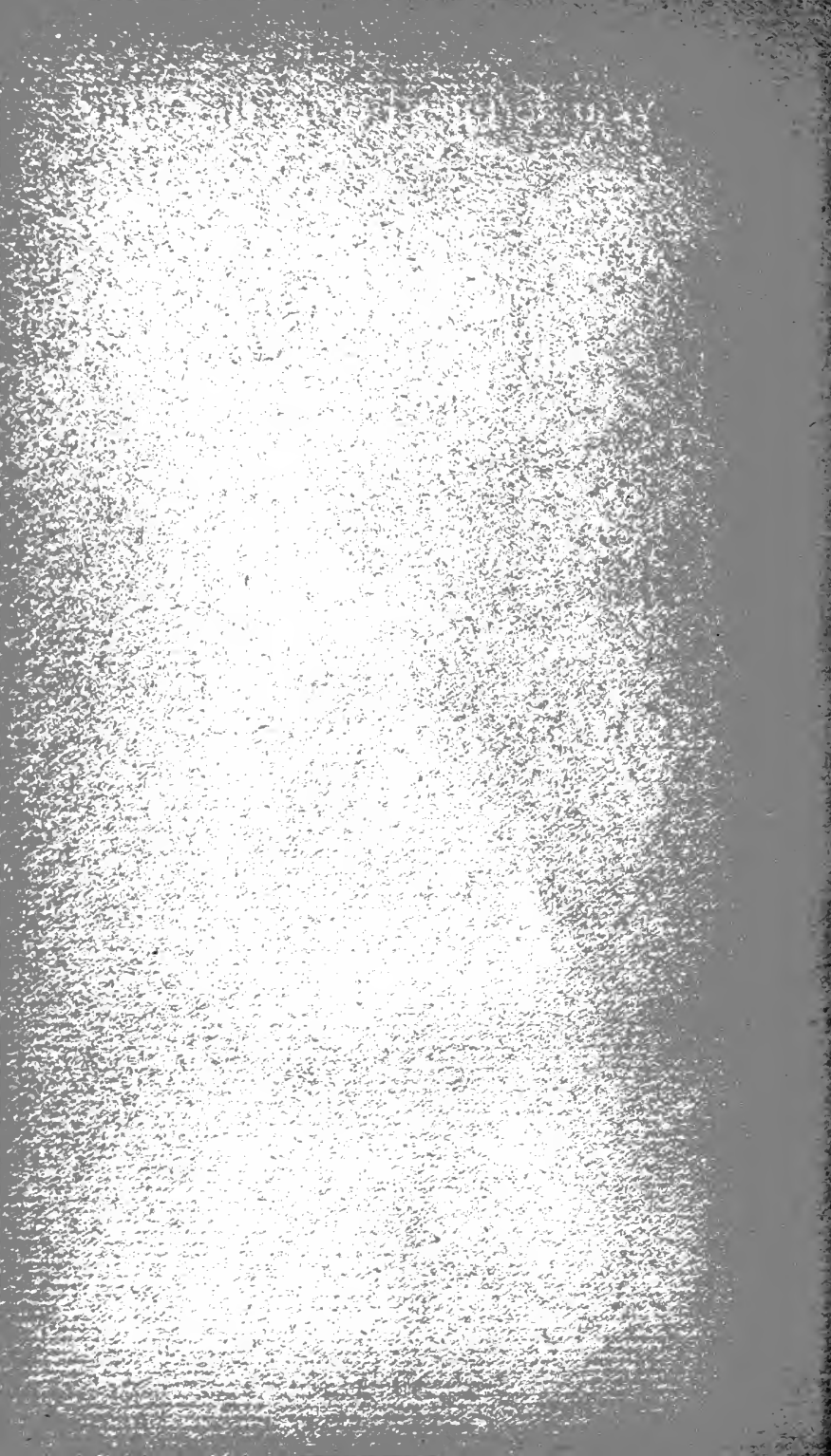






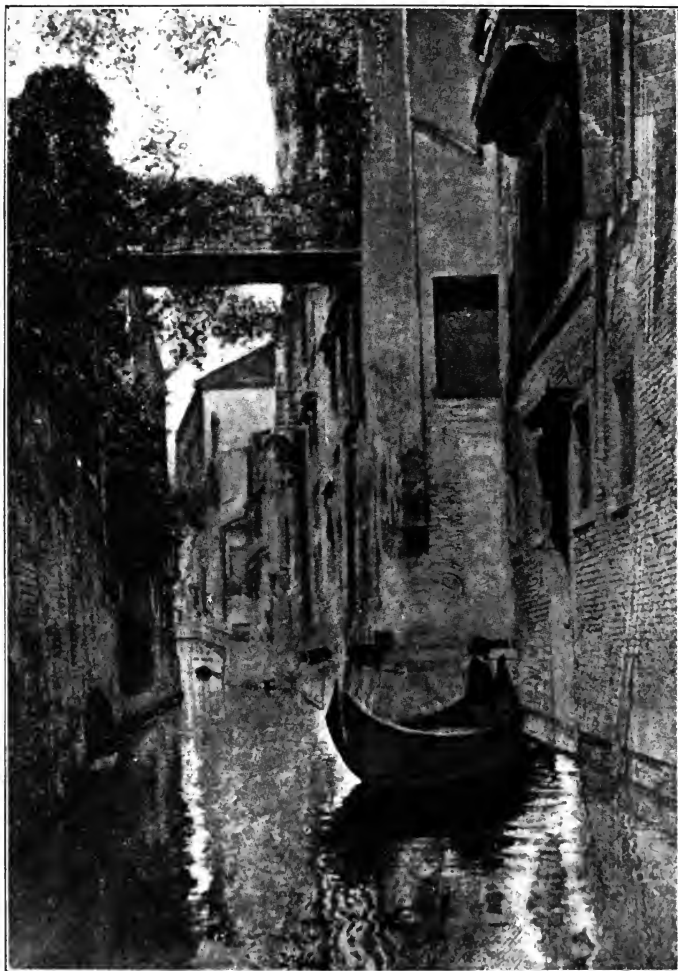
Wanderings Before the War



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILIP H. KATZ

THE LANCET
LONDON
1901

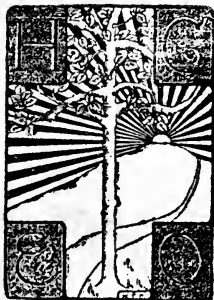


In Venice.

WANDERINGS BEFORE THE WAR

BY

W. R. STATHER HUNT



HEATH, CRANTON, LTD.
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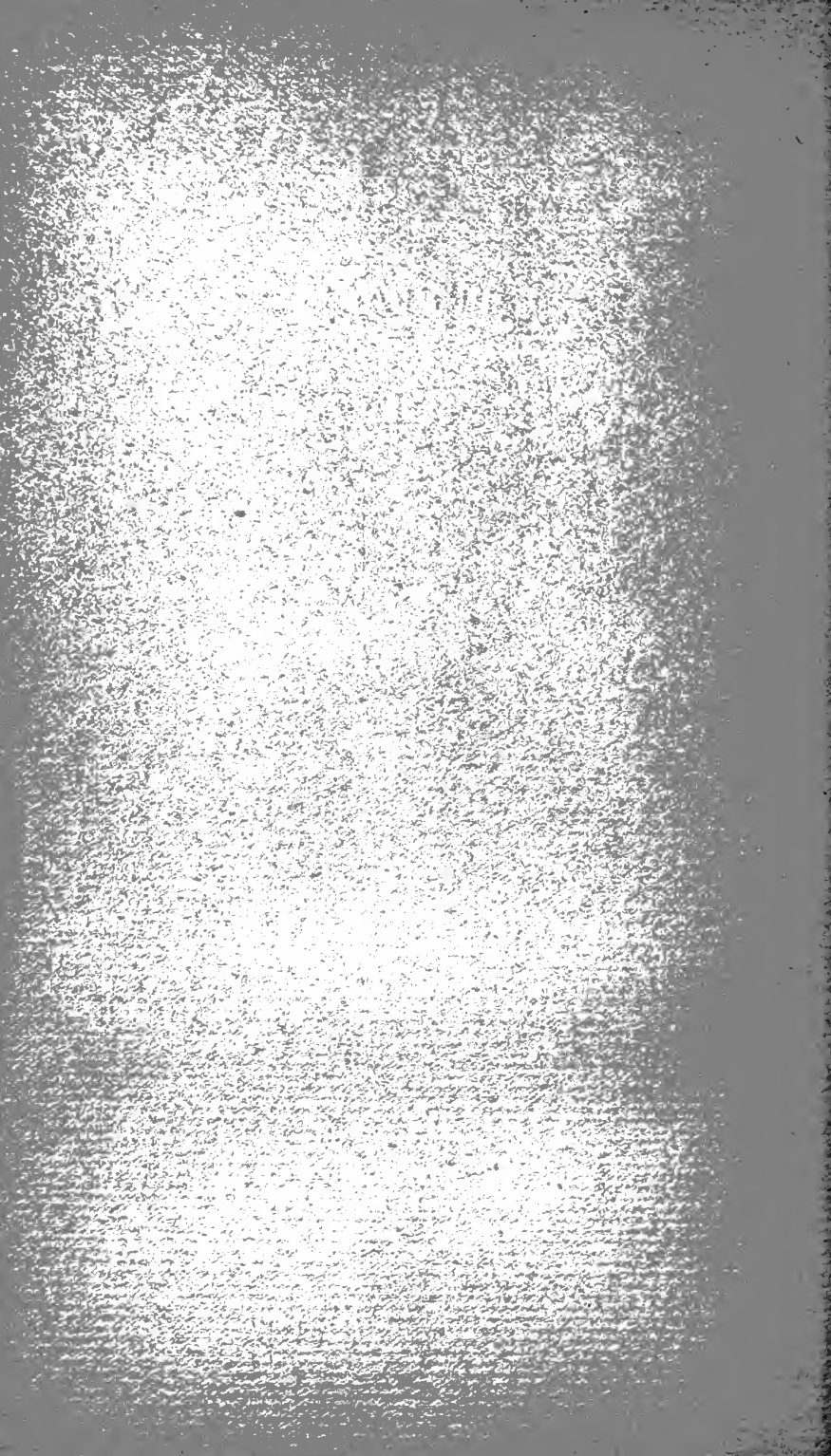
Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher for the 10 trials condition than for the 5 trials condition.

PREFACE

THE material for this account was collected during the early months of 1908, and was arranged in the few spare moments of the next two and a half years. The book as it stands represents that material without any alteration or enlargement suggested by subsequent events ; for example, in the chapters dealing with Serbia and the Provinces I was scrupulously careful to confine myself to the results of my own observation and to avoid any suggestion of the great change caused by the Annexation or of the increased harshness of the Austrian rule. The book was finished in June, 1911, but owing to the onset of a very long and severe illness, I took no steps towards having it published for some considerable time. On reading it through after the lapse of four years, I find that any attempt at revision would need more time and labour than my health permits, and therefore mistakes remain which I would have wished to correct. For one of these I feel bound to apologise. Throughout I looked upon the Germans, as distinct from the Prussians, as a friendly nation. At the time of writing I believed that when the war came there would be no virulence on either side, except on the part of the Prussians. I am ashamed of the mistake, as I ought to have formed a better idea of the influence of Treitschke on all classes of the German Empire.

W. R. S. H.

December, 1915.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	5
BERLIN	9
DRESDEN	17
PRAG	21
MUNICH	31
SALZBURG	41
HALLSTATT	48
LINZ	56
VIENNA	58
BUDA-PESTH	71
BELGRADE	76
SARAJEVO	88
MOSTAR	98
GRAVOSA	102
TRIESTE	106
VENICE	116
PADUA	133
ESTE	141
FLORENCE	152
MODENA	200
REGGIO	206
PARMA	212
BRESCIA	214
VERONA	224

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN VENICE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
DRESDEN. THE ELBE	17
MUNICH. GENERAL VIEW.	31
„ MARIENPLATZ	38
SALZBURG	46
HALLSTATT	54
VIENNA. PARLIAMENT HOUSE	63
HERZEGOVINAN COSTUMES	97
VENICE. PIAZZA	116
„ COURT OF DOGE'S PALACE	120
„ CA' D' ORO	125
„ A FONDAMENTA	130
„ THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS	135
PADUA. ARCADES	140
„ LOGGIA AND PIAZZA	145
FLORENCE. UFFIZZI	160
„ VIEW OF THE CERTOSA	170
MADONNA. LIPPO LIPPI	185
ADORATION OF MAGI. DUERER.	190
CLOISTERS OF THE CERTOSA	200
BRESCIA. DUOMO AND BROLETTO	214
VERONA. SANT' ANASTASIA	220
„ AMPHITHEATRE	227
„ MERCATO VECCHIO	235



Wanderings before the War

BERLIN : *March*, 1908.

IF I take your meaning correctly, you have two purposes in asking me to send you "impressions" of this "Wanderjahr" of mine. Firstly you want me to reveal myself to you as faithfully as I can, that you may see how another human being lives ; secondly, I am to describe the exact impressions produced upon me by my experiences. I suppose you think that if I comply with the first request you will be able to make allowance for the personal element in the descriptions, and so obtain a more reliable idea than you would gain from guide-books or travellers' tales written by an author of whose idiosyncracies you had no knowledge. You apologise for the first part of your request ; needlessly, I think, for though you may only want to know me as a specimen in a collection, my vanity scents a compliment. You have travelled with me, and so I need not tell you how good a traveller I consider myself, nor do you require to be reminded of my mania for travelling cheaply —by the way, I got from Cologne to this place for 11 marks 70. I do not think, however, you quite realise how keen a pleasure I take in the actual travelling on the Continent, quite apart from circumstance or destination. I climb up into the railway carriage at Ostend or Dieppe with much the same delight with which a small boy enters a tuck shop. I am going to leave out my recent

rushings to and fro, from Brussels to Berne, from one winter-station to another; off to Hamburg and half-way back again. For me my tour begins when I meet the Professor, which will be in about half an hour. You have just met him, I believe, in the old Oxford days; for the rest, he knows more about one or two subjects than anyone else in the world; speaks a round dozen languages, has read as much Browning as I have myself (*i.e.* every word he ever published), and has an intense appreciation of music and of art. He is a fine pianist and a good all-round sportsman, but although he has written the standard work of reference on one of his subjects, he has not impudence enough to be a gilt-edged success, except in the opinion of his fellow-scholars. If I were a millionaire I would give him command of an expedition to dig in a certain place I know of, and while he was away would buy a newspaper and push him for all I was worth—for which he would never forgive me. He is just pleasantly unorthodox, in my opinion, and does not regard his heterodoxy as a fit excuse for conceit, or consider his more orthodox brethren necessarily unintelligent. We have not seen very much of each other since we came down, nor have we corresponded with any great degree of regularity; still, I do not suppose there will be any difficulty in taking up our friendship at the point where we ceased to come across one another. I am looking forward to our tour with an extraordinary amount of anticipation; it seems quite the chance of a lifetime, and I can hardly credit my good luck in being able to secure the Professor as a travelling companion. You have probably realised that I am no longer the wreck I was two months ago; I would not have believed that an apparently slight attack of typhoid could pull

down one's strength so much, nor that rest and the mountain air could work so speedy a transformation. I enjoyed my time in Switzerland, immensely, although for once in a way I took life easily. By this I mean to imply that after a whole day's skieing, I did not exert myself violently in the evening. I think, however, that I have almost finished with Switzerland; my purse cannot keep pace with the steady rise of prices, although, so far, my annual fortnight has never cost me as much as £10, including travelling. Most of the best places are terribly crowded now-a-days, and though I do not want solitude, I do not care for a place which forcibly reminds me of Margate in the season. I have discovered a new place of my very own, and if you are very good you shall come next year with my carefully-selected party, which is going to spend fourteen clear days among the mountains for £8, all told. I am sure I acted quite rightly in throwing up my position in order to get quite strong, and therefore I resolutely refuse to dwell on the possibility of being unable to get a post when I return. In my heart of hearts I believe that this illness has thrown me out of the running, but if so I am content to trust, even if my idea of glorifying God does not correspond to the method He chooses for me. I have earmarked £35 for the expenses of this tour; if it is not enough I must come home earlier than I intend. I will try to send you my impressions of Berlin as soon as I have seen anything of it.

BERLIN.

The excuse for the heading of this letter is that the train in which I am travelling has not yet got out of the city. I demand great credit for my

faithfulness in writing now, for the views from the carriage windows have great attractions for me. I have done my duty by Berlin; I don't think I have missed many of the most noteworthy "sights," nor do I think I should have missed much if I had. The Professor says that he now realises the meaning of the old saw: "God made the country, man made the town." For myself I should personify Berlin as that type of self-made man whose whole conversation is a generous attempt to relieve everybody else of the responsibility for his existence. Berlin is in every sense the capital of Prussia; the phrase contains the whole connotation of the name; when, however, Baedeker describes it as the chief city of Germany, I feel that he does a terrible injustice to a great nation. The music here is of course magnificent, but I was unlucky enough to hit on a comparatively blank time. I hope I shall be more fortunate at other towns, but we must take things as they come, for, although our tour is very elastic, we are bound to move on fairly regularly. For most places we allow a margin of two or three days, but sometimes we are more fixed to scheduled time. My brightest recollections of this place will centre round the big picture gallery, which has been a sort of slight foretaste of Dresden. To clear the ground I had better premise that I neither know nor care whether my tastes in art are orthodox or heretical. I value conventional classifications, when I am acquainted with them, as a useful guide in cases where it is impossible to devote much time to every picture. For this reason I regret my ignorance of those standards, but at the same time, in art, as in everything else, the sleek type of individual, who plumes himself on his "orthodox" ideas just because a majority is in agree-

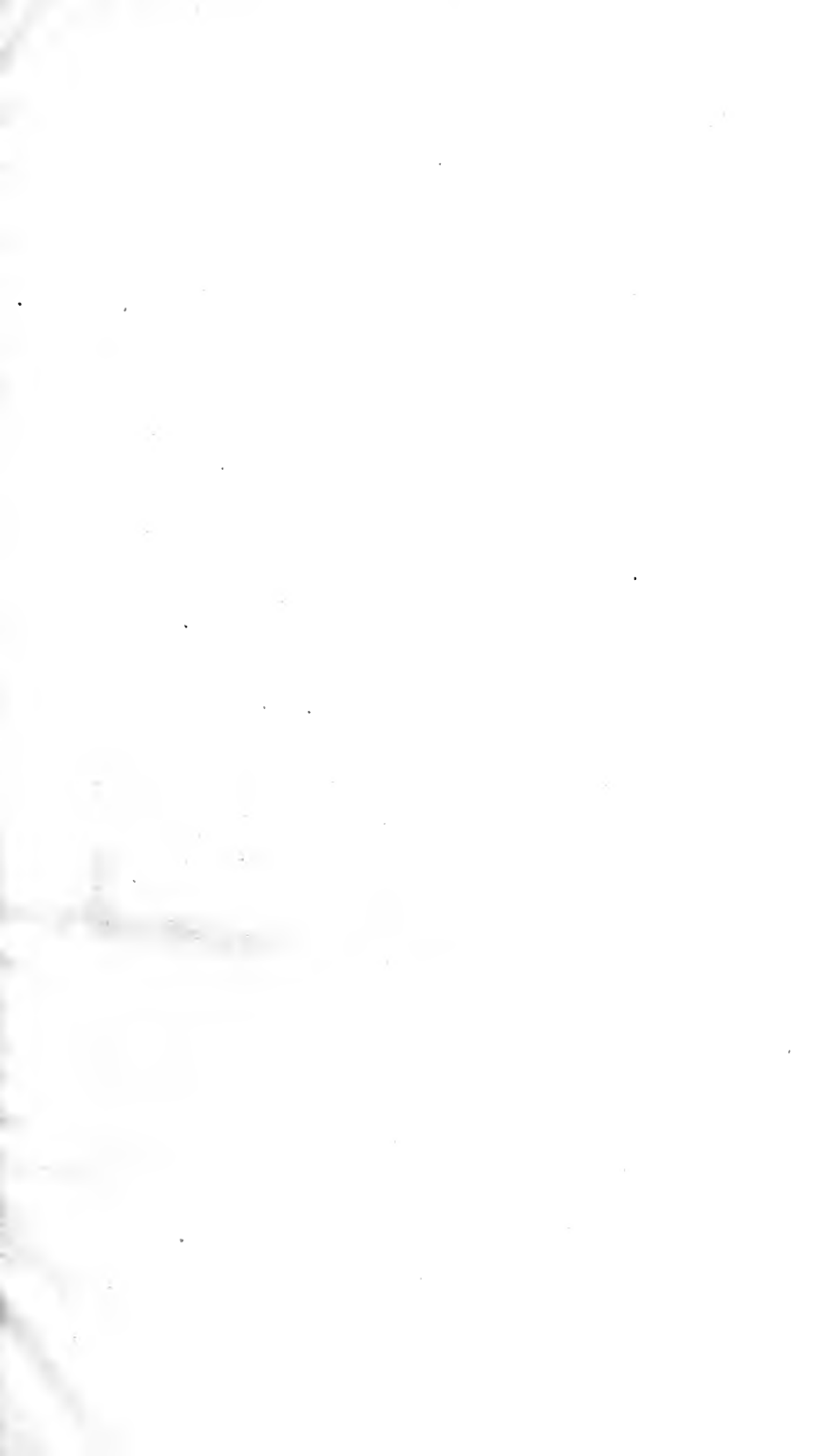
ment with him—or rather he with it—annoys me as much as the man who considers that heretical ideas of any sort or kind necessarily confer a sort of cachet on their holder. If, therefore, I fail to see the beauty of a picture which is conventionally considered to be fine, I am quite willing that you should infer a certain want of appreciation in me, so long as you admit that I may receive aesthetic pleasure from a source which gives little to the majority of observers. I made a tactical mistake in this Gallery, which probably interfered with my enjoyment of a large part of it. I made straight for Botticelli's *Madonna of the Easter Lilies*, and steeped my whole soul in its triumphant beauty. You must know perfectly well that there are some pictures which exercise an influence that is altogether inexpressible, and which does not seem to depend on any special characteristic of technique or conception. Of all the thoughts and feelings which this picture aroused in my mind, there is nothing that I can formulate except two quite secondary ideas; first, that these lilies are of a pure sweetness unknown to the langourous blossoms of our earth; secondly, that there is some mystic connection between this straight row of lilies in the background, and the arrangement of the figures. Our mistake was made evident by the fact that for a time everything else suffered by comparison with this picture; for instance, there are five *Rafaels* in close proximity to each other: the *Madonna della Casa Diotelevi*, the *Madonna of the Solly Collection*, the *Colonna*, the *Terra Nuova*, and a *Virgin with Saints*. In all of them the colouring is of course magnificent, but—The *Colonna* appears to me insipid, effeminately sentimental in spite of its rich colours, though there is something in the attitude of the Child which

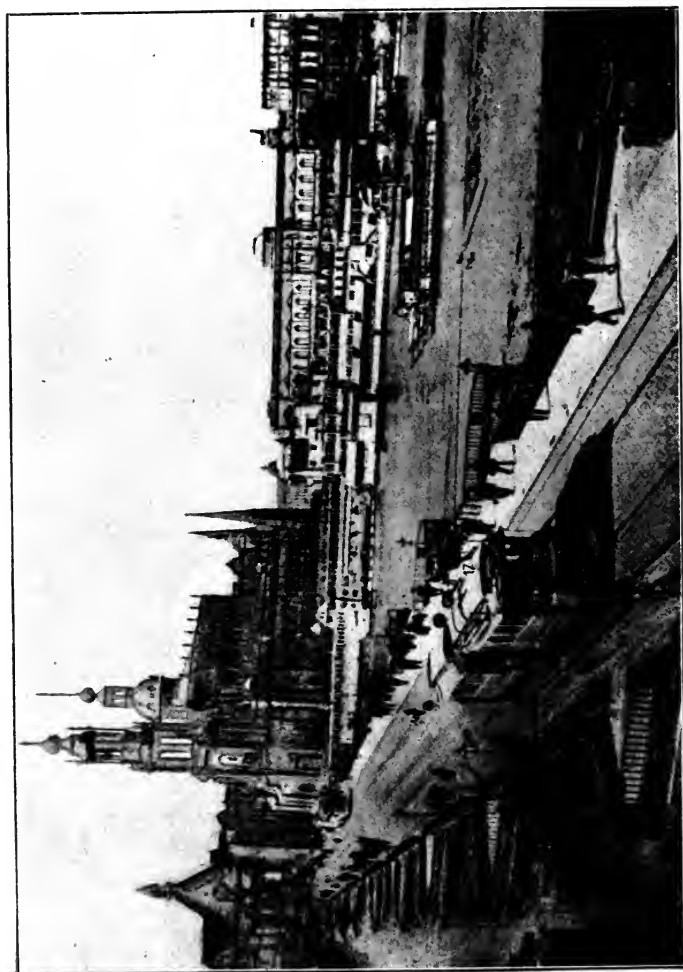
takes my fancy ; the last of the five I frankly dislike, owing to what seems to me a conventional form of stiffness ; the Terra Nuova gives me great pleasure, and would probably appeal to me more intensely if it were not for the fresh memory of the " Easter Lilies " ; I like the figures and love the background. But the first two I have mentioned, the Diotelevi and the Solly, I absolutely hate ; to me they are not merely unattractive ; they are positively horrible. It seems to me as if Rafael were sometimes gripped by an evil spirit whose influence corrupted all that was naturally beautiful and holy in his art. It is not merely the technical faults that nauseate me ; no carelessness in technique could ever cause so strong a repulsion ; it seems as if these two pictures represent some evil influence which may be felt through art as surely as the influence of the Spirit of God may speak through the work of some prophet, whose only tongue was his brush. I have tried to admit that the fault is in myself, but in this instance I am absolutely convinced that it is not so. After an interval of sorrowful and self-doubting inspection we found consolation in a gorgeous " Raising of Lazarus," by Albrecht Ouwater ; you may call it stiff, if you like, and point out a dozen anachronisms, you may remind me that Lazarus was not buried in a domed mausoleum ; yet I have seen few pictures that appealed to me more. Every one of the figures in the foreground is instinct with life, and as for the crowd that gazes through the lattice of the door—you expect them to come tumbling in every instant. The picture may have many faults, but it has also many merits, plus a something else, a kind of reverent awe, a feeling which in its full development leads straight to the city of God, and which even at its least extent sets the

feet on the way thither. We had not much time to spare in this Gallery, and after revelling in the marvellous blue distances of a Dietrich Bouts, we went happily out to snatch a hurried lunch at an automatic restaurant, and then to pack. This latter operation at present takes me twelve minutes ; before long five will have to suffice. You will rejoice with a malicious joy to hear that I, the conductor of a dozen Swiss trips, have been at last palpably swindled. The success was scored by the hotel porter, who reminded us of a forgotten item just as we were starting in a taxicab, and a great hurry for the station ; it was not until we were in the train that I discovered that he had done me out of two marks. On the other hand we defeated a combined effort on the part of the station staff to compel us to pay for our hand-luggage, so that on the whole honours are even. I have a singular dislike of being cheated, however small the amount in question may be, and wherever possible I mark my displeasure at any attempt of the kind by reducing my tip to the guilty individual. The standard excuse is that all Englishmen are rich, and can afford to lose money ; I believe that this idea really does account for a large number of these attempts at petty extortion. I am very anxious to find out what impression the Sistine Madonna makes upon me ; I am ashamed to say that no reproduction I have ever seen has appealed to me very much. If the picture is as wonderful as its reputation, I shall have great difficulty in tearing myself away from it. I rather expect that, owing to the shortness of our stay, the whole town will seem little more than a setting to the picture gallery. I will drop this letter into the first available box, which will probably be in the post van of a train

16 WANDERINGS BEFORE THE WAR

from Dresden to Berlin ; I want to discuss matters with the Professor, so must stop at long last.





DRESDEN.

I HAVE a few moments to spare before rushing off to the station, so will begin a letter which will probably be finished in the train. Our first evening here was spent in strolling about the town, which seems to me quite delightful. Many of the streets are very fine indeed, but personally I like best the views up and down the Elbe from the Augustusbrücke. Most of the finest buildings are in this neighbourhood, though I am afraid that I cannot tell you much about them, as our time was so short. There are two cathedrals, both of which are impressive and in harmony with their surroundings rather than architecturally perfect; the same may be said for the Royal Palace, and another building, which I think is the Rathaus. However, the effect of the combination and arrangement of all these buildings is magnificent, and to my mind far superior to anything in Berlin. Facing the end of the bridge in the old town is a delightful house with one of those high gables which are so common in Germany; I do not know its official description, but imagine that it has been the Hall of a Merchants' Guild. Neither of us liked the Zwinger very much, in spite of its size; but the pictures! I spent three quarters of an hour at a stretch before the Sistine Madonna, rapt in a perfect ecstasy of wonder and praise. It hangs like a veil over the doorway of the Presence Chamber, a veil that wears thin to transparency. In my heart of hearts I had expected to hate this picture; even now I can force myself to notice features in it that I should

heartily dislike if it were not that they all go to make up this perfect whole. Even after I left the room its spell was on me, and drew me back again and yet again. On one occasion a gang of chattering tourists, who had raced through the gallery in a whirl of empty laughter, came into the room, and were hushed immediately into a silent wonder that was almost pathetic from its obvious strangeness to them. Some seemed almost to resent the restraining influence, but when one of them gave vent to a perfectly involuntary "Say, ain't it great," the rest turned round with the shocked air of parents whose offspring talk in church. How much of this influence is due to the position of the picture and its solitary state? Much, no doubt, but much remains. There are many pictures that mean more to me than this, but I had expected so little and got so much. Another picture which I loved intensely was Andrea del Sarto's "Sacrifice of Isaac," with its marvellously soft outlines, and the indescribable expressions on the father's face. Wonder is there, and a glad realisation that his trust has not been in vain, and all the countless other feelings that must have surged within him as the message came. The victim has not yet realised his deliverance; there is agony on his face and a dumb appeal, but no terror or rebellion. I wonder if Lucrezia della Fede had a brother, for I seem to trace some likeness to her in Isaac's face. One of the glories of this gallery is Guido Reni's "Assumption," which I am afraid does not appeal very closely to me, though I feel the exultation and triumph it expresses. I will not talk about Botticelli's "Madonna and Child"; it is so entirely inexpressible. There is also a lovely Cuyp, and several glorious pictures by Dietrich Bouts, and others of that school. I do not attempt to

describe them because their charm for me is partly due to the fact that they put on canvas the colours that I see in nature, and therefore they awaken ideas which are often entirely individual and incommunicable. The reason why I mention so few pictures is that I have not "done" the gallery. I have rushed through it, and have really looked at just a few which caught my eye. On some future occasion I shall examine a big Correggio which hangs opposite the "Sacrifice of Abraham," and many more Dutch and Flemish pictures. I can never quite understand how it is possible to compare Italian pictures with those of the Northern Schools, or to discuss the comparative merits of, for instance, Rafael and Van Dyck ; the effect produced on me in the two cases seems entirely different in kind. I must own that I feel somehow as if the Venetian School was in many respects a link between the two, but I cannot use it as a standard of comparison. I do not mean that the ultimate effect which is produced by a few pictures of each school is not the same in kind, but all the earlier stages of appeal are entirely different. I won't complicate the question by introducing the Spanish School or the French, although I seem to trace some likeness in each of them to the Northern style. I do not, as you will realise, find it possible to give a full answer to your question, which school I like best. All I can say is that there is scarcely one of the great Northern painters whose works I do not love, whilst most of the later Italians and some single pictures of their greatest masters leave me absolutely cold. I cannot tell you how I am enjoying this trip ; the complete change, the perpetual novelty and the freedom ; I wear my oldest clothes, go to bed and get up at unorthodox hours, eat when I feel inclined, and see places I

have wanted to see for years past. We are now going in the train quite close to the Elbe, and the scenery is beyond expression ; I want to get out of the train, sit down with my back to the line, and cry like a baby ; it is so poignantly beautiful, and I feel my incompleteness so keenly. And yet, do you remember ?—" There are some men to whom beauty is a sacrament : they are all poets, but most of them are mute ? " Without claiming the title I know what this means, for all beauty is indeed sacramental to me, and I understand well what was in the mind of the old mystic—was it Soko or Spener, or who was it ?—when he said that the veil over God's face was embroidered with all the beauty in the world. I cannot get on with this letter, the appeal of the scenery is irresistible ; I will try to write from Prag.

PRAG.

MY FIRST "impression" is that this is a place where things have happened and may happen again ; the very dust seems a precipitate of history. At present, in spite of its gaiety, it seems asleep ; the shadow of Bele Hora still oppresses it, though it seems to me as if the shadow were lifting and the sleeper almost ready to awake. Prokop and Zampach and Prokupek still sleep among their unconquerable followers in Mount Blanik, but it may not be long before the mountain opens, and they come forth to fresh victories. There are few periods of history which excite my enthusiasm more than those old Hussite Wars ; one or two episodes recur again and again to my mind. For instance, there is Beaufort's Crusade with its almost incredible result. The standard of the empire was raised, and a large proportion of the German princes joined or sent contingents. The lowest estimate of the force is 160,000, and some contemporary records give very much higher figures. The chief leaders seem to have been Cardinal Beaufort and Frederick of Brandenburg. Hostilities commenced with an attack on a small Bohemian town, Stribro, which had at the time a garrison of two hundred men. It does not seem that the Crusaders distinguished themselves to any great extent in their attacks on the town ; at any rate it was still holding out when the Bohemian army approached. Zizka was dead, and the two Prokops commanded the relieving force, which was probably something over a tenth of the size of the besieging host. The only

figures given in any authority are 17,500, but there may have been 20,000. On the twenty-seventh of August, 1427, the Crusaders were besieging Stribro with a great show of energy, when suddenly a terrified messenger brought the news of the approach of this enormous host. They stood not upon the order of their going, for the Hussites were barely five miles off, and though they had started out to exterminate them, they did not wish to meet them in the field. Cardinal Beaufort had stopped at Tachau, a town about twenty miles from the German frontier. He was expecting news from the army at Stribro, but can hardly have expected to be confronted with a demoralised mob of fugitives, whose sole idea was to put as many miles as possible between themselves and the "warriors of God." His Eminence seems to have had a fine flow of language at his command, for when promises of Heaven proved unavailing, he fell back on his natural gifts with such effect that for two whole days he held back the host by sheer force of profanity. He, doubtless, pointed out that the speed at which the gallant Crusaders covered the distance from Stribro to Tachau must have left their pursuers far behind. At last, however, Prokop's force drew near; like that of Lucullus at Tigranocerta, it was "too big for an embassy, and too small for an army." As they approached the town they heard no sound to break the death-like silence, except a distant voice blaspheming with a fervour and fluency that indicated no common intellect. Henry Beaufort was willing to attack the Hussites single-handed, but he was caught up in the stream of terror-maddened fugitives, and could not stem the tide. He had done his best to allay the panic; he, a foreigner, had seized the sacred standard of the empire, and

had torn it in pieces, hurling the shreds with bitter taunts at the feet of the helpless princes. It was distinctly fortunate for the Crusaders that the Bohemians had so few cavalry. The cruelties inflicted by the Hussites have in the days of my youth caused me many a thrill of delightful horror ; the throb of Zizka's drum seemed in some way connected with the dark deeds of Giant Blunderbore ; and the fate of the garrison of Brod seemed to stamp the Bohemian leader as a really satisfactory ruffian. Alas for vanished beliefs ! the behaviour of the Hussites in their invasions of Germany seems to contrast favourably with the atrocities practised by the Crusaders ; soon after hostilities began, just before the battle of Usti, the Bohemians offered to pledge themselves to give good quarter in the event of victory, if the Germans would promise to do the same. They received the ferocious answer that not a single heretic should be allowed to live. The stories of Zizka's death, and the legend of the drumhead of human skin seems to have no better authority than the chatty record of Aeneas Sylvius. The massacre of the garrison of Brod was contrary to Zizka's express orders, and was the work of a body of troops maddened by the atrocities committed by Sigismund's plundering Magyars. An incident of the first year of the war is also worth mentioning. The town levies of Prag were besieging the castle of Vyse when they were attacked by a Magyar force of 20,000 men. At first the townsmen wavered, but their leader, Pan Hynek, of Krusina, one of the old Czech nobility, cried out to them in these words : " Beloved brothers, do not retreat, but be brave knights in Christ's battle to-day, for this fight is God's, not ours." The Hussites recovered their courage, and, after putting the Magyars to flight,

succeeded in defeating the Bohemians who still sided with Sigismund. The influence which could lead a 15th century noble to address mere townsmen as "brothers" and "knights," was bound to have results worthy of notice. The spirit of those days seems still to haunt these streets ; I almost expect to see some band of those wonderful old warriors who fought beneath the Chalice standard come swinging along, still chanting their battle hymn, "Warriors of God," or "Magister Jan." I wonder if you have ever come across the hymn to Wenceslas : Balfe introduces part of the melody into "The Bohemian Girl." It belongs rather to the time of George Podebrad, and looks on the victories of Taborites and Orphans as belonging to the days of the preceding generation. I cannot get its lilt out of my head ; it has haunted me for days, especially the chromatic procession in the middle, "we will ever wear the garb of Bohemia, ever hold the customs of our sires, ever cherish this ancient land of ours." But most of all, I seem to feel the spirit of Jan Hus, the man they all loved so well ; his eloquence seems to have been extraordinary, and his influence greater even than that of Savonarola at its highest point. His enemies would never have taken him by force ; the sordid treachery of Sigismund and the Council accomplished what would have needed the whole power of the Empire. Of course, he was not only a religious reformer ; he was a patriot to whom Bohemia was almost part of his religion. It is not, I think, fair to cast the whole blame upon the shoulders of the Church ; for the Pope was certainly not his bitterest enemy ; in fact, I am inclined to attribute John XXIII's strong reluctance to go to Constance, partly at least to his unwillingness to proceed to extremities against Hus. There are many stories which show

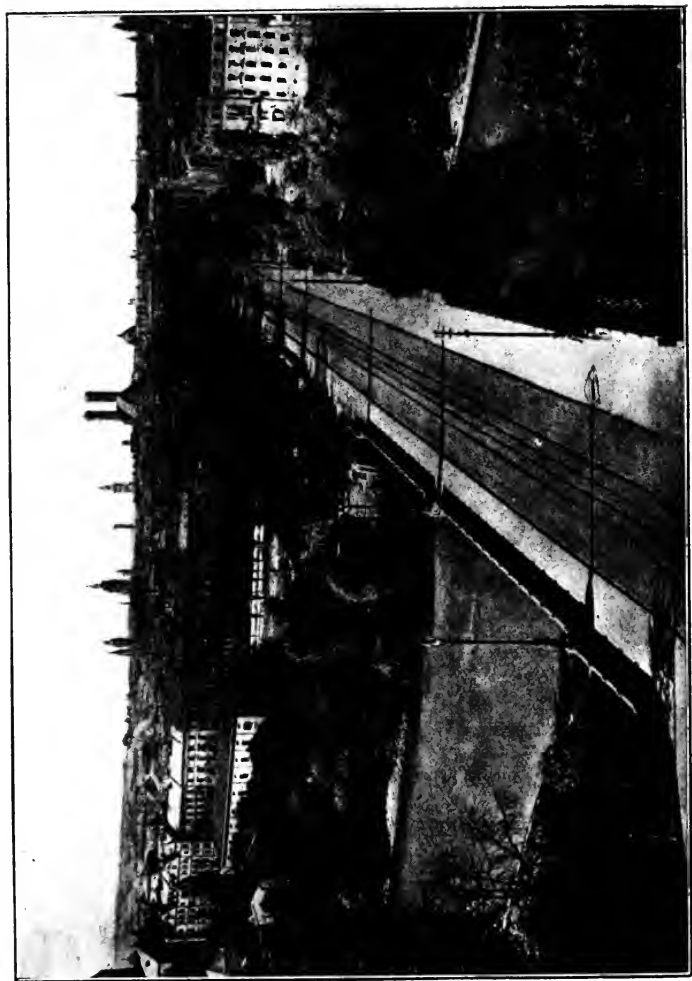
with how bad a grace His Holiness journeyed towards the meeting-place of the Council. They are, doubtless, entirely untrue, but one or two of them illustrate the temper in which the Pope is supposed to have travelled from Italy. On one occasion a party of pious peasants assembled to receive a passing blessing from the Head of the Church ; unfortunately they arrived at a moment when John was more than usually annoyed about the falseness of his position. His frank expression of his annoyance came to the ears of the peasants who were awaiting his carriage, and drove them in headlong flight to the nearest village, filled with terror of the fiend whom they imagined to be masquerading in the guise of the Pope. Personally, I should like to know in what language the Pope relieved his feelings, and how it came to be intelligible to these Swiss or Tyrolese peasants. I have the greatest sympathy for John ; he was entirely helpless in face of the determined attitude of the Emperor ; he knew that he was required to help the Germans pay off an old score against the Bohemians, and he disliked the idea intensely. Nor were all the other dignitaries inclined to acquiesce in the attempt to stultify a Council from which great reforms had been expected by identifying it with one side of what was originally a personal matter. Charlier Gerson does not seem to have been best pleased with the proceedings, although later on he was very bitter against Jerome. I cannot rid myself of the impression that the spirit of those days is not yet dead, and that we shall see new Hussites, and perhaps a new Zizka before all is over ; I am not quite sure, however, that the country has even yet recovered from the ravages of the Thirty Years War, especially as it has by no means enjoyed uninterrupted peace since that time.

They say that a country usually recovered from the effects of the plague in three generations ; still, when one hears that over a thousand Bohemian villages were blotted out, and when allowance is made for the great exodus after the battle at the White Mountain, it is not impossible to believe that eight generations have not entirely repaired the destruction wrought by the Croats. I suppose I must say something about the present aspect of the town, but I do not think I can convey any true impression of it. I must start by saying that as a modern city, apart from the older buildings and their memories, it is distinctly attractive. The Graben is, I believe, generally considered the chief street ; its aspect is modern, except for the fifteenth century Pulverthurm at its northern end. I was more impressed, however, by the Wenzelsplatz, which is an avenue about sixty yards broad, planted with trees on either side. It is, I suppose, about half a mile long, and runs in a straight line from the southern end of the Graben, up the slope on which stands the new National Museum. The centre of historic interest is the Ring ; in the very middle of the old town. On one side is the Teynkirche, still containing the pulpit from which Hus used to preach. It was begun in the fourteenth century by the guilds of German merchants, and was completed a century later by George Podebrad. I have already said so much about the Hussite Wars that I cannot enlarge upon the associations connected with this building. Opposite is the Rathaus ; not the famous old building, but a nineteenth century erection ; though the old tower and the council chamber still remain. In front of those windows was erected the scaffold whereon the chiefs of the nation perished after the disaster on the White Mountain. With them Bohemian

history ends—for a time—although there is plenty to interest those who follow up the fortunes of the conquered race. Not far from the Ring is the Jewish quarter, a region of narrow lanes and tall old houses, full to overflowing with life of all kinds. In the middle is the grim Altneuschule, one of the oldest Jewish synagogues in Europe ; it contains the flag presented to the Jews by Ferdinand III. in recognition of their gallant defence of the bridge over the Moldau when Königsmarck attacked the city in 1648. We are staying in the Zeltnergasse, which leads from the Ring to the Graben, so that we are between the new and the old, though actually within the circuit of the Altstadt walls. This afternoon we strolled from the Pulverthurm along the Elisabethstrasse, across the new bridge to the Belvedere Gardens, which lie along the banks of the river. The name is misleading, as they are nearly a mile away from the Belvedere itself, a sixteenth century residence built by Ferdinand I. for his wife, Anna. From the Gardens we climbed up to the Hradschin, or Hradcany, but had not time for a thorough inspection of either the Cathedral or the Burg. However, I discovered the window from which Martinic and Slavata were thrown, in company with their secretary Fabricius, who, the story goes, was so well aware of the respect due to his masters that he refused to take precedence of them in leaving the Council Chamber. I had always imagined that the "Defenestration" was the result of a sudden outburst of patriotic indignation, but it seems that it was the deliberate revival of an ancient form of punishment, reserved especially for traitors. With regard to the Cathedral, I can say little ; part belongs to the fourteenth century, but the whole fabric has suffered much from the effects of fire, siege, and restoration.

It contains very many interesting relics and the tombs of several of Bohemia's greatest rulers, Premysl Ottokar II., Charles IV., and George Podebrad. It was too dark to see the frescoes in the Wenzel Kapel, especially as they are much damaged ; I was rather keen on examining them, as I want to see what sort of work the early Prag school turned out. From the Cathedral we wandered down to the river past the ornate Nikolauskirche in the Keinseite Ring. We stood for a long time on the Karlsbrücke, looking downstream at the curving line of cliffs, which in some places fall almost sheer into the water. It was a wonderfully clear evening, and the reflection in the stream was strangely distinct ; all along the banks and on the island the lamps were being lit, and I watched point after point of light flash out on land and in the stream ; the towers of the city stood out against the sky, and the loveliness of the moon as it rose behind them was almost too perfect to be real. The personality of this place is gripping me, even as I write ; whoever may rule it, it can surely never be German, this city of Libussa ; even now the heartiness of the welcome received seems in inverse ratio to the knowledge of German displayed ; "*Sie sind nicht Deutsch*" is the prelude to expansion and confidence. I cannot be entirely surprised ; since I began this letter I have come across a man who has given me some details of the result of the German conquest. All real self-government was lost, the nobles of Czechish ancestry, who occasionally administered parts of the country were Bohemians only in name ; the German trader replaced the great old merchant houses ; the peasants were delivered in to the hands of agents of alien race imposed by a parvenu landlord who had snatched a fortune from his country's ruins. A memorial

addressed to the Emperor by the peasants of a country district complains that their fate was worse than that of the slaves of the Tartars. The screw was turned till human nature could bear no more ; then came rebellions inspired only by despair and quelled with a systematic ferocity that ensured another dozen years of silent suffering until the ghastly round began again. None but Roman Catholics or Jews had any rights, or indeed were allowed to reside in Bohemia. Every endeavour was made to stamp out all national feeling ; the grand old Czech literature was proscribed, and books were ferreted out with as fervent zeal, and as relentless a severity as if they had been heretics. One seventeenth century Jesuit boasts of having committed to the flames with his own hands sixty thousand copies of Czech works. This was the state of affairs for the best part of a century after the close of the Thirty Years' War ; it is not pleasant to think of what happened during those thirty years. In 1618 the population of Bohemia was over three millions ; in 1648 it had fallen to 800,000. A large proportion of the loss was occasioned by the flight of almost every Protestant who was not bound to the land ; the merchants and tradesmen and the native population of the towns vanished almost completely ; there remained only German immigrants, a few freshly ennobled families, a very few of the old nobility, and a part of the peasant population, originally free, but now reduced to serfdom. Yet in spite of all that the enemies of Bohemia could do, both language and national spirit are still alive. We leave by the night train for Munich in a short time, so I will finish this screed, which is of course not a single letter, but the equivalent of four or five, written at as many different times. We take fourteen hours to get



Munich. General View with Frauenkirche

MUNICH.

I LOVE this town ; it seems so bright and clean, and the streets are so wide. It is almost entirely modern, but as such it is delightful. It is hard to pick out any one part for special notice, but perhaps the English gardens and the district round the Isar pleased me most. There are very many imposing buildings, for instance the Neues Rathaus, the Royal Residence, the Maximilianeum and countless others. The Frauenkirche rather disappointed me; I was not at all taken with the two "onion" towers, or with the ventilators sprinkled over the roof. However, its size and simplicity have an impressive effect. I was delighted with the Jewish Synagogue, although it is much shut in on all sides. It has a large but low octagonal tower with two windows on each face enclosed in a round arch ; above the windows is a colonnade of arches, and below, on the outside face, a fine rose-window. At the side is a smaller tower, also octagonal, but of different proportions. The effect is very simple and yet satisfying, although the whole building is quite small. I also like the Altes Rathaus, with its tower built above the street. There are two or three squares which are rather fascinating ; first the Marienplatz, between the old and the new Rathaus, secondly the Karlsplatz, especially the view from the broad Bayernstrasse towards the Karlstor, while an entirely different aspect is produced by the Max-Josephsplatz, with the imposing buildings surrounding it. On one side is the Königsbau, on another the Hof Theater, and on a third a fine Post Office,

with the Royal Mint next door. These three "squares," by the way, are all oblongs; I wish we had a word corresponding to "Platz" or the French "Place"; neither "place" nor "square" is quite satisfactory, except in conjunction with a proper name. When you have seen the Karlsplatz, walk along the Maximilianplatz, turn to the left at Schiller's statue to the Hofgarten and the Festsaalbau. Next go to the right down the Residenzstrasse, past the Feldherrnhalle and Theatinerkirche to the Max-Josephsplatz. The Theatinerkirche I hate, while as for the hall—I hope Orcagna's Loggia is more impressive than this copy of it. If you are very energetic you can go round the Theatre to the Hofkirche; if not, go straight on down the Dienerstrasse to the Marienplatz. If you go through the arch of the old Rathaus, and walk a few yard down the Thal, you can catch a glimpse of the Isartor. On the other side of the Platz the Weinstrasse will take you to the side of the Frauenplatz, whence a road runs straight to Goethe's statue in the Karlsplatz. You will have walked something under two miles, as near as I can estimate, and will have seen all the chief "sights" of the town except the Hofbrauhaus, the great town brewery, and the district round the Isar. I do not count picture-galleries, as "sights," for they obviously need more than a passing glance, and require whole days, not odd hours. I have given you this scheme because it is not unlikely, I gather, that you may pass through Munich some time or other, and have a few hours to spare; you must not expect that I shall do the same for every town we visit. As luck would have it, we find it impossible to hear any music here; not that there is none, but because every seat is taken.

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MUNICH.

— Since I last wrote to you, I have been very busy ; partly because there is so much I want to see and partly because I have been struggling with my old temptation “ anxious thought for the morrow.” Suppose, as is not impossible, I cannot get a decent berth when I come back again. The curious part is that in my heart of hearts I neither doubt the love and power of God, nor rebel against His will for me ; yet the “ anxious cares ” for the time being are the very valley of the shadow of death. To me they are infinitely worse than the anticipation of death, for this latter is not unknown to me and is less terrible than many other experiences. These dark hours fortunately do not unfit me for actual tangible work, nor for the society of the people with whom I am in absolute sympathy ; though I feel like Prometheus on his rock, and the world is as remote to me as it was to him, yet sometimes, ocean nymphs or sufferers like Io, stand by me for a little. But ordinary intercourse during these times is entirely mechanical, unless someone needs my help. When this happens I grasp the skirts of victory. Of course, the fault is in myself ; I do not make the very real trust I have sufficiently operative ; I fight with only a fragment of my strength. The only comprehensible reason for it all is that the particular happiness which, as it seems to me, I need to complete my development, eludes my grasp, and does not even leave me hope. When I am myself again I thank Heaven that, though hope may be hidden, I have not reached that awful depth where there is nothing left to fear. For this time the battle did not last long ; my whole *milieu* is against it ; at present I am living to the beat of Abt Vogler’s triumph song : “ All we have hoped or willed or

dreamed of good shall exist." For the moment I feel that I am, through the vision of that triumph and the touch of God's hand, like God Himself, *Patiens quia aeternus*, if you will allow a somewhat forced use of the first word. Yesterday morning we went to the Glyptothek to see the Aegina marbles ; they are certainly well-housed, and the light is excellent, but there are so many figures huddled together without much attempt at grouping that some of the effect is lost ; it seems to me that they should be viewed either in their original position, or else entirely separate. I looked at them one by one, but it was not easy to fix the attention on any single figure, as they are so close to one another. All the same, I felt most vividly the appeal of the perfection of form ; the figures are instinct with life and in some cases also with death ; they die so vividly in spite of the marvellous restraint of the sculptor. They were, after all, men of like passions with ourselves, though they seem to have their being on a higher and calmer plane. You can see death writ large upon the face of a warrior who is raising himself on his shield ; death and pain, but the pain seems rather a regret for the loss his side sustains than any impotent agony or struggle against fate ; there is beneath all a calm resignation absolutely devoid of fear, although he looks upon what is to come as an evil unmixed with good. "I had rather be a thrall in the hand of a portionless man than bear rule over the nations of the dead." There are, of course, several other fine bits of sculpture in the Gallery, and one or two very interesting examples of the archaic style, but somehow they made but a faint appeal to me after the Aegina marbles. So far on our tour we have not had a drop of rain except at night ; As a result we only use our hotel as a place for sleep,

though occasionally we have breakfast there. Most of our other meals are taken at Automatic Restaurants ; you know the sort of thing : Aufschnitt for 30 pfennig, several kinds of Semmel, and much Munich beer. I think I can now recognise the different brews, and always affect the Pschorrbrau, while I suspect the Professor of hankering after the cellars of Pilsen, which we visited at midnight on our way from Prag. We can get a double-bedded room for 1 mark 50 a night ; breakfast in the hotel costs 1 mark ; outside about 60 pfennig ; lunch will come to about 70 pfennig, and dinner probably 1 mark 25. Altogether our living costs us something like 3s. 6d. a day. Of course, if we stayed here for some time and got pension terms it would be less, probably a little under £1 a week. In Italy it will be less than this, if we can get the rooms we want ; if not it may be about the same. The wander-fever still holds me, in fact its grip tightens, and I feel inclined to leave civilisation altogether and stray about in some out-of-the-way region, travelling on my feet or by diligence or by some toy railway whose topmost speed is ten miles an hour, sleeping in little village inns or in the open, and forgetting the world. I wonder if I shall ever write you a whole letter at a sitting ; all these varying moods and tenses must be rather puzzling to you in England, safe in the bosom of your family and chained to the steady wheel of respectability. All *my* wheels are eccentric just at present, and run very fast to the tune of that same old Hussite hymn. You need not be alarmed ; I am not going back to Prag, I am only thinking of it owing to the force of contrast. There can hardly be two other towns in the same continent as different from one another as Prag and Munich, for this latter is German to the last brick ; not Prussian,

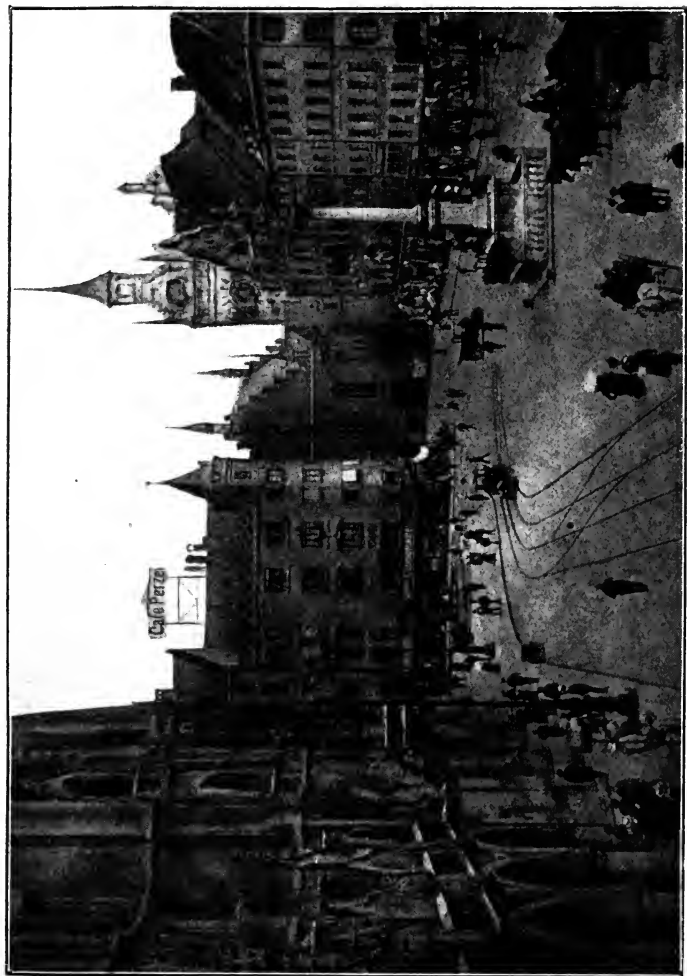
of course—I am not quite sure that Berlin is really German—but a part of the real Vaterland “Scratch a Prussian, you find a Wend,” who is an estimable person, but not in any way German. I know that any Prussian schoolboy will prove conclusively to his own entire satisfaction that the Prussian has kept his stock pure from all such admixture; he will probably speak scornfully of the Wends as members of “the stinking race,” or as the “born thralls of the Teuton,” and will point out that they live all together in the “Island of the Wends.” And yet—does one ever mistake a typical Prussian for a German? My own quarrel with the proverb is that I do not see how any amount of scratching can transform a Prussian into anything like the mild, patient individual whom one pictures as a typical Slav. I really must apologise for my incoherence, but I am taking you at your word and am putting down all that comes into my head without recension or expurgation.

MUNICH.

To-day the gallery. My first “impression” is that I have been marvellously fortunate in securing the Professor as *compagnon de voyage*; there may be a few others who would allow me to spend whole days in every gallery we find, but there are few, if any, who would suit me half as well. Our views on art are very similar, though, of course, there are several divergences in details of individual taste. There is almost as much difference between seeing pictures in sympathetic company and seeing them alone as there is between this latter and seeing them in a crowd. For me the gem of this collection is Andrea del Sarto’s “Holy Family”; I believe this is rather an unorthodox view, but that is not my reason

for holding it. The Mother's face is perfect ; it is the face I have always been seeking ; the standard with which I have unconsciously compared all other pictures of the Madonna. I do not mean that it is my ideal of female beauty—I don't see why one should expect that—but it is the very face of Our Lord's Mother. Just so do they look who have entertained angels unawares. I am quite prepared to admit that Our Lord's Mother misunderstood Him throughout His life ; possibly, though I think not probably, she never fully realised what He was. From the psychological point of view I think that there are few pictures to equal the Murillo in the National Gallery, in London. There, the face of Joseph shows an almost piteous acknowledgment of the transcendent mystery of the Child ; there is a little admixture of something like paternal pride, but the whole expression shows above all else that he knows that this wonderful Child passes his comprehension. He is waiting for some revelation with a patience which is more than tinged with sadness. Turn to the Mother's face ; there you see an infinity of love and pride and no small spice of that wonderful jealousy of motherhood. So might a milder Cornelia have looked upon a less priggish Tiberius Gracchus. There is just a tinge of fear that the coming greatness of her Son will sever Him from her, but she has not the smallest doubt that she understands His whole personality, whereas in reality she understands infinitely less than her husband. Yet sometimes she *must* have felt some strange wonder within her as she watched the Divine being Who was her Son ; and at such times she looked like this, and we cannot afford to lose all token of those moments. But marvellous as is the Mother's face, the Child is a greater marvel ;

I cannot speak of it, I can only love and wonder. Those wonderful soft outlines give me a sense of rest ; everything seems spiritualised, so that I can hardly believe that the picture was ever painted with brush and colours. There are some pictures which seem to belong to Dante's *Primum Mobile* pictures that make me want to praise God with the cymbals and dances, pictures that carry a man upward and onward in the mighty rush of the whirling spheres, until he catches the rhythm of the universal song of praise ; pictures which reveal the perfection of force and order : there are others which belong to another heaven, like that in which the morning stars sang together for joy ; pictures like Botticelli's "*Prima Vere*," not necessarily more spiritual or less rhythmic, but less impetuous. I do not, of course, mean that an example of the second class is necessarily higher than one of the first ; the difference is in the nature of the appeal, not the degree. But this dear Holy Family belongs to the highest Heaven of all, the Heaven of perfect rest. I did not know how tired I had been until I saw what rest really meant. I think you will understand this, even if you don't agree with my estimate of the picture's worth. Please don't quote Browning's "*Andrea del Sarto*," I feel sure that, as often, he was not expressing his own opinion until he comes to the end, the "four great walls of the New Jerusalem for Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me." To me this picture has been one of the crystal walls which reveal a part of the glory of Heaven. There are many other delights in this gallery, for instance, Murillo's five delicious beggar pictures, a Madonna by Cima da Conegliano, Rafael's Madonna della Tenda, a fine Sodoma, one or two Titians, and, of course, Botticelli's *Pietà*. There are also two or three Van Dycks,



Munich. Marienplatz.



a Rembrandt or two, and a whole host of gorgeous pictures of the Dutch and Flemish Schools. Among them are one or two of my old favourite, Dietrick Bouts ; his marvellous blue distances are entirely satisfying, and his John the Baptist extraordinarily vivid ; I got quite a fresh insight into the power of his preaching. How I hate the people who fuss round and explain that the distances never do look so blue ; I have seen just that colour a hundred times, and I don't care if I *am* colour-blind. Dürer's portrait of himself is a marvel ; it is almost as wonderful as his Charlemagne, and I can give no higher praise to any portrait of this school. It is quite impossible to dwell on a quarter of the pictures I have loved here ; I suppose I must give you the names of a few others that stick in my memory. There is Dürer's St. Paul and St. Mark, a tavern-quarrel by Adrian Brouwer, a magnificent Van Dyck Madonna, Hans Holbein's Sir Bryan Tuke with Death at his shoulder, Christ appearing to His Mother, by Filippino Lippi ; Matsys' Taxgatherers, Rubens' Helena Fourment, a magnificent Ribera, St. Bartholomew ; the Madonna di Tempi. I had almost forgotten the wonderful shadows and yellow light of Rembrandt's Adoration of the Shepherds, and his Ascension, and Wouwermann's Ice Scene, and also a hundred others. Meanwhile, up comes the Professor with a "Do you remember at Dresden ?" Of course, I do, and equally "of course" I forgot to mention it in my letter to you. It is el Greco's Healing of the Blind Man, which at first I could not understand, although it caught my eye at once. After a little I almost worshipped it. I think I did mention Correggio's Holy Night, with its rather sentimental expression on the face of the Mother and the wonderful management of the light which radiates from the Child. I

will not "hark back" again ; I really must not allow belated recollections to intrude themselves in this way. Yesterday we were rushing round the town to get seats for the Opera ; again every seat is booked a week ahead, and we have already overdrawn our margin. If it were not for the influence of the pictures I should be raging at the thought that in a musician's Paradise like this I cannot gratify what is almost the keenest of my desires, though perhaps the accumulation of delights would be too much to bear. To-night we leave for Salzburg *en route* for Halstatt and Vienna, a journey which involves another Austrian custom house. At Bodenbach the Zollrevision assumed the aggressive in a most wanton manner ; they confiscated two ounces of tobacco which I had in my bag in a broken packet and which I had in a sudden access of honesty declared in due course. At first they demanded the sum of three kronen, which represents four or five times the original cost ; eventually the packet went into the fire. I have calculated that the amount I lost is equal to the duty on about seventy cigars, say seventy-five to be quite certain. I wonder if the prisons are well drained, and if they allow Münchener ; it would be rather annoying to be imprisoned over a cess-pool with nothing but Pilsener to keep off the cold. If possible I will write again soon, probably from Hallstatt, which, fortunately, will not yet be over-run with trippers ; if you don't hear within a fortnight, write to me at the K.K. Prison, Salzburg. My name for the occasion will be Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, and I have grown a moustache to fit the part.

SALZBURG, HOTEL ——.

You will see from the address that I have arrived without any untoward occurrence, and I can therefore look the whole staff of the Austrian Customs in the face as men and brothers who no longer owe me anything. This is a curious little town, and looks almost more Italian than German, owing to the fact that most of the older buildings are the work of Italian architects of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. The district was ruled by the Archbishop of Salzburg until the beginning of the last century, and from all accounts seems to have thrived under this patriarchal regime. The town lies in a broad valley with mountain spurs jutting out all round ; some of the peaks of the range encircling this valley are as high as six thousand feet, but there are no really big mountains within view. The highest peak is the Lintersberg, to the north of the town, while the distant Hoher Goll, on the north-west, and the Hoher Staufen on the north-east also stand out well. The Gaisberg on the south-east is a favourite resort, as a railway has been built up to the top of it. This place presents a bewildering choice of routes ; there must be six or seven railway lines meeting here. Some of these are light railways and run along the streets in the most casual way, much as trams do at home. The Salzach runs between two steep isolated hills, and the town straggles about their bases. The hill on the right bank is crowned by an old Capucin Monastery, while on the opposite height there is a fine old castle founded in the

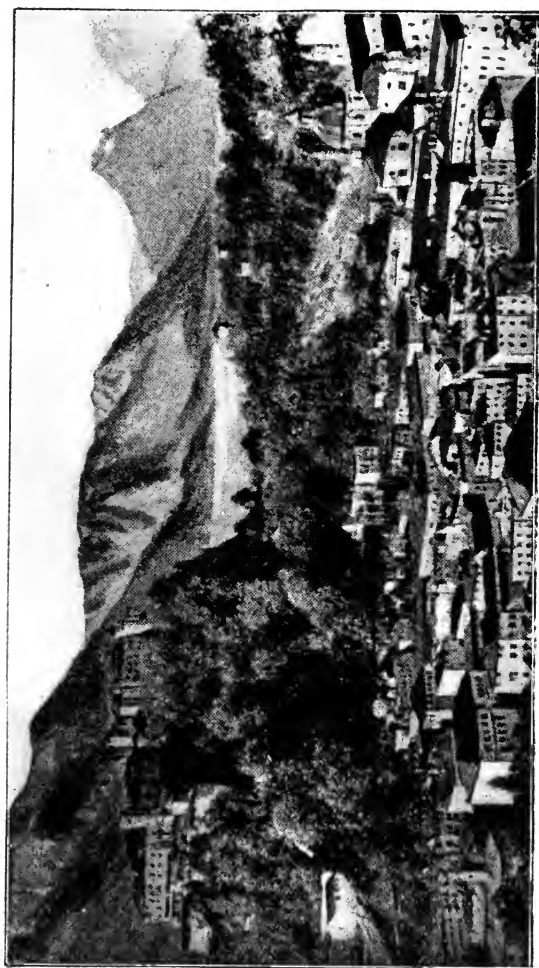
ninth century. The oldest part of the town is between this hill, the Mönchsberg, and the river, but there are very few really old buildings left, although there was a settlement here in Roman times, dating, I think, from the 3rd century. The Cathedral is a seventeenth century imitation of St. Peter's at Rome ; it is rather impressive, but I do not love it. It has however a certain fascination of its own, since one comes upon it suddenly from rather narrow streets between high houses. If it stood in a more open space it would be probably less tolerable. I suppose we ought to have visited the house where Mozart was born, but somehow I cannot get up much enthusiasm for such pilgrimages ; I should have liked to see the house in which he afterwards lived, for I can imagine that it is possible to understand a little more of a person's character or tastes from such a visit, while, after all, he did not choose the house of his birth. One of the saddest sights in the town is the twelfth century church of St. Peter ; restorers have worked their wicked will so far that the kindest thing to do is to pass by. The Franciscan Church has also suffered, but parts are still very fine. The hexagonal choir, with its intricate vaulting, seems to have escaped almost unharmed. Close to this church there is a great amphitheatre hewn out of the side of the hill about two hundred years ago, and now in use as a riding school. We have just been inspecting the castle ; a large part of it is, I believe, early 16th century work, though I do not profess to be able to assign each portion to its proper period. We passed through a fine old gate-house and wandered about into all sorts of queer places without let or hindrance. The view from the top is superb ; we sat on a wall (incidentally gazing down the chimneys of a house about

five hundred feet below) and looked eastward down the valley, which is split by a spur from the mountain range to the north. The eye travels readily across the long broad plain, up the slopes to the distant snow peaks. It was a glorious day, and spring was in the air, and, as it was a feast day, everybody was out of doors in their holiday attire. We basked in the sun and forgot everything, forgot even pictures in the sheer joy of being alive. Drop by drop the quiet beauty filled my whole being to overflowing as I caught the charm of one detail after another ; it was a pleasure so intense as to sublimate itself into a very keen pain. Nature is not yet at all times entirely redeemed for us ; even her highest beauty has its haunting note of incompleteness, because it lifts us so near Heaven, and yet just falls short—and ah ! “ the little less.” Of course, I am not speaking of participation in the Sacrament of natural beauty, for then we are in Heaven itself for the time ; but otherwise, when I am in the body, I am least “ content to wait ” when Nature is at her fairest. The living Vesture of God is indeed perfect in itself, but when I cannot be caught up in its folds into the third heaven, it inspires me with a heart-rending desire for the full presence of its Wearer ; there is a half-resentful feeling that the embroidery on the Veil is making it opaque. What is amiss is that some fault in me is, for the time, debarring me from the Vision, but through Art it seems that the way is almost always open, while through Nature, though perhaps the Vision is clearer when it is granted to me, the road is often blocked. We had hard work to tear ourselves away from the view, but were at last driven down into the town by pangs of hunger, for though I can go four days without food, I do not like to miss too many meals when I am seeing sights.

As it was a feast day we had some difficulty in getting anything to eat, but consoled ourselves for the inconvenience by the thought that we were certain to find a real Salzburg Dreher and to hear Schnodahöpfln, which are short songs, generally consisting of four lines, sung by the young men of the place. They are for the most part scurrilous, containing broad jests at the expense of friends or enemies, and are often improvised. I am told that some of the oldest examples contain attacks on the priests of the district ; if this is true it speaks very well for the tolerance of the former archiepiscopal ruler. Alas, the blighting touch of civilization has fallen upon the youth of the place ; the Dreher is out of date, and even the local costume is becoming rare. I have come across a few Schnodahöpfln in print ; they are much like what I imagine some of the old Greek goat-songs must have been, but as far as I could make out Salzburg has forgotten them. If modern ideas had left this place alone we might have seen the rise of a new popular drama, though I do not suppose it would have reproduced all the glories which adorned that Athenian stage, which sprung from so similar an origin. I imagine that the original Dreher consisted entirely of dancing, though I should not like to say that it had not a religious origin, possibly some distant connection with forgotten mystery plays. The people apparently stood in a great ring while a few couples danced a special native measure in the middle ; at intervals each man in the ring in turn gave vent to a Schnodahöpfl. I favoured the Professor with an account of the origin of the Dreher ; he does not think it likely, and on the whole I agree with him, especially as I have only this moment made it up. All I maintain is that queerer things have happened. The story is as follows :

In the fourth century, A.D., a wandering band of Galli appeared in the Roman settlement of Juvavum. They had wandered through the province of Noricum without exciting much attention, but when they reached this town they made a last bid for wealth. Among them were certain priests who were accustomed to dance the Atys dance with great vigour, somewhat after the style of a dancing dervish. The Italian settlers took little notice of them, beyond keeping an extra sharp watch on their property, but the impression produced upon the natives of the province was extraordinary. They could not understand the weird songs which the Galli chanted, but experience had taught them some of the meaning of the objurgations addressed to the close-fisted Romans. They gathered also that the whole procedure was a religious ceremony in honour of the goddess Cybele, who was described as the Great Mother ; the money-making side of the business appears to have escaped their notice. However, it appeared to be a pleasant method of winning the favour of one of the deities of their conquerors. Apparently all that was necessary was that a ring should be formed and that inside the ring certain individuals should whirl round and round, " drehen," in fact, while the people in the ring hurled insults at each other, as Galli and soldiers had done. The contempt the virile barbarians felt for these repulsive priests of Cybele is shown by the fact that their own earliest efforts, the first Schnodahöpfln, were attacks on priests, while the religious origin of the custom is shown by the actual fact that Dreher were always held on holy days. Of course, nothing was easier than to baptise Cybele at a later date and invent some story to give the proceedings a veneer of semi-pagan Christianity.

I was just working out an alternative explanation, to remedy the fatal omission of all reference to solar myths, when the Professor discovered a concert was in progress. The concert was a real discovery ; it was very fine indeed ; a woman sang two of Schubert's songs most exquisitely, and there was some delightful instrumental music. As a consequence, I am almost overful of emotion or sensation—I wish there was a satisfactory English equivalent for “gefühl”—it is really neither “emotion” nor “sensation,” and “feeling” is too vague, or else misleading. Do you remember warning me against a reaction, which, to your surprise, never ensued ? My prescription is simply this : after these experiences, when some message has come to me through the Sacrament of Beauty, I always try to pass on as much as I can ; that is, I commute the reaction, which is, I admit, inevitable, into further action. I remember a man who made it his rule in life to do some kind action after hearing music or seeing a picture ; this is, naturally, sometimes impracticable, but, for my own part, if action is out of the question I find that the same end may be attained by a sort of telepathy, the dispatch of kindly thoughts to someone definite—and, of course, still more by prayer. I am looking forward with great eagerness to our journey to-morrow morning to Ischl and Hallstatt ; I believe the scenery is magnificent. The train, which we saw this evening, is the queerest collection of cattle-trucks imaginable, but, fortunately, there is a platform at the end of each car, which offers an escape if the oxygen inside becomes exhausted. We start at the leprous hour of six o'clock, and as it is already 1.15, I think I shall turn in ; the Professor is already asleep, having finished all his packing, such as it is. I shall have to get up at five, while he will



Salzburg.

have an extra ten minutes into which he will probably crowd four separate naps, since he is almost as great an artist in morning sleep as I am myself.

HALLSTATT.

THE journey from Salzburg exceeded my expectations ; it was a series of delightful surprises. At first the line rises slightly, and we passed through woods and fields where the last patches of snow still lingered ; the scenery was interesting in a quiet sort of way, with the quaint little stations and the villages which from a short distance look like a child's fairy land, built with toy bricks. The first surprise is the Mondsee, or rather two or three special views of it ; at first it looked like hundreds of other lakes, as nearly dull as water can ever be, and scarcely redeemed from the commonplace by the hills on the other side. But when we swung round to the right and saw the rest of the lake, it was like a transformation scene ; we had left the broad plain bounded by low hills, and were crawling along the steep side of a mountain above the lake, now passing through a short tunnel, now coming out into some little bay where the rocks dropped sheer into the water, or where tall headlands stood out veiled in a wonder of green. The lake itself was changed ; it was now a great mountain loch ; the hills had shot up into mountains with great torrents dashing down their sides, and a filmy waterfall in every fresh angle that came in sight. At times we passed little cottages, clinging to the slope below us or set on tiny plateaus in the middle of blossoming orchards like a sea of foam. I think I should like to live in one of these toy houses for a little time ; it would be very restful and very delightful, if only I knew how to rest. Perhaps

one would not think so strenuously there, but would be content to live from day to day, bathed in a flood of feeling intense but calm. I am drawn in two directions ; first of all there is the restless longing for travel ; the gadfly, which drives me like another Io ever further and further to the utmost limits of my slender purse ; on the other hand I want to get out and rest in each little place that takes my fancy. On the one hand the lust of wandering is in my blood ; my grandfather wandered from Patagonia to the Arctic Circle ; on the other hand, I am tired. Do you know what it means to live for days, weeks, months, on the edge of physical endurance ? Each relentless morning finds its victim unrefreshed, yet the will must awake and spur on the weary body and torpid brain to grapple with the work of another day. The most mechanical motions require a conscious physical effort, while real mental effort is impossible. The brain will plod mechanically through its routine work, but you must ask of it no more than this. Gradually the wheels run more slowly ; more and more the whole frame must be carried on the shoulders of a will which feels its strength weakening under the ever-increasing strain. Then come a host of physical ills : indigestion, rheumatism perhaps, or lumbago, and crippling headaches which must be combated by means of phenacetin or caffeine, or some other merciful but dangerous drug. The mind is fighting a losing battle ; instead of a subservient body which almost of its own impulse obeys every motion of the mind, the overburdened slave rises against its master, and reduces him to the level of a dull mechanic. Soon the mechanic begins to lose all the skill his patient toil has won in former times ; the memory refuses to respond, and the most elementary processes of reasoning

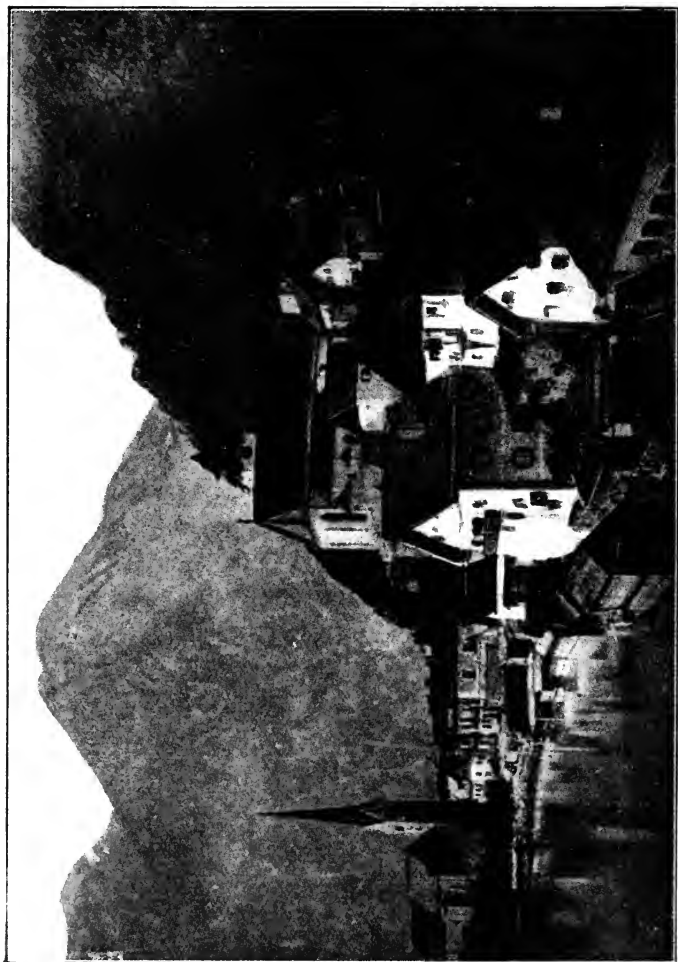
become slow and unbelievably difficult ; a practised scholar will write Latin prose that would bring no credit to a Fifth Form boy ; in time he may even come to making " howlers," while a copy of verses becomes an impossible thing. The whole procedure is a series of assaults on nature ; a human will is day by day setting her at defiance. She has her revenge ; the headaches become more frequent and more severe ; increased doses lose their efficacy, and the victim is fortunate if he knows that recourse to stimulants will lead to immediate disaster. At length nature plays her trump card : insomnia sets in. At first it is probably not acute ; a couple of sleepless nights in a week, or perhaps a couple of hours before sleep comes. On a healthy person, this has little effect, but to those who are living on the edge, it is an extra turn of the thumbscrew. As the sleepless nights become more frequent, as the two hours' wakefulness extends to three, four, or five hours, the poor will which has measured its strength against the whole force of nature sees the end approaching. The hour of retiring makes no difference at all ; if you go to bed at twelve, you will hear the clock strike three or four times ; if you go at eight, you will count the strokes of the hour seven or eight times. On the coldest nights you will be in a fever before three hours have dragged out their endless array of minutes. Old half-forgotten griefs or blighted hopes, old fears and hates, and loves rise from their graves to assault the trembling soul : their bony hands tear at the heartstrings and arouse, not the keen quickening pain or the clear-eyed joy of former days, but a dull festering soreness. For, indeed, a man is never less a man than in these hours of loneliness, for then it seems the will is drugged to sleep, and he cannot resist the unwelcome

guests that throng the chambers of his brain. There are darker thoughts, too ; foul shapes that dare not show their faces in the light of day ; from the fiends of the pit that walk in darkness, Good Lord deliver us. The cause of it all is, I think, in most cases the refusal to realise when a rest is needed. The end may be anything from the madhouse cell to any of those conditions which are conveniently classed together as " nervous breakdowns " ; this inability to rest which is tormenting me is one of the commonest results. I have escaped with my life, and I hope with faculties unimpaired, because, in the first place, I had the digestion of a professional ostrich, and the constitution of a giant turtle ; while in the second place my holiday arrived just when the end seemed near. However, I had experienced enough to make a short spell of rest in one of those little cottages on the shore of the Mondsee entirely desirable and completely impossible. Still, the desire was strong enough to make me lean out to look back at the last of these as the line turned sharply to the right. As if the Mondsee had not thrilled me enough, we came out into a little gorge sloping quickly down through the forest. In the middle was a tumbling stream, presenting a perpetual series of cascades and deep still pools. Down we went through the woods until the opposite side of the gorge fell away, and we found ourselves half way up a steep cliff, masked with pines too thick to afford more than a fleeting glimpse of some long plain below ; till at last through a wider opening we found ourselves looking down the length of the Wolfgangsee. How the train got down I can't tell ; we seemed to be zigzagging along the face of the cliff for hours ; but at last we found ourselves running along by the side of the lake. On our

left the ground rises gradually in little knolls and rounded foothills : across the lake the mountains seem to come down sheer into the water. This lake is the complement of the Mondsee, being like and yet unlike, and the quaint little villages round Ischl, and the last mile or two along the river formed a fitting climax to the journey. I could never have imagined so magnificent a series of varying scenes, each perfect of its kind, and in an inimitable combination. Just as it reaches Ischl the railway describes a long narrow loop, so that a good view of much of the town is obtained from the windows. As a matter of fact, I spent the last half hour on the platform at the end of the carriage, and did not even retire inside when we passed through tunnels. We did not stop long in Ischl, so I cannot describe it ; the idea conveyed by a passing glance is that someone has taken a basketful of toy houses of different kinds, shaken them together, and thrown them up into the air, with the surprising result that every house has fallen in the one place best adapted for it. From here to Hallstatt the scenery was more rugged, but entirely magnificent, and yet it seemed as if all that had gone before was merely leading up to Hallstatt itself. Once more we crawled along the shores of a lake ; mountain peaks and snow above us, the glory of spring green all around, and the perfect blue of the lake below, a colour such as I had never imagined before. I wonder if I can give you any idea of the place ; you must see it to believe it, but I will try to sketch the bare outline. A small steamer took us across the lake from the railway station, so that we could get a view of the whole village. It is near one end of the lake ; the houses are built on the shores of a shallow bay, and on a little horn jutting out into the lake. Part of the

village consists of houses perched on lofty ledges in the rock, and reached by long flights of steps ; besides this there is one long street by the side of the lake, a street which seems to have been in part cut out of the mountain side. The rest is a delightful maze of narrow alleys between high old houses grouped in bewildering confusion around a sloping market place paved with cobble stones, or clinging wherever the narrow shelf above the lake affords a foothold. There are mountains, mountains everywhere, still capped with the snow which comes down to mingle with the spring green ; we are by the end of a tongue of level ground, which narrows down till it can thrust itself no further into the mountains, and is forced to bend at right angles to the left. Elsewhere, except at the ends of the lake, where the plain runs up into a similar cleft, there is no break in the wall of cliff which drops almost sheer into the water. The museum here is famous ; it is an old house, originally, I believe, a convent, standing in a little garden high above the road. The Professor revelled in the prehistoric remains which came from two burying-places near, and which are relics of one of the earliest known races of Europe ; I do not, of course, count as " known " the races which have left no trace beyond their own remains, such as the Spy or Neanderthal skeletons. I am very interested in the subject, but do not know enough about it to appreciate the full value of the collection here ; if I can distinguish Chelléen from Moustérien implements, that is the extent of my knowledge of the paleolithic period, and I have very little more knowledge of the Neolithic. I am more appalled every year at the woefully insignificant amount the average person can know, or at any rate does know. We are perpetually striving to reduce the

number of subjects on which we feel our ignorance a disgrace, but it is hard to trace any diminution. It is no doubt convenient to put the blame on the old system of classical education, but I cannot resist the mournful conclusion that the rising generation will know far less about all subjects not immediately dealt with in their curriculum. Somehow or other we picked up a certain amount of information on English and European history, and had some acquaintance with the literature of our own language ; there was nothing to boast of in any way, but there was a certain amount of information absorbed somehow or other. If you think that things are better nowadays, button-hole some boy of about fifteen who is being educated on non-classical lines, and I think you will change your mind. He may possibly have read one of Scott's novels, or a play or two of Shakespeare as a holiday task, but if you ask him what he reads for his own diversion, you will probably find that his staple food is monthly magazines or sporting papers. Dickens, Thackeray, Bunyan, Kingsley—all the men we loved so well—are names and nothing more. Your victim may chance to profess a fondness for music ; if so he probably has a large repertoire of comic songs, completely devoid of sense, rhythm, or harmony. For more general information, try a few well-known names ; for instance, Peter the Great, Charles Martel, Bach, Rembrandt, Tasso, Savonarola, Bathsheba, Attila, Coligny ; or any of the familiar figures that were our confidants in the years between nursery and public school, King Arthur, Mr. Greatheart, Hector of Troy, Sir Lancelot, Amyas Leigh, or Don Quixote, to give my own early favourites. I have never made the experiment, but have little doubt as to its result. To-morrow we are leaving for Linz, where we shall



Hallstatt



probably stop only a few hours, as I do not think there is very much to see there.

LINZ.

OWING to gaps in the train service we are obliged to spend a night here, so I am writing this before going to bed. We found the museum shut when we arrived, but probably I shall be able to get the Professor out of it by mid-day to-morrow. I am still dreaming of the glories of Hallstatt; yesterday afternoon we climbed up the steep above the town to get a bird's eye view of the whole lake. We reached the snow very soon; in fact, on the paths where it has been trodden hard, it has not yet melted in spots so low as two hundred feet above the lake. This year, however, is exceptional, as there was a belated fall of snow in the middle of March. There is a typical mountain pass here, which starts from a small plateau on the top of the cliff, and which winds away among the peaks towards a village in the next valley. Up there everything is still white, and we passed literally in a moment from the green of spring and all its jubilant harmony of colours to the solemn monotone of winter. We sat first of all on a little seat facing the valley; there was not a vestige of snow to be seen except on the highest peaks across the lake, although it was lying thick at our feet, and still lingered under the trees beneath us; while a change of front brought us back from April to December. We came down at last, partly on a borrowed toboggan, partly on our feet, partly on any portion of our body which hit the ground first; we deserted the path when the toboggan refused to go further, and climbed down by the side of a magnificent

waterfall. It was a slip on top of a grassy bank which led to the third method of progression, and at one time I was speculating whether I should eventually arrive through the bedroom window of some astonished native, or whether my impetus was sufficient to carry me over the roofs of the houses into the market place. However we arrived safely at our inn in time for a dinner consisting chiefly of Schnitzel and various kinds of Wurst; typically German, but very edible. This morning we rowed about the lake until we had to tear ourselves away to catch the train. I have not very much to say about Linz, though possibly a longer stay would reveal more attractions; at present it would need much to keep us back from Vienna. Several of the streets are interesting, and the sloping Franz-Joseph's Platz is certainly delightfully quaint. I bought a pipe as a memento of the capital of Upper Austria, and made acquaintance with the Danube. We were disappointed to find that the steamers have not yet started their summer service, as we had hoped to reach Vienna by river. Tomorrow morning I shall wander about the town till the Professor is ready, and we shall probably catch a train about three o'clock. Our movements after we leave Vienna are uncertain; we both have a desire to reach Constantinople, but I am afraid that neither cash nor time will permit. The two routes seriously contemplated are, first via Buda-Pesth to Belgrad, then through the Provinces to Ragusa and up the Adriatic to Triest, or as an alternative, viâ Graz and Laibach direct to the same place. I shall consult friends in Vienna, and probably do what they don't advise.

VIENNA.

THIS city is really magnificent, and its historical associations impress me hardly less vividly than those of Prag. Our explorations have been chiefly confined to the old town within the Rings, but we have seen a little of the other parts. We are staying near the Canal, just off the Franz Josephs-quai, among tall old houses and narrow streets. I imagine that a stay of several weeks would not exhaust the interest of the city, but at the same time it is possible to see a large number of the most famous streets and buildings without walking very far or spending much time. Our train was too late to permit of much sightseeing on the evening of our arrival, and the next morning we were rather tired, so confined ourselves to the neighbourhood of our hotel. We had breakfast outside a restaurant looking towards the junction of the Danube canal and the Wien, which is, I find, a tributary of the Danube and not artificial. After a lazy repast and a smuggled cigar we struck back into the thicket of houses towards the Stephansplatz. The oldest part of the church dates from the twelfth century, but by far the greatest portion belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The exterior is dignified and imposing, especially the Giant's Door at the west end; the interior, though impressive, struck me as very dark, and rather loses its effect from the profusion of tawdry ornament. From here, after a glance at the Stock im Eisen, an old stump full of nails, which is probably the successor of some old pagan sacred tree, we strolled down the Graben, which is, I suppose, the show street of Vienna;

it is quite short, about three hundred yards at the outside, but is very wide and undeniably fine. The Peterskirche did not seem to call for much attention, so we passed on to the Hof, which is an open square, where once stood the castle of the Babenburgs. From here we made our way back through the old market place in the delightful fashion of those whose time is their own. If a street looked interesting, we walked along it regardless of direction until some turning promised more attractions. Eventually we emerged on the Franz-Josephs Quay in the mood for an immediate lunch. In the afternoon we sallied forth again with the idea of walking round the Old Town; we struck across into the Stubenring, which runs between the barracks exercise ground and the Wien, from there we wandered through the Stadtpark, and after following the course of the river for a little way turned back into the Kärntnerring. At right angles to this is the long Kärntnerstrasse, which runs from the Stock im Eisen to the Elisabethbrücke, and from this point the various Rings are as fine as any modern street in Europe. The Opernring leads past the great Opera House to the Hof Garten and the Burgring; this latter has on the left the two great museums facing each other across the Maria Theresa Gardens, and on the right the Volksgarten and the Burgthor with the solid pile of the Hof Burg in the background. At the corner of this ring is the Palace of Justice, and from this point the Franzensring leads past the Houses of Parliament, the Rathaus, and the University buildings to the Maximilianplatz. All these buildings have open gardens in front of them, so that there is no suspicion of crowding. At the back of the Maximilianplatz rise the twin spires of the Votive Church, built by the Emperor in memory

of his escape in 1853. We did not go down the Schottenring, which runs into the Franz-Josephs Quai, but decided to go straight home. I discovered that I am possessed of a keen instinct for direction, as although we had covered about two-thirds of a circle, I led the way through the old town straight back to the hotel without once finding myself at fault. To-morrow morning I must go to the custom-house to get a couple of parcels from Munich ; I suppose that the inevitable formalities will require about twenty minutes, after which we shall spend the day in the Gallery.

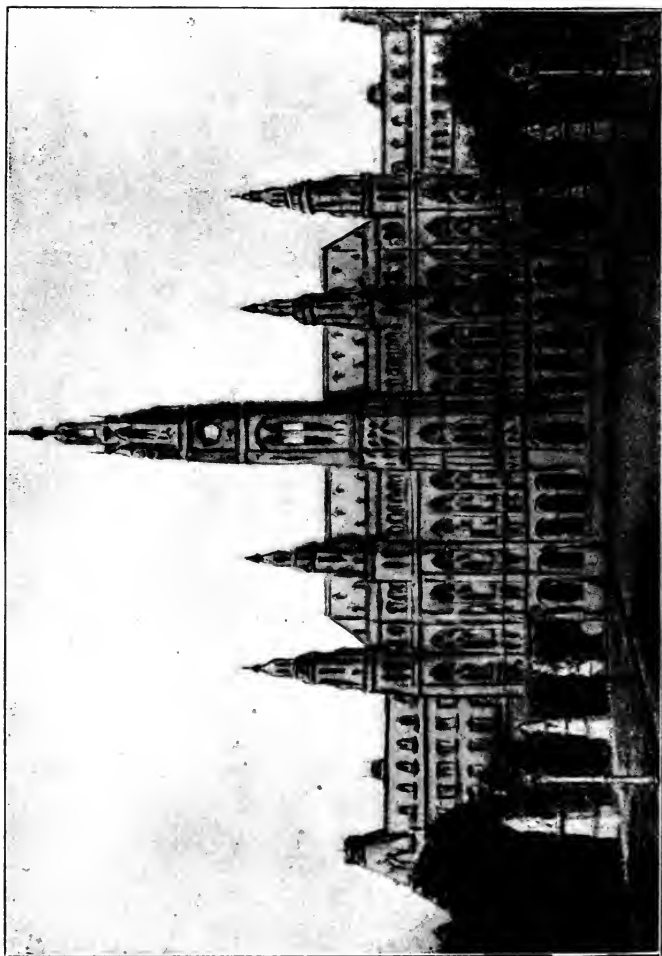
VIENNA.

I BELIEVE I mentioned in my last letter that I had some business at the Custom House, which would involve the filling up of some half-dozen forms, the payment of a few kreutzers, and the expenditure of about twenty minutes of our time. That was an under-estimate. I left an old revolver at Munich about eight days ago, and also some washing ; the latter owing to the perfidy of the Bavarian laundress, the former through forgetfulness. We left our Vienna address, and expected that the parcels would arrive days before we did. On inquiry we found that the revolver was in the Customs' House, but that the washing had not arrived ; accordingly after despatching pleading messages to Munich we sallied forth to rescue my poor old gun. At first everybody was polite ; they examined with great care the certificate of posting which had been sent to us, and told us to go down the next corridor, up two flights of stairs, take the second turning to the right, and the first to the left, which would lead us to an office where we had to get another certificate ; as a matter of fact the route led us to

several offices, each surrounded by little windows, behind which officials lay in wait. There were several people in the rooms, mostly sleeping on benches, but all wearing an air of patient endurance. None of the windows bore any label, so we started gaily at the nearest. No, this was not the right window, nor did mein Herr know which *was* the right window, nor indeed did he care very much. Early in the second round an unwary official let out that his window could take cognisance of our various forms, but apparently all it could do was to issue several more forms to which we had to affix stamps. No, postage stamps would not do, nor could the stamps required be bought in that office. So sped forty-five minutes, and our admiration for those Austrian Tite Barnacles steadily increased. Occasionally a sleeper would awake and walk to a window with a pleading story which would soften the heart of one of the hideous marble statues in the hall ; a curt negative was the invariable answer, and renewed entreaties produced nothing but the inexorable "Das macht nichts," the unalterable and unmitigable *ultimum decretum* of Teuton officialdom. For ourselves we acquired after much toil, in addition to our original certificates of posting, a stamp on our passports, a certificate of arrival, a certificate of ownership, and a certificate of possession of a certificate of ownership, each of which had been won by the toilsome acquisition of several little forms, the affixing of many stamps, and the exhibition of miraculous politeness, coupled with inflexible decision. We had also the official acknowledgment of our appearance before five separate windows, not counting that we had also visited eighteen others ; what lacked we yet ? Apparently nothing ; we were admitted to the inmost citadel to identify

our property. We began to breathe more freely, and even when I was obliged to leave my camera outside the office, I suspected nothing. It seemed of no account that with the parcel before my eyes I should have to sign and stamp a certificate of the identity of the parcel that had arrived with that which was sent off. At last after many kreuzers had been demanded and paid, the parcel was handed over. It was here that I made the mistake of my life ; suddenly the group of five gorgeous officials was augmented by the arrival of one even more gorgeous than they, who with an air of heavy playfulness asked to be allowed to re-weigh the parcel. In my relief I felt at peace with all the world, and in a moment of absent-mindedness I let him have his way. *Ibi omnis effusus labor* ; a mad glitter appeared in his eyes, and I heard once more the fatal word "certificate." It was a permit to withdraw the parcel from the Custom House ; apparently I might play with it within the building as long as I liked, but I must not take it outside. It was now two o'clock, so the pangs of hunger made yet more tragic the calmness of despair with which I inquired where such a permit might be obtained. At first all professed ignorance, but they were small men, and the Professor was standing ready to back me up, so at last we were directed to the office of the Deputy Sub-chief of Police, by the Votive Church. Now the Votive Church is on the other side of the town. Why, O why, had I not made a bolt for it at once ? It was five o'clock before we emerged ; the marvel is that we did not qualify for the deepest dungeon below the castle moat by calling some one of the five and twenty assorted uniforms some name derogatory to their dignity. We would drown our sorrows in Pilsener, only like the farmer of the fable, we cannot get





Vienna. Parliament House.

any forrarder. I now understand the bitterness with which Czech and Magyar and Pole and all the other nations resent the imposition of Austrian modes of government. On the steps of the Custom House we met a member of one of these nationalities ; as he was too dirty for a Czech or Magyar, and too clean for a Pole, I fancy he was a Slovene ; he perceived the seething indignation that threatened to carry me off in an apoplexy, and asked if he could do anything. I explained my position, and producing a half krona asked him to favour us with his ideas of the postal system in general. We left him working under full steam devoting to unpleasant fates everybody and everything and every part of everybody concerned with the said system.

VIENNA.

I am beginning to feel the glamour of this city, beginning to realise a little of its special appeal. Almost all cities, especially those that have seen the rise and fall of many generations of men, have a soul in them, if one can only perceive it ; some, I think, have more than one. Personally I feel that under all its real and apparent complexity London has the simplest soul of all ; it is still the heart of things, and its position is so well recognised that it need not keep up any parade. You know the feeling that seizes the traveller who returns to London after a long absence ; there is no need to describe it, and it would require many words in spite of its ultimate simplicity. All telegraph wires lead to London. But Vienna ? There are two Viennas. One you may find if you stand at the edge of the Kärntner Ring, by the Parliament House, the Picture Gallery, or the Votive Church ; for the other you need but cross

the road into the Old Town ; the first has its centre in the Opera House, or in the Palace, or perhaps in one of the barracks ; the other you will feel most intensely in the Stephanskirch. I am not sure that there are not three Viennas ; there is certainly the modern, obvious, pleasure-city, the Vienna of Opera and Carnival, the Vienna that would deck its good Teuton solidity with the graces of the Gallic capital ; then there is the capital of the Austrian Empire, the Vienna towards which each member of that strange many-voiced conglomeration looks with either love or hate, the Vienna of politics. These have each its own fascination, but to me they are not satisfying ; they look so firm, and glitter so brightly, but they seem hollow, hollow as Paris and Berlin most certainly are not. Once I think when Trier and Aachen, Frankfort and Regensburg, had fallen from their pre-eminence, and when Berlin was all but unknown, this city really did represent to some at any rate the Teuton localisation of that conception which to the French is summed up in Paris. Once so far as the Holy Roman Empire had a centre, that centre was Vienna. I am not thinking of the period subsequently to the Pragmatic Sanction, when this position was recognised for what it was then worth, but of the earlier days when its position was less official, and its power far mightier. Now it has fallen : German aspirations turn mostly towards Berlin, and Vienna seems almost like Cassel under Jerome Bonaparte. Have these two Viennas souls of their own, or do they borrow all the reality that may be theirs from the grim old spirit brooding half-lifeless over the old town within the Rings. That at least is real, however near it may be to death, even if it is a ghost already. What a brutal old spirit it was, and how men hated it ;

it seems to have been perpetually on the side of the oppressors, and again and again the victim turned and threatened its existence ; yet it survived. "Felix Austria," indeed ; its luck through all was stupendous. Zizka and Podebrad threatened the city, Mansfeld, Bethlen Gabor and Gustavus, to say nothing of the Turks ; half a dozen times destruction seemed imminent, but it escaped all its foes, the stern fury of the avenging "warriors of God," the splendid fanaticism of Moslem hosts striving to win Paradise, and the cooler valour of Swede and Finn, trusting in their leader as something almost superhuman and "remembering Neu-Brandenburg." These last must have almost believed that Anti-Christ had appeared in the flesh to save his own when they heard of Tilly or of Wallenstein, or when they found traces of the passage of some Imperialist band of Croats. There is of course the other side ; there is something grand about the inflexible bigotry of Ferdinand ; there is a kind of heroism in his declaration that he would continue the war rather than allow a single Protestant to exist in Bohemia or Moravia ; there were endless deeds of the truest heroism in the long struggle against the Turk. Yet in spite of all this the spirit of the city brings before my mind an incident in Gladstone's Midlothian campaign ; of course it was before I was born, but I have read a description by one of the audience. The power of his wonderful oratory seemed to spread out before his hearers the map of Europe ; here and there his finger hovered as though seeking for some token ; at last with a gesture he brushed the map away. "It is impossible," he said, "to lay your finger on a single spot in the map of Europe, and say 'here Austria has done good.' " One can hardly say that she has never tried to do good ; Joseph II. and Count

Beust at least meant well, but what are these among so many? I don't think this old spirit is dead yet; a Hanoverian friend told me it had removed to Berlin, but a Serb from Bosnia, whom I met in the train seemed quite confident that the devil's abode was in Vienna. Don't think that I am trying to criticise the way in which these Austrians govern their dominions at the present day; I am endeavouring to describe the impressions produced on me by the historical associations of the place, impressions which are doubtless influenced by the ideas of Czechs and Serbs whom I have met. To-morrow the Gallery; there are one or two pictures I very much want to see, and probably very many good things of which I have never heard.

STILL VIENNA.

I have been in the Gallery all day, and am very tired, but gloriously happy; I have seen some perfect pictures, but hardly know how to begin to talk about them. I am in a paradise of lovely forms and faces, in the midst of such scenery as I have sometimes seen in waking dreams. Vista upon vista of beauty leads up to distances as blue as heaven, while through it all flows the River of Life from beneath the Throne. God has been very good to me to-day, good in a way that I can understand without any need of patience or of waiting. I have seen the Throne to-day; not for the first time, but perhaps in a more wonderful way than ever before; I was lifted out of a horrible formless depression straight into the region where one sees and understands it all. I don't think that I agree with Abt Volger on the distinction between music and painting; I admit, of course, as a formal distinction, the

more abstract nature of the former, but I do not believe that this distinction is much more than formal. It is true that in painting you see the form and colour, and recognise that the art is in some sense imitative, whereas I am sure that Abt Vogler would hold that imitative or descriptive music does not come under his definition of the art ; still, though you do see the painted forms, they do not explain everything, and in some cases the painter imitates nature very little more than the musician does ; for example, the " post-impressionist," who claims to mix his personality with his colours—I have forgotten the exact phrase they use—can hardly be called *nature's* ape. To the musician's claim, " I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man that out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star," may not the painter answer that to him the gift is allowed that out of colour and form he frame no purely material combination of these two, no photograph of nature, but a vision of the Holy Grail. For me, at any rate, pictures and music alike fall into two classes ; either they are mere combinations of their material elements, beautiful, perhaps, often pleasing though never satisfying, diversions more dignified indeed and more human than my cricket or hockey, but no whit more spiritual than are these latter in themselves—or else they are paths which lead to the Innermost. I wonder if any one would accept this my definition of Art, in the highest of all the many senses of that overworked word. Art for Art's sake ? Yes, but this may express very different conceptions ; either it teaches that *τεχνή*, the practice of the several arts, is a means whereby we may open a door into the third heaven for ourselves and for others, or it is a peevish echo of the Philistine's taunt that art has no real

bearing upon life, and exists only for the profit of the artist. The first is God's truth, the second a lie so damnable that it almost excuses the ignoble smugness of the Philistine. I have wandered a long way from the Gallery, and you want me to specify some of the pictures; it is a hard task, but I will pick out one or two as they come into my head. The first I saw were the two famous Correggios, *Io* and *Ganymede*; marvels of soft colouring, and altogether magnificent examples of decorative art. Here, too, is *Andrea's "Pietà"*; the Madonna and two angels bending over the dead Christ. The angels understand and worship while they marvel, but the Madonna! It is the mother who never fully understood her son face to face with the end she had anticipated; her hands are tightly clasped as though to check the abandon of despair, yet she is not as one struck down by an unexpected calamity; the shock has been partly discounted, but there is nothing so bitter as to come to the end of all one's fears. For the Christ—the dead Christ looked like that, for on no other face could such extremes of agony and of peace be blended. I could hardly tear myself away from *Palma Vecchio's Lucrezia*, though the right arm is badly drawn; her eyes look on that which is invisible, and the shade of *Sextus* at her side is powerless to ruffle her serenity, or tarnish the glory of her triumph. She has looked upon the face of death and loved him at first sight, for he brings back to her her chastity. There is a gracious Madonna by *Lorenzo Lotto* in the same room, and many other delights, but I dare not allow myself to begin the catalogue of my beloved Venetians. I must not forget the extraordinary portraits of an old man and woman by *Balthasar Denner*; I verily believe that if you took a microscope you could trace every pore of

the skin. There is here a picture more gruesome than I had imagined possible, Rubens' Healing of the Demoniacs ; the ghastly blue tinge of the woman's face is more terrible than the most dreadful sights one sees in dreams. I was almost physically ill, but half-fascinated ; no madness could produce just that horror ; it is possession by an evil spirit, and could be nothing else. It is a fine picture, well constructed, and in detail magnificent, but all admiration for the dignity of the saint's figure, or for the expressions on the faces in the crowd is overwhelmed by the horror of that face, for, diabolic as it is, and ghastly beyond imagination, though it is deformed almost out of all semblance of humanity, it is still a woman. A man in that condition would be tolerable in comparison. With my senses in a whirl I strayed back for a moment to the Venetians for another glance at a Madonna by Bonifazio, but when I resumed my systematic inspection I found at once what I needed. Six or seven pictures, and all wonderful ; all full of a deep peace, though in some I was struck with the amount of life portrayed ; this may sound paradoxical, but is really quite simple. First there was a scene by Pieter Brueghel, a Dutch winter scene, full of vivid clear-cut life ; there are no half tones, each detail stands out crisply against the snow ; the first impression produced was one of purity and simplicity, but though I spent a long time before it, I know that I have not exhausted its wealth of suggestion. It rested me unspeakably, and gave me a new idea of the value and meaning of simplicity ; it is like the straightforward primitive religion of the earliest ages ; deep, with a depth unplumbable but calm and utterly reliable. Lastly, when I tore myself away from this, I bathed every sense in the

glorious blue distances of Dietrich Bouts ; picture after picture, the same soul, but many incarnations. And yet there really are people who say that distant hills, distant trees, still look "green." I cannot write any more ; my ideas need marshalling, and in some cases following out, before I go to bed. I am physically tired to an extraordinary extent, yet really hardly conscious of it ; if I come out of my trance for an instant I feel as if I were steeped in some warm poisonous liquid, which is dissolving every fibre of my body. If only I can sleep to-night ! I think I shall, after what I have seen, as my mind can hardly be restless now ; if I do, it will be the first good night for many days.

BUDA-PESTH.

LET me first of all pick up the threads of our wandering from the point where my last letter stopped. I did sleep that night, and on the strength of that sleep I lay awake several nights until I was worn almost to a shadow ; not a very good thing for a convalescent, you will say, but it would be the same, or worse, in England. The result was seen when we left Vienna. Our friends were almost tearful when we mentioned Belgrade ; they hinted at revolutions and counter-revolutions, massacre of foreigners, barbarous food and cheating hotel-keepers ; the Professor might possibly survive, as he speaks Serb and has introductions to various learned people, but I, who would be obliged to make use of German, I was doomed. We were rather interested, and hoped for the best ; a revolution would be quite an experience for us ; if I could take photographs on the spot and survive to write an account for the Yellow Press, I might make enough to visit Constantinople. Finally the prophecies became so lurid that I cleaned my revolver, and began to take an interest in life. I may remark that I am just a little bit sceptical about it all ; the study of philately shows that Serbia has distinctly fewer revolutions than several of the South American Republics, and I don't somehow think that the Slav is so very excitable, though judging from the frequency with which swine fever breaks out in Serbia, the Slavonic pig is a most "temperamental" animal. It is whispered that the Austrians are specially severe on the Serbs just now,

owing to an incautious remark made in Belgrade ; when Austria forbade the importation of Serbian pigs because of the ravages of an imaginary epidemic, a sarcastic Serb declared that the Austrians had a perfect right to discourage immigration, even of their own kith and kin. The retort courteous has not yet come to hand. We have not been long in Buda-Pesth, as we stayed in Vienna longer than we had originally intended. We came by boat down the Danube, which took us practically the whole of a day ; the scenery was somewhat monotonous, but in a way attractive, though it is too early in the year for the country to appear at its best. The river is not yet very broad, or rather it loses much of its apparent breadth from the low banks and the width of the plain through which it flows. Here and there are small towns ; we passed one important place, Pressburg or Poszony ; but mostly there is absolute solitude. But the voyage was worth while, if only for the last half-hour ; I have never seen anything quite so beautiful as our first sight of Buda-Pesth. It was nearly dark, and all the lights were glowing on the banks and in the houses ; lights that were reflected like stars in the almost motionless water, which broke every now and then into shimmers of flame as some boat passed by. There seemed to be many dim waterways leading into the middle of the city, but I believe we were deceived by the darkness as to their length, as daylight shows little trace of them. The crown of it all was the view at the end of an island where was a quaint old bridge made up of three arms meeting at a point ; as there, which ever way we looked, we saw fresh beauties. It all sounds very ordinary, and one wonders where the charm can have lain ; but we both felt it, and felt it intensely. Unfortunately it did not

give me sleep, but as I slept for a good many hours the night before, I can manage to exist ; the curious part is that I am far more sleepy after a whole night's rest than after the worst of white nights ; sleep makes me sleepy, while wakefulness makes me perpetually wide awake. It sounds quite simple and natural, but for all that, if I did not know that it would soon stop for a little, I should be afraid of madness.

Daylight revealed fresh charms here ; to me who was beginning to feel oppressed with the atmosphere of Teutonism, its intense nationality is delightful, and it is a novel and most interesting sensation to hear everywhere a language of which I cannot understand one word ; even the placards on the walls have a fascinating air of mystery. The town would have little attraction apart from the Danube though the high steep ridge on which Buda is built makes a perfect whole in combination with the river and the lower ground opposite. Pesth, of course, is far the bigger of the two, and much of it does not differ very widely from many other modern continental towns ; the old cathedral is very fascinating, though like most others, it is rather spoilt by cheap ornament, and the new Parliament House is an impressive block of buildings. From the river its huge extent and profusion of decoration looks magnificent, and it makes no feeble response to the Royal Palace opposite. At the same time I must admit it did not quite satisfy me, though I am not quite sure what is wanting—or perhaps what is superfluous. The shops in the big streets look excellent, and the general effect is very substantial. The natives seem very proud of their bridges, and one can certainly say that they do not altogether disgrace the river, which is really saying a good bit for them. The river to me seems more historic

than the town. I have always wanted to see the Danube, and I am not disappointed in it, although just now it is certainly not "blue." Buda lies all along a high uneven ridge ; at the southern end, where it is highest, St. Gellert's Mount rises steeply above the river ; the sides are laid out as a public park, the statue of the saint stands a little more than half-way up, and on the top is an old half-ruined fort and the inevitable restaurant. The view from the fort is superb ; the huge extent of Pesth lies straight in front with its towers and spires, and the tall chimneys all round the outskirts, and the stately embankment in the foreground ; to the right one looks over the wide plain through which the Danube flows, a plain perhaps featureless, but still impressive ; to the left the ridge slopes downwards past the massive block of the Royal Palace to another old castle, where it drops sheer to the plain. There is some delightful work in this latter building, especially in a big courtyard with cloisters all round ; the mouldings are magnificent, and all different. From the windows we looked up the stream of the Danube, which seems here to form a network of waterways enclosing gardens and fields, and masses of trees, now covered with the tenderest green ; there are low hills in the distance, vividly, intensely blue, flecked with violet shadows ; stand back a few feet from the window so that the town is lost, and you have the background of a hundred old Flemish pictures. "Only man is vile," and how vile he can be we discovered a moment after ; one of the oldest churches in the city is just opposite the gate of this building ; I think it might be a delightful example of early work, but there is a row of pillars on each side of the central aisle, painted with blue and red stripes. The Professor attempted to pass it off

by saying that I should see worse things in many of the Italian churches, and when I was inclined to be insular he reminded me of recent additions to a certain cathedral in the South of England. It was an unfortunate finish for our day, but I suppose in time I shall get hardened, and shall form the habit of picturing such buildings as they were originally. Our steamer starts for Belgrade at 10 o'clock to-night ; we pass Mohacs to-morrow morning at about 9.30, I think.

BELGRADE.

WE passed Mohacs on our way ; we felt in a mood for light sentiment, and were going to enjoy ourselves. We would disembark and wander about the scene of the three great battles where Hungary was lost and won ; I would take photographs and buy imported relics, and the Professor would measure skulls while we reconstructed the picture of the fight. In short, we would muse on human affairs in a spot where great matters had been thrice settled by the arbitrament of the sword, and give vent to Middle-Victorian moralisings. We turned in to our bunks at about 11.30 ; I had been awake half the night before, so had a good meal on board, and finished up with a large glass of beer as a night-cap ; in spite of forebodings I was soon sleeping like the dead, so bound with sleep that not even the arrival of a wave through the porthole woke me. Eventually I came up on deck ravenously hungry, but determined to see Mohacs before I had breakfast. The river was flowing through a broad plain with long low hills in the distance, and in front about two miles off, a small town clustered round a hill. I spurred my imagination, and pictured the broken wreck of Magyar chivalry that once fled despairingly across the plain ; perhaps on that very hillock opposite the horse-tail standards of the conquering Turk had waved triumphant over a heap of Christian dead, and bidden Hunyadi's countrymen behold how Allah avenged his slaughtered saints, and prepare to accept Koran, tribute, or sword. Or perhaps, after the long sad years

had past, when the tide began to ebb, and the Turk was driven back from the land his sword had won, some band of fierce Hungarian cavalry flushed with victory and the freedom now within their grasp, drove the oppressors headlong into the river which had witnessed their crowning triumph, and which now witnessed the success of the Last Crusade. Every nation in Europe had sent of its adventurous sons to aid in thrusting back the threatening Eastern power, whose terror had lain heavy on the west for three long centuries, and perhaps some compatriot lay buried here, some hero who had fallen in the hour of triumph. This was the theme which I was preparing to work into a discourse on "the Mutability of Human Affairs," the "the Secular Struggle between East and West," or anything else that might be suggested by that little town, which was now quite close. Enter the Professor, downcast and hungry, whom I greeted with the remark that I supposed *that* was Mohacs. He had got up ten minutes before I did, and asked me if I had looked at my watch. I had, but as it indicated 5.30, and had stopped, I was not much wiser. A glance at the clock in the saloon showed me that it was now 10.45. We had left Mohacs at 9 o'clock. And we could not get any honey for breakfast.

The dominant note of all this part of the country is loneliness, sometimes even desolation; even the villages and towns seem but half-alive, and each in turn looks like the end of the world, so isolated do they appear; at each little pier a crowd of peasants will embark or disembark, but they move slowly and silently like people in a dream, and seem to have no connection with anything but the landing-stage on which they are awaiting the steamer's arrival, or watching her out of sight.

Sometimes the eye can see no trace of human occupation ; broad low sand-banks, intersected here and there with side-streams, stretch out on either side till they join a plain hardly less bare, a plain where a few straggling bushes are all that breaks the blank monotony. Then the hills appear in the distance, and slowly draw in towards the river ; the soil becomes deeper, grass and trees mark the limits of the river-bed ; the wild duck, which before were here, there and everywhere, now show themselves chiefly on the little islands, which are often almost covered by the immense flights that settle on them. The first sign of man's presence is probably a couple of water-mills, which are broad barges, moored in mid-stream, with gigantic paddle-wheels on either side ; the force of the current is perpetually moving these wheels, but I do not know how the power is utilised. For the next stage the hills come close in until the river is flowing between ridges which rise abruptly a few yards from the banks. These ridges, especially those on the right bank, are planted with vines, and no doubt look beautiful in the summer, though now they seem rather desolate. Occasionally one passes a small cottage standing in the vineyards, or perhaps a big villa perched on some jutting spur ; still more occasionally a figure may be seen at work among the vines, or standing at a cottage door. At one place where the river turns abruptly to the east, and then almost immediately sweeps round southwards, the hills on the right bank run up into a steep bluff at the first turn in the stream, and then fall away to the plain. On this bluff was a fair-sized town with an old cathedral and a castle ; I am afraid I have forgotten its name, which was quite new to me. The streets meandered from the crest of the hill to the river,

but seemed absolutely empty, though a few dream-figures were on the quay. From this town the first bridge we had seen since leaving Budapesth crossed to a large suburb which faced more or less southwards down the stream. There was a railway station here, a long low building with a few carriages in the siding ; at the time there was no sign of life, but I suppose the officials are occasionally galvanised into life by the passing of the Orient express. Twenty or thirty soldiers lounged on the quay in various stages of dirt and untidiness, and a phalanx of peasants stood immovable, waiting for the steamer. In silence they tramped across the gangway one by one, and took their places in the bows of the boat, while a few of our passengers disembarked with equal solemnity. Occasionally one sees a picturesque costume, but most show little sign of the national love for bright colours ; even the women we have seen have with few exceptions worn dark coloured clothes. This is obviously a country which looks its best in the summer and the sunshine ; now it is asleep, so dream-thin that I expect every moment that one of the silent crowd in the bows will speak to me in the level voice of dream people, half felt, half heard. They all sit motionless among their bags and baskets watching the stream, smoking quietly, eating listlessly, till as dusk comes on I can hardly believe I am still on middle earth ; we are slipping swiftly between banks that are nothing but denser shadows in a shadow world ; no sound except the beat of the engines, the ripple of the water, and occasionally the cry of some bird. The ducks are almost all of them tufted ducks, and do not seem to make much noise ; I have seen one or two mallard, and I think a pair of golden eyes, but no widgeon or pochard, and no teal. We

have been eating a large eel-like fish with a very strong flavour, which is apparently common in the river. I have only seen it cooked, so do not know what it is. The flavour is not so good as that of English eels, but it seems much bigger. We hear occasional rumours of gigantic pike, but have seen no specimens; I believe that six feet is not an unexampled length. My mouth waters at the thought, but I remind myself that it is not the proper season. In spite of my long sleep I am still a bit tired, so will finish this off; I will add a postscript after we reach Belgrade.

BELGRADE.

I thought the Austrian customs were unapproached outside Russia, but these Serbs beat them on some points. They examined absolutely everything in our luggage with the most scrupulous care, but were very polite about it, and actually helped us to pack up again. The translation of our passports caused some trouble, as our official descriptions completely puzzled the whole staff; French, German, and Italian were tried in vain, although, apparently, one man had some little knowledge of all three of them. Finally a free translation of the unknown words as "student" solved the difficulty. We arrived about one o'clock in the morning, and of course could find no cabs; eventually we set out to walk to our hotel under the guidance of a porter. The streets were well lighted, but absolutely deserted, and the silence of the night reigned supreme: on our way up a long steep hill our man wanted us to put up at a tiny little native café, but we were not quite tired enough for that. Our hotel we found eventually in the market-place, but apparently everyone was sleeping the sleep of the just, since

it required half-an-hour's ringing, knocking, shouting and so on to gain an entry. We managed to secure a fine large room with electric light and various other surprisingly modern appliances. Morning light showed us that the hotel is built round a large open courtyard with a couple of trees and a fountain in the middle. The public rooms are bright and airy, since no one seems to object to an open window. We can choose between dishes such as are eaten in every first-class hotel in the world, and various strange concoctions, Serb, Greek, Turkish, Hungarian. We are living chiefly on the latter class; my taste is catholic, or perhaps eclectic, while the Professor shed tears of joy on discovering some Greek dish which he had apparently eaten every night when he was at Sparta. I have just made the acquaintance of a new sweetmeat, halvar, which is composed of sesame and honey, and is very filling, but very fascinating; the Professor was horror-struck at the amount I devoured, and prophesied much trouble for me in the future. I don't care a bit; in England I cannot eat anything, so, now that I have grown an appetite, I give full play to my natural greed. So far I have felt no evil effects, which is, I think, due to the strength of the native tobacco which I consume by the kilo; the two disturbing influences settle it between themselves inside. The Hungarian tobacco was excellent; far the best I have tasted since I left England, and sold at a price that works out at about three-halfpence an ounce. For once in a way I have been smoking cigarettes, at a krona the hundred. I don't know exactly the my mind insists on dwelling on these details, except that they are all blended harmoniously with our surroundings until the result is an atmosphere of perfect contentment. "Fate can-

not touch me, I have dined to-day," dined on weird dishes that would shock an epicure, but which my jaded palate welcomed most cordially, dined from a menu written in Serb, and translated into Magyar and German, in such cases as translation is possible, dined to an extent impossible for me at home. I have drunk many cups of perfect Turkish coffee, and am sitting, smoking Hungarian tobacco, looking out at the street where Serb, Greek, Bulgar and Gipsy are passing and repassing; some, alas, in Western costume, but a few in gorgeous native dress. In the salon behind me a band is playing native music, music such as I have never heard before, wild and plaintive at times, so plaintive that it seems charged with the woes of all the race, at times some measured march like the tramp of squadrons, at times insane with fury, yet always seeking, seeking. It is like a soul struggling forward, expressing every mood that seizes it, and always attaining, yet never quite satisfied; the themes are fully worked out, and are not merely unanswered questions, yet there is always the hint of something left unsaid. Technically, I suppose, the effect is due to the peculiar modes, but in a piece called *Mirtida*, which is, I believe, a Nocturne, the same effect was present, although by some freak the major was employed. All day we have wandered about the town, fascinated, without knowing why. It is not very big, and has no really fine buildings, none, that is, of real architectural value; the streets, however, are broad and clean, and many of the shops quite good. The best part is the district round the Palace and Government buildings where a street, called the terrace, is something like a more primitive *Unter den Linden*. There seems to be about three main thoroughfares running all along the

hill, and from them smaller streets branch off down the slopes on either side. The Turkish quarter is on a spit of land that juts out into the Danube, and is dominated by Prince Eugene's fort. The large market-place just outside our hotel is full of strange life all day ; queer silent stall-keepers, and one or two water-sellers in gorgeous native costume ; every body is friendly, though I notice that as soon as they discover I am not a German, they are still more genial in their behaviour. I have been looking at a fair, which is in full swing in a field close to the market ; the crowd interests me as much as I and my camera seem to interest them. I tried to induce a boy to stand for his photograph, but found conversation difficult until one of the bystanders who understood German offered his services as interpreter. I wish we had time to stay longer here, but I am afraid it cannot be managed ; however, we shall have seen a good bit of the place before we leave. To-night we shall wander round the cafés, since that we hear that a band of gipsy dancers are in the town. The music in our hotel turned out to be the prelude of a meeting of some sort, as a large party who had been stolidly, and solidly, eating in the background, suddenly woke to life ; silenced the band, and began to make long speeches, each in turn. They started about five o'clock, and are still going strong at 8.30. It seems that the band is intended to play appropriate music at the end of each speech, in order to give the next man time to think of an answer ; they rise in rotation as the band stops, and declaim with great fluency and expression ; so far about a third of the number has had its turn. I will not finish off this letter, as I shall not post it for a couple of days ; I will continue when I have time, if I have anything fresh to tell you.

84 WANDERINGS BEFORE THE WAR

I enjoyed myself immensely last night ; we wandered from café to café looking for the gipsies ; we drank about a dozen cups of Turkish coffee, and heard about a dozen different sets of musicians, but could only find a few dejected-looking creatures creatures who, we were assured, were not the real Tsigany. In one place we fraternised with a Greek, who was tremendously interested in real live Englishmen, but was rather disappointed to find that neither of us was taller than five feet ten ; he was much struck with my pipe, an old Oxford briar, and evidently thought it a sign of advanced civilisation. Here is a riddle for you to answer : one of us, you must guess which, was talking to a musician, while the other was fraternising with this Greek. To him the Hellene suddenly, pointing to the other, " His lordship is wondrously beautiful ! " The pronouncement came with a shock of surprise, but of course dissent would be impolite ; the Greek's keen eyes soon observed the absence of any engagement ring, and with horror in his voice he inquired if it was really true that the gentleman in question was a bachelor. An affirmative answer produced a torrent of wonder at the craft of his lordship, and the ill-success of English husband-hunters. I may remark that his congratulations were not untinged with envy. Now, which of us was " his lordship " ? The next café produced a district Chief of Police, or something of that sort ; he had been on the quay when we arrived from Pesth, and knew that we were English. He joined us at once as we sat drinking our seventeenth coffee, and proved most genial and interesting. After a few polite remarks he plunged into the story of the late king's sudden demise with an eloquence that surprised us both. Obviously, although he did not say so, he had disapproved of the method

employed, but he insisted on its necessity ; to him, and, as he said, to all true Serbs, it was merely a question whether one man should die, or the whole country be ruined irrevocably. There were no violent attacks on the personal character of Alexander—even Queen Draga received but little notice—but as a king he seems to have been hopeless—utterly weak and quite unreliable. The man appeared to breathe the spirit of Serbian nationality, a spirit which is as strong now as in the glorious days of Stephen Dushan, a spirit which can hardly endure the thought that in the two provinces Serbians are oppressed by a foreign power. “What were we to do?” he asked. “None dared protest, and reform could not be expected. It was better that one man should die.” He spoke of the affair as a democratic movement, but the movement of a democracy whose aims were national and not selfish. “Now we are all democrats, and King Peter the strongest democrat of us all.” This Peter one imagines is a man, and the sort of king Serbia needs ; the stories of his unpopularity became less convincing, when we heard him lauded to the skies by this man, who, we discover, held some office under the old regime. The portrait on the stamps does not seem to do him justice ; he has a strong face, and looks like a man whom one could trust. After we had finished our coffee our friend took us in tow ; he showed us over a fine new river steamer which had just come up the river from Orsova, and after we had inspected the Customs House insisted on driving us round the town in a cab that could give points to any English cab I have seen outside London. Altogether we have formed a very favourable idea of Serbian hospitality. The popular entertainment here is a cinematograph exhibition, which is held in a big

restaurant in the Bank Square ; the pictures seem to be mostly comic, but occasionally sentimental. The English tourist is a stock character in the former class, from which I imagine that the films are not native products. He appears as a good-natured madman who invariably causes much laughter, but who generally scores off those who annoy him. In one respect, and one only, this country is still in the mists of barbarism—its railway time-tables. We are intending to go to a little place called India en route for Sarajevo, but the difficulty is to find out anything about the trains. We have failed ignominiously to get a time-table of any description, so took a pilgrimage to the station this morning. The booking hall contained three large time-sheets, for which we rushed ; one gave a full and complete list of trains on the Wurtemberg State Railway, a second confined its attention to the Grand Duchy of Baden, while the third dealt with North Austria. Inquiries at the booking office were hardly more illuminating ; we were at once informed that the Orient Express for Constantinople passed through at 11 o'clock, but a disposition on our part to seek further information caused pained surprise. Apparently nobody leaves the station except en route for Turkey. Eventually we discovered the time of the northward bound express, but beyond that could glean no information. We made up our minds to get in the train and see what happened, trusting that at Semlin we might find out something further. Fortunately our policeman friend came to the rescue, and told us that the only possible train left at four o'clock in the morning. We shall have to get up at about three, as the station is some way from the hotel ; breakfast is hardly within the range of practical politics, but on these occasions

our commissariat is always on the knees of the gods, and I am bound to admit that so far we have done very well ; the amount we have eaten and drunk on some of our journeys has been atrocious. I suppose I must get my bag ready now, as it is about twelve o'clock. I shall be very sorry to leave this place ; I don't exactly know why, but it has quite fascinated me.

SARAJEVO.

I DON'T know how many miles I have travelled in my life ; I suppose it must be something over forty thousand ; however, be that as it may, my travelling days seem to be divided into two by a line drawn across them when we left the Serbian express at Semlin, or Zimony, which seems to be the local form. Of these two parts the latter seems about double the former. I think of all I have suffered in Swiss local trains, of the hours wasted on little Highland lines, of German personen-züge or Italian treni omnibus. I remember long periods of time spent on the South Eastern between Ramsgate and London or Tunbridge Wells and Chatham, yet in spite of it all the whole appalling total fades into insignificance beside the awful finality of our journey from Belgrade. The State railways of the Dual Monarchy remain unapproachable ; they represent the last word in human and mechanical depravity. I suppose that, according to the almanac, it is only two days since we left Belgrade, but I seem to be much balder than I was then and feel years older. Our train left at something after four, and as our cab was early we had time to stow away a big breakfast at the station. We reached Semlin at about half-past four and then our troubles began. No one had been able to tell us whether we ought to change, but, of course, we were routed out of our carriage and marched away to have our luggage and passports examined. Apparently the officials expected that our small handbags might contain Serbian pigs which at

this time may not be imported into Austria or Hungary, apparently because they happen to be the chief Serbian export. Our passports were taken away into an inner office where they were left, and we were ordered to go back to the train which was just going to start. The Professor's passport was eventually produced, but mine was not forthcoming, so I was obliged to invade the office, which was fortunately empty, and recover it. Change number two came after a non-stop run of an hour, which must have covered nearly twenty miles; however, after we had left the big express the speed became less dangerous. At this station, India, we had another big breakfast and bought a bottle of local ordinaire to take with us. The train came in after about half an hour and waited about the same length of time before we started. But what a train! Fortunately, it was absolutely empty so that we could take our choice of carriages, though, after all, there was not much difference. The dirt was appalling, and the smell unspeakable; the Black Hole can have been nothing to it. Of course, every window in the train was shut, and looked as if it had never been opened. We tried every carriage in the train, and at last made our pick, though really one seemed as bad as another; eventually we chose one with large compartments which ought to have been airy. We opened every window after a severe struggle and stood on the platform till the train started. In spite of our pipes the odour was sickening; we should have died if we had not had our second breakfast. The train meandered along at a snail's pace through flat country of no special merit, stopping almost every mile at tiny stations which were usually deserted. The air inside was getting slowly purer and the smell less insupportable when the guard came in.

He examined our tickets, punched them for about the fifth time, and proceeded to shut most of the windows. We remonstrated politely in all the various languages with which we were acquainted, but he understood nothing but Croatian, which is, I think, a language that nobody ought to expect. There was no other people in the carriage, and it was a warm day, so that there was no apparent reason for his action. As soon as he had disappeared the windows flew open and we leaned half out to escape suffocation. Ten minutes after he appeared again and once more shut up the windows. We were most polite to him in several languages, but he refused to understand, though I think he really did follow the Professor's Magyar. This little comedy was repeated every time we stopped at a station, that is about eight times to the hour; on his third visit he looked and sounded annoyed and addressed us in a fervid oration, not one word of which had any meaning for us. At each visit his vocal gymnastics became more alarming and his manner more threatening until I lost interest and grew tired of letting down the windows. About the twelfth round he sounded so rude that I got up, and, after a few introductory remarks in German, ordered him off in vigorous English. He went like a lamb and never troubled us again, though what causes led to that result I cannot explain. This part of our journey lasted about four hours, during which we were reduced to playing cribbage; we changed eventually at some big station, which is apparently an end in itself, as there are no other buildings in sight, nor any apparent junction of lines. The next stage was very similar except that the train was crowded with Croats. I don't think that I am very insular and John Bullish; on the whole, I like what I have seen of most nations, except,

perhaps, Austrians and Prussians ; but I feel that I cannot love a Croat with any degree of fervour after being cooped up with a herd of them in one of these trains for some hours.

However, all things have an end, and about 12.30 we arrived at Brod, the frontier station. The town is divided by the Drave into two parts ; the southern part, Bosna-Brod, is in Bosnia and looks the part ; it is the terminus of the little narrow gauge railway which the Austrians have built in the two provinces. The station at which we arrived is Croatian Brod. This part of the town consists of a dilapidated wharf and a frontage of about fifty yards on the river, and one main street about a quarter of a mile long. One end of this street apparently runs into the river, the other is lost in a bottomless quagmire of clay and mud which separates the town from the station. There are two second-rate German restaurants, both of which were full of soldiers, and an air of indescribable stagnation. One would have thought that our train would have run straight through to Bosna-Brod, which is only about a couple of miles further on, and where we could get at once into the Bosnian train. We discovered however that we had to wait seven hours in the pouring rain in this desolation of mud and general unpleasantness. It was apparently impossible to get to the other town, which is much more interesting, before the next train condescended to start off on its long two-mile journey. Fortunately, our appetites were good, but one cannot eat for seven hours on end. The one alleviation was the sunset after the rain stopped. I am one of those who believe that the sun generally sets in lemon yellow, but that was not the colour which we saw as we looked up the river. The whole

sky in the west was glowing like molten copper tinged with crimson, while above the brightest colours was a mass of vivid green. All round were fleecy clouds radiant with glory, paling and glowing anew as the lost or caught the light. The marvel of colour literally took my breath away. I watched it so long that I was almost late for the train.

"Απανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
Φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται.

The seven hours had indeed been ἀναρίθμητος χρόνος and one of the things that was ἄδηλον was the 7.30 train at 8 o'clock. The carriages which were to compose it had been in a siding for hours, and the engine was puffing up and down the station, while a motley horde of Jews, Turks, Croats, Albanians, Bosnians, etc., filled the station with polyglot chatter. Not that they seemed impatient; we saw no symptoms of surprise at the lateness of the train, which might just as well have been ready to start hours earlier. Many of them sat half-asleep on the benches, and even those responsible for the noise seemed to have no thought of the train. No one knew exactly when the Bosnian train started, but all agreed that we should have another wait. At last the train appeared, and after long deliberation started off on its journey at the rate of about eight miles an hour; at the end of a quarter of an hour we changed for the fifth and last time. When I say we changed, I mean that we got out of our train, and began to make inquiries; the first official assured us that there was no train till the next morning, but after sticking to his assertion for some time he became so cowed by our threatening demeanour as to admit that there was a train at

12.50 a.m. It was then about 8.45 ! We strolled out of the station, and poked about quaint little alleys in the pitch-dark, but at last the desolation of the sleeping town, and the cold drove us back into the station waiting-rooms. It is a fine large station, and the booking hall and restaurant are very spacious, but the former was absolutely littered with sleeping natives ; the whole population seemed to be in the station buildings awaiting the train for Sarajevo. I won't enlarge upon the tedium of those hours ; we smoked, we ate, we drank, we played cribbage. I walked up and down the platform for a little, and was badgered by several indignant officials who could not understand why I could not sit still the whole four hours ; I was getting rather impatient, and flatly refused to weary the Professor by making him translate their fluent and objurgatory jargon. At about one o'clock the train arrived, and I must say I was agreeably surprised by its comfort ; it is only a narrow gauge line, but the carriages are the best I have seen on the continent ; each compartment can be made into three most comfortable little cubicles with quite luxurious beds. It was not long before I went to sleep, and I scarcely woke before we reached Sarajevo at about 10.30. Just at present I am speechless with a heavy cold, which may prove to be the precursor of some vile disease picked up in those terrible Hungarian trains.

SARAJEVO.

The Golden City deserves its name, for almost every inch of it is beautiful ; I suppose when the Austrians have been in possession a little longer it will lose its most characteristic qualities, but at present it is perfect. It lies in a broad valley

from which on three sides green foothills swell up to the mountains ; on the fourth the mountains drop almost sheer to the plain, and are cleft by a broad gorge, along the side of which the railway creeps. The best view is from the castle looking northward up the valley ; the white town lies below, gilded by the sun and cleft by the straight line of the river. The hills on the west come near to the banks ; at one spot they are almost immediately over it ; then they curve back in a little bay, occupied by some of the newer parts of the town. Through the thick greenery of these hills a few houses show dazzling white, and the towers of a couple of mosques. The first thing that catches the eye is the river with its two low bridges and the avenue of trees on each bank ; the second is the number of poplars that rise like dark pillars out of the mass of buildings ; thirdly one notices the tall pointed shafts of the Hundred Mosques. I forget what the number really is, but there are very many of them. Altogether I think it is the loveliest town I have seen ; its population is now only about 30,000, but it looks much bigger. There is a fine synagogue here, and an imposing Rathaus, which I suspect of being a modern imitation ; the chief buildings, however, are the Mosques ; the Emperor's Mosque is, I believe, the biggest, but I was very much taken with a view of what they told us was the Begova Mosque. Picture a narrow alley with a cloister all along one side, and a row of Turkish shops opposite ; an alley paved with rough cobbles over which a man in the wide trousers and red fez of a Turk is leading a donkey laden with faggots. A few women in Turkish costume, and closely veiled, are clattering along in their loose sandals, and in the background rise the white walls and low dome of the mosque, dominated by the tall slender

column and spire. In another view there is a squat little mosque in the foreground beneath the same white tower and past it, between white dumpy houses runs a broad straight street, the Cobanja Ulica, until it is lost in the mass of green where the hill meets the plain. Straight on, above the houses and the lower slopes is a slender iron bridge, spanning some unseen gulf. Almost every turning affords a view worth painting, especially in the Turkish quarter. The greater part of this is on the top of a steep hill and all down its sides, but it seems to have flowed down into the valley and spread out fanwise between the hill and the river. The closely shuttered houses, the perpetual fez, the veiled women and the curious clack-clack of their wooden soles are, I suppose, the merest commonplace to the Eastern traveller, but to me they are all new and entrancing. The crowning delight was the bazaar. A large space partly on the level, part sloping steeply up to the hills, paved with cobble stones, and divided up into a network of "streets"; on either side of these narrow passages an open shop, where a silent Turk sits cross-legged. Each street shows a single class of wares; here is the street of the cobblers, here the coppersmiths', here the carpet-makers. At the top of the slope is the live stock market; the cobblers are at the bottom, and the carpet-makers next above them. There are several others, of course, but I cannot exactly remember how they are all arranged. Everywhere men with baskets of halvar, and at the sides of the square, little khans. Europe is gone; the twentieth century is yet unborn; this is the East, and this the way in which men lived centuries ago. I must return to the West, and shall never see this place again, but its spell has been cast upon me; here in this bazaar I am

suddenly endowed with the patience of an Oriental, his faculty of contemplation ; the streets are full of people buying and selling, yet there is no hurry ; shopkeeper and customer seem to be meditating upon some deep philosophical problem, and above all time is not. At home the hurry of life flogs me on so that I cannot rest a moment, but must always be doing or planning to do, though the heavens fall or I fall myself ; every sensation is momentary ; there is no time to chew the cud of feeling, or, to vary the metaphor, to roll the moment on the tongue and taste its full flavour. There one must think to live ; here one can live to think. With me it is not the hurry to be rich ; I shall never have either wealth or health, and I do not grumble about it ; it is the hurry to do, or rather the fear of omitting anything that may prove a link in a chain ; it is above all the knowledge that the time is short. My one protection is that I do not ask to see immediate results ; I can possess my soul in patience with regard to the end. You have called me a fatalist ; my fatalism is this ; a blend of " All things work together for good for them that love the Lord," and "*Magna est veritas.*" To this I add a rider that if you want supernatural help, if you want the Vision, you shall obey God's call to work whenever and however often it comes. It is up to you to do your best, not because it is necessarily of any use, but because it is sin if you don't. I suppose I offend the orthodox, but I neither flaunt filthy rags of merit and expect to earn heaven by my own exertions, nor think that I may fold my hands and go to sleep, that I may be saved by the unreasoning acceptance of certain dogmas. The strange result of it all is that I feel at home here in this bazaar ; that when I sit on the low seat that runs round the wall of some



Herzegovinan Costumes.

little khan to drink perfect coffee and watch the motionless figures of a dozen cross-legged Turks, the first moment I think of Zwemer's book "The Challenge of Islam," the next I remind myself that "*Magna est veritas*," the third and following moments, minutes, hours, I merely feel how entirely suitable it is that I should be here, and that it really does not matter that I cannot make myself understood.

It is fitting, partly because I must rest for a little, and find rest here, but still more so because all these fresh impressions do not in any way jar with preconceived ideas, so that I can continue to absorb, while at the same time I arrange the disordered impressions and ideas which I have acquired during the last year. It is a shocking confession to make, especially as I have always rather prided myself upon the orderliness of my mind, but I am afraid that I must admit that for several months I have not examined and adjusted my ideas. However, that process is in full swing now, and, strangely enough, each new impression seems to help towards harmony and order. I shall be sorry to leave Sarajevo ; I think it is one of the few spots I shall never forget ; I hope it will be long before the Cook's tourist discovers it, for he would not harmonise well with the surroundings. To-morrow we leave for Mostar by a train which does not average much above fifteen miles an hour, but at least we do not have to change.

MOSTAR.

THE scenery here is even more mountainous than around Sarajevo ; there is one magnificent crag which seems to rise almost sheer from the edge of the town. The whole of this country, in fact, seems to consist of narrow valleys running up into the mountains ; the train as we came along was either burrowing through a hill, or clinging to the edge of a precipice, or else crushed between the river and some huge cliff. Time after time we crossed and recrossed the milky-blue water ; in fact, I don't think we were out of sight of it for the whole of the last half of our journey. The first part of the journey seemed to consist chiefly of a series of spirals leading from the top to the bottom of valleys and gorges in never-ending succession. As far as mere height is concerned these mountains are nothing to the Alps, but they are far wilder ; they have a rugged grandeur, which in Switzerland can only be found among the mountain peaks. Yet at the same time they do not oppress the mind as the Alps occasionally do when one is in the valley ; these are very human mountains ; they seem akin to their people, not far above them like those Swiss giants. Occasionally one comes across a crag that over-awes the mind, but ; for the most part the wildness is neither absolute desolation, nor sheer immensity. We passed no towns, and not very many villages, and except for two or three valleys saw few signs of cultivation, yet this country fascinates me, and I cannot quite fathom the reason.

Here in Mostar the Narrenta has cut itself out

a deep channel through the middle of the town, which covers the narrow strip between the river and the mountains on either side; there is no room for large open spaces on the left bank, where is the older part of the town. We ought to have come here before we had seen Sarajevo, for there is nothing that can come up to the great bazaar. The most picturesque spot is just where the old bridge from which the town takes its name gives on to a street lined with Turkish shops. It is a wonderful old bridge; a single narrow span almost as steep as the head of a Gothic window high above the rushing water; the town itself was originally little more than a few strong buildings round the bridge-head; even now it would be difficult to carry it by assault if the low towers on the right bank were skilfully defended. I tried to take a photograph of this little view, but for a long time could not get a satisfactory position; just as I was ready to expose a film up came a gendarme in an incoherent flurry of excitement and some Slavonic language. Appeals to the crowd at last produced an interpreter, who gave us to understand that the Austrians—may their names be something or other—had constructed a fort in a distant part of the town, and that therefore all photography was forbidden. I was not even allowed to snap an obliging Turk who was posing for me. Almost sheer above the town there rises a huge bluff, probably about eighteen hundred feet high, and so close that a rock hurled from the top would almost, if not quite, roll on to the railway. I found myself wishing that when the Slavs rebel they might get a little mountain gun up on top, and that I might be spirited there to try if I could not drop a shell on that fort. There are many mosques here, but they are not so large

as in the Golden City, though one cemetery was rather fine with its white walls and black rows of cypress. Our hotel on the river bank is very modern and very comfortable ; also very cheap ; they don't seem to have a great selection of wines, but the Mostar beer is excellent, although they have a foolish custom of bringing it up in small glasses. Just outside the gate a broad modern bridge spans the Narrenta, and the view down stream is delightful ; below us there are low banks, dry at present, and covered with tamarisk ; I believe, however, that occasionally a flood will fill the whole channel. There are usually women washing bright-coloured clothes in the edge of the stream, and always crowds of boys playing, while behind them rises the solid block of masonry around the old bridge. We botanised this afternoon on the sides of the mountain, for spring is here already, though I suppose England is still in an uninviting transition stage. We also tried to hunt the partridges in the mountains in Biblical fashion, but they saved themselves in a most unsporting way by hopping and fluttering up a cliff which we could only scale on our hands and knees. To-morrow we must press on if we are to see anything of Italy, but how many times, when I am back in England, shall I long in vain for a single day here ; I don't know how we could ever tear ourselves away from Sarajevo, and I shall be equally surprised if we ever turn our backs on the old bridge-town. I had one curious experience here ; on our arrival two boys of about sixteen pestered us with requests to be allowed to carry our very small hand-bags ; none of the languages in the Professor's stock moved them at all ; Serbian had no more effect than German, and the couple had become the nucleus of a crowd of fair proportions. At last in desperation I

summoned vague recollections of dear old George Borrow, and in a dispassionate tone requested them in my best Zingari to avaunt, or words of that effect. They avaunted instanter, and the crowd swiftly and silently melted away like hoar-frost beneath a hot sun. Why did they do it? Are the gipsies well-known and respected guests in this part of the world, or have I got the evil eye? It may be that the words bore a resemblance to some specially powerful Slav adjuration; the reason is beyond me; the fact remains. I gather that the Education question assumes formidable dimensions here; according to the Herzegovinan account the Austrians are trying to crush out of existence the Greek Catholic schools, by fair means or foul. According to official accounts the minute Roman Catholic minority is really making a very temperate use of the power which events have given it. Of course, an outsider cannot get at the rights and wrongs of the question; some instances of interference sound very tyrannical when narrated by those who suffered from them, but perhaps the Austrians are justified in any measures they may take to subdue the national spirit, which is intensely devoted to its own religion. The natives are convinced they have a grievance; it is possibly imaginary, but it may eventually make things a little awkward for the Government. The Professor is asleep, and the murmur of the river has almost overcome me too, so I will end here.



GRAVOSA.

THE first part of the scenery we passed on our journey here was not unlike that between Sarajevo and Mostar, but it was much less wild, and in proportion as we approached the sea the hills became lower, and the valleys less deep and narrow. Villages are more frequent, and the country altogether shows more signs of habitation; it did not, however, make up in human interest as much as it lost in grandeur, and until we got quite close to the sea we found comparatively little to interest us in the way of views. At each station there stood boys with baskets of the most delicious oranges I have ever tasted; huge sweet balls full of juice, and with a flavour that I have never found in any orange I have eaten in England. I am ashamed to say how many we ate, or rather drank. The train descended gradually until within a few miles of the coast, where the hills rise again steeply; up and up we climbed, and came out eventually on the top of a high ridge, from which we looked over scenery different from anything we had seen before in this country. It was a unique view, and I must try to describe it. Imagine a huge oval arena about three miles long, and perhaps two miles across; the eastern side, up which we had climbed, is a couple of hundred feet higher than the southern and western ridges; it slopes slightly upward towards the north, and culminates in a bar of rock, from which the hills run westward to the sea. The sides of this amphitheatre slope for the most part gently down, but at the north-

east corner frowns a sheer face of rock. The only break in the walls is at the north-west, where a gap of about three-quarters of a mile across lets in an arm of the sea, which sweeps round to the south from the base of the precipice, and covers the whole floor of the arena. The vegetation here is the most luxuriant I have seen, and the sudden change from the bleak Herzegovinan highlands affected me with a shock of surprise almost painful in its intensity. We came out on the topmost tier in the south-eastern curve of the valley, and could look right down its length. Our goal was the gap on the north-west ; we had to pass eventually between the fiord and the hills to the south of it ; immediately in front of us the hill sloped very steeply down for two hundred feet on to the top of the southern side. In order to get there, we had to go the whole length of the eastern side, and then come back again by a line which passed along the hill-side, and eventually struck the southern face immediately below the spot where we first entered the arena. It seems as if a short tunnel would have saved five or six miles of zigzag. However, tired though we were, we enjoyed this last part of the journey as much as anything we have seen ; the brilliant sun, the flowers and trees, and the wonderful blue of the water, with the great hills behind, made up a picture which I shall not forget. The train rolled slowly on through orchards and woods carpeted with flowers, and gay with all the heraldry of spring ; we passed villages of square white buildings, where the whole population seemed to be basking in the sun, a few large houses in old walled gardens with great iron gates, through which we got but a passing glimpse, quaint little churches with round "onion" towers. We imagined that the fiord led straight to the open

sea, and that Gravosa lay along its shore, but as soon as we reached the first few houses of the town we swung round to the left into a second arena with another fiord, or loch, completely surrounded by hills except for two openings. The town is built for the most part on the east side, but there is a fringe of buildings the whole way round. The hills are lower here, and slope less steeply ; everywhere are terraced vineyards and orchards, rows of poplar, and green thickets spangled with blossom, or almond trees in all their glory ; there are many sub-tropical plants growing in wild profusion, cactus and aloe and others strange to me. The loch is about three-quarters of a mile wide, with a total length of perhaps two miles ; the openings are on either side of the north end of the circle of hills, one of them being the fiord along which we have come, the other leading through several small islands to the open Adriatic. At the north end the hills are high and steep, and run far out into the sea. It is a magnificent harbour ; whole fleets could lie hidden here, but possibly the entrance might be rather difficult in a storm. The town does not look its age ; there are few old buildings, but of course, Ragusa, three miles to the south, is full of historic interest. Yesterday we were wandering about a barren mountain side looking down on the mosques and bridge of Mostar ; to-day we sit by a glassy fiord in the middle of all the luxuriance of a southern spring, and hear Italian spoken. After all, I am a sun-worshipper ; I appreciated most intensely the wildness and strangeness of the Balkans, but here the warmth and colour are filling up my mind with slow-distilled drops of perfect enjoyment. What must it be to live here ? I know that we are out of the world, in a back-water of civilization (why is it that the loveliest

flowers always grow in backwaters ?), that it is very hot in the summer, that society is almost non-existent, that a little later in the year the whole place will swarm with German trippers ; and yet, " if I were a sovereign Prince, or Professor at large on vacation," I should settle down here—until I missed the pictures and music and my friends.

It was a long time before I went to bed last night, the view from my window across the harbour was so perfect. The surface was like glass, and the lights on the bank were mirrored all along the edge ; the moon shone just over the ridge opposite me, and the sombre cypresses stood out against its radiance as though carved in ebony. I could just catch a glimpse of the sea through the opening, and occasionally a lazy wave would break gently in phosphorescent stars around the base of a rocky islet at the mouth of the fiord. Once or twice a boat shot across the harbour, leaving behind it a trail of light, and once some Italian sailors passed along the white road in front of me singing of *la Bandiera tricolore*. The hotel gardens are full of trees laden with blossom ; some are almond, but most have a flower something like an acacia, and as fragrant as half forgotten loves.

TRIESTE.

OUR boat was timed to leave Gravosa at 11.30 p.m. there was a high wind, and steamers leaving the harbour seemed to be tossed about like corks; I am a fairly good sailor, but I will admit that my anticipations were not as pleasurable as I should have liked. Eleven-fifteen found us on the quay, bag in hand, waiting for the boat; I had come to the conclusion that my one chance was to make straight for my bunk, and get to sleep at once; as I felt very sleepy owing to a big dinner which we had just eaten, I hoped that I should not stay long awake. Half an hour passed, three quarters, a whole hour, but no sign of the boat, which starts from Cattaro. At last we adjourned to the office and made inquiries; the boat was late; they admitted it, but could not hold out much hope of its early arrival. At its last port of call it had been nearly three hours late, and it was not likely that it would make up for lost time. We were forced to camp in the office, where we commandeered chairs, and slept by fits and starts. The clerk was very gracious, and apologised for the lateness of the boat, but he absolutely refused to allow a native Slav, who was also going by the boat, to make himself comfortable. It does not seem altogether pleasant to belong to a conquered race. At three o'clock a boat brought up at the quay flying the Austrian Lloyd colours; we rushed down in a great hurry to find that it was merely a collier, and that the

Graf Wormbrand was not expected for some time. It was in fact past five o'clock before we got on board. Now I suppose we ought to have sat up on deck and watched the sunrise ; as a matter of fact, we went straight to our bunks, and in spite of fears, slept till half-past nine. The next day was perfect ; the sea had gone down, and was of the most lovely blue imaginable. It is quite different from the blue of the Swiss lakes ; the tint is warmer, more ultra-marine ; the depth of colour must be seen to be believed. The hills along the coast looked violet as we steamed along about six miles out, the misty violet of the hills of Phæacia as Odysseus saw them from his raft. For miles at a stretch we could see no sign of human habitation, even when we came closer in shore. We lazed about the deck, sometimes full length on the planks, basking in the golden sunlight, and drinking in the gorgeous wealth of colour, the blue of the sea, the white of the wave-crests, all the variegated hues in our wake. The deep purple on the under side of the waves as they swelled up and broke, was a revelation. We have mapped out our route well ; it is right that this should come after the Danube, not before, just as we were right in coming down from Bosnia to the coast, for if we had reversed the order it would be like passing from spring back into winter. I need my spring and its sun, for this winter has been very bad ; even in Switzerland the sun hardly deigned to shine, and when I was in Hamburg early in March, before joining the Professor, it froze and snowed and pelted with icy rain almost simultaneously. If I had not had delightful friends there, and spent a most enjoyable time, I should have gloomy memories of that corner of Germany. I know Switzerland too well to take much notice of a single bad season. I have

enjoyed myself immensely all this winter, but the physical part of me has been longing for sunlight and colour, a longing which is now likely to be satisfied. I wonder what the effect of sunlight is on you ; you remember Daudet's description of its effect on the Tarasconnais ; "*le seul menteur, c'est le soleil.*" I think I know what he means, but am inclined to apply his meaning to the Provençals only. Of course, they are not liars ; it is true they do not always give you the hard bare facts, but does the sun allow you to see nature hard and bare at Tarascon ? You can hardly expect that sensible men will allow their presentment of nature to be inferior to what the sun shows them ; besides is not the romantic element in man, as Tartarin might have put it, a higher form of the power the Southern sun displays ? Very well then ; the Tarasconnais carries on the good work of the sun. Further south I think the natives allow the sun to do all the work, unless, of course, by helping on the good work they are following the line of least resistance. I believe we put in somewhere during the night, but the first place we saw was Spalato, where we stopped for a couple of hours. It is a good-sized town, much of which is modern, but a small part near the harbour dates back to Roman times. All these buildings, I believe, were built by order of Diocletian, during the latter part of his life, when he laid aside the sceptre to plant cabbages. We may be grateful to whatever vein of artistic appreciation in this former peasant led to those monuments. I regret intensely that we had no time for more than the most hurried inspection ; in fact, some of the buildings we scarcely saw at all. For this reason I can say nothing about the cryptoporticus, a gallery of about 170 or 180 yards long facing the sea, which

is built to the west of the harbour. This formed one side of the palace buildings, which must altogether have covered about ten acres. There were originally four gates, the Porta Aurea, the Porta Ferrea, the Porta Aenea, and, I imagine, the Porta Argentea ; of these the last two seem to have been destroyed, but the others are in a good state of preservation. You must bear in mind that a large part of the site of this palace has been built over, since the days when the fall of Salona drove its inhabitants to build a new town round the old Palace of Diocletian outside their gates. Originally the ex Emperor's residence stood quite alone. On the northern side is the Porta Aurea, which has a square headed doorway with an ornamental architrave above which rises a Roman arch, now bricked up and pierced only by a small window. Above is a row of Corinthian columns with seven small arches rising from the back of the entablature. Three of these arches form the vaulting of shallow niches. You must not think that the present aspect of the gate is exactly as I have described it ; as a matter of fact, I could give no fuller description of this gate than of the cryptoporticus if I had not been already acquainted with drawings of it. Speaking roughly, the greater part of the northern half of the palace is either in ruins or occupied by more recent buildings. A kind of lane seems to have divided the whole palace into halves, and immediately to the south of this is the peristyle. Many of the columns are broken, and I cannot help fancying that it was once rather larger than it now appears, or else that the blocks of masonry at either side of the north end continued the sides of the open promenade. There were originally eight columns on each side ; those that are standing have Corinthian capitals, and the arches

spring direct from them without either cushion or stilt. At the southern end of the peristyle is a doorway, which, I think, must be the *Porta Ferrea*, but I am by no means certain. The pediment is supported by four columns, similar to those of the peristyle, but here there is an entablature which is wanting in this latter. The striking feature is that between the two central pillars the entablature forms an arch. I suppose there is no doubt that all these buildings are contemporaneous, but I must say that it looks very much as if this doorway marked a transition stage between the ordinary Roman use of the arch, and the arch rising direct from columns, as in the peristyle. The doorway has been bricked up, I think comparatively recently, and the brick-work is pierced by several small windows, and by three passages, two square-headed, and one topped by a semi-circular arch with a projecting keystone. Beyond this doorway is the round *Vestibulum*, and between this and the *cryptoporticus* are modern buildings among a few heaps of ruined masonry. To the west of the peristyle is a Roman temple, now the *Baptistery*, and on the east stands the *Cathedral*, once the mausoleum of *Diocletian*. The carved choir-stalls are supposed to be very fine, but our hurry and the darkness of the building prevented a close examination. The original building is octagonal and beautifully proportioned, though very small, I should say not more than thirty feet across inside. One or two odd chapels have been added, I suppose necessarily, but the result is not beautiful. But in its original form the interior of this octagonal mausoleum must have been a marvel; all round are two ranges of detached columns, now incomplete; above these, but not supported by them, is a dome made up of innumerable arches rising

one from the other, large in the lower range, but comparatively small above it. The arrangement is not unlike that of the rounded scales of some fish, for instance, rudd. Around the outside runs an entablature supported by Corinthian columns, and from a hasty glance I imagine that this was connected with a sort of colonnade leading to the peristyle. This space is now occupied by the square campanile of five tiers topped by an octagonal belfry. In the lowest tier and the fundament, it joins one side of the octagon, and has six pillars indetical with those surrounding this building. There are five pillars on each of three faces of this tier, but the second and fourth are of a different type. I believe that all these pillars as well as those in the second storey are Roman, but that only the three are in their original position. Above the capitals rises a very thick cushion, or a very short dumpy stilt, from which the arches spring, while the two columns which, according to my theory, were placed there later, support underlacing arches. Above all this two courses of brick and an entablature join on to the brickwork of the Cathedral. I daresay that close inspection, or a study of Bædeker would prove this theory of mine to be incorrect ; but it is the impression conveyed by a hasty glance. The rest of the tower is undoubtedly much later ; probably late thirteenth or fourteenth century work, though I should not like to say that some even of the higher columns are not Roman. The second tier is similar to the first, but without the interlaced arches ; the middle tier has perfectly plain arches enclosing smaller perforations of the same shape, while the belfry and the two upper tiers have simple columns and arches, but finely carved capitals. There is also a great variety in the cornices.

One comes upon bits of old masonry here, and there in some of the narrower streets, especially near the Cathedral; apart from such fragments the only building worth noticing which we came across was the Municipal Hall; I believe this is the correct translation of Obcinski Dom, which is the native name, but am not quite certain on the point. It consists of two houses, obviously built in very different periods, connected by a gallery. The building on the right is a typical dwelling house, perhaps two or three hundred years old, with a long balcony and large rectangular windows above, and broad arched openings below; the house on the left, the Dom proper, is more ambitious. Like the other it is of grey stone, and it has in the middle of the facade a small stone balcony with quatrefoil perforations in front of a large triple window. The other five windows in the two upper storeys consist of single lights, and are quite small, but richly decorated. Almost the whole of the lowest storey is taken up by three large pointed arches, which are more than half filled up with lattice-work. The general effect is somewhat Oriental. From here to Trieste the journey was a repetition of the day before; the scenery along the Istrian coast was very fine in parts, but we did not pass near enough for me to use my camera. I believe that all photography is strictly forbidden for some reason or other, but cannot imagine why. We arrived at Trieste late in the afternoon, and had some difficulty in getting rooms; the town seems to be very full just now. I was surprised at the number of people who speak Italian; it seems to be the native tongue of the greater part of the population; so much so that German is not always understood; the physical characteristics of the majority are far more Italian than anything else; I imagine that this

town at the present day presents an analogy to Venice under Austrian rule. The harbours and docks, of course, cover a very large extent, and in one place a broad waterway, thronged with shipping, extends into the heart of the town. The hills rise close above us in steep cliffs, but there is enough flat ground between their bases and the sea to allow plenty of room. The town is much more spacious and airy than the majority of ports ; most of the streets are wide, and there are many open spaces, a few imposing buildings, but scarcely any that are architecturally remarkable. On the whole the city is pleasing, chiefly because of its natural beauties, and because it does not obtrude its size upon you ; on the other hand there is no single spot where you can wax sentimental over the spirit of the city ; it seems to me to have no soul in it, and it is old enough to have developed one. However, it was not one of the places I particularly wanted to see, though I am glad that I have visited a large foreign port. We intended to leave for Venice by the afternoon train, but we are still here. I make this obvious statement to call attention to the fact that all is not as it should be, and that therefore I may possibly be in an exacting mood. At any other stage on our wanderings I should have been glad to find an excuse for delay ; here I am mildly annoyed. The case stands thus : since we reached Sarajevo the two of us together have spent nearly fifteen pounds. Our assets on the day we arrived there were fifteen pounds plus a Bank of England draft for six guineas. You will gather from this that we have between us the aforesaid draft and a few odd kronen. To be accurate the remainder of our £15 is twenty kronen, which would buy our tickets to Venice, and leave a little bit over. The difficulty that detains us here is in the first

place the proprietor of our hotel, who seems to want his bill settled before we leave, and secondly the caution of the native bankers. This morning, as we were wandering aimlessly round the town, we walked carelessly into a bank, and tendered our draft to the cashier, who disappeared into an inner office, from which emerged a confused sound of guttural voices arguing some presumably important point. Presently the man returned, and flatly refused to cash the draft at any rate of exchange. Pressed for reasons he explained that the draft would have to be sent to London by post, and that his directors were afraid that in the meantime the Bank of England might suspend payment. Very politely we agreed that it was perhaps wiser for the bank to avoid risking a loss which must inevitably cripple its resources, and wishing him a cordial good-morning walked out into the street, where we laughed long over the lack of enterprise shown by this particular firm. Our confidence in ultimate success was in no way diminished, and as we entered the next bank, we imagined that its personnel would be amused when we told them the story of their rival's caution. That story was never told, although we visited every bank in Trieste. *Hinc illae lacrimæ*. Stopping only to register a solemn vow nevermore to forsake our custom of trusting entirely to bank-notes, we rushed to the telegraph-office and wired home a frantic appeal for funds. At the present moment we are sitting in our window looking out for the postman, who is to bring us our liberty. The train starts in an hour, and we cannot settle up and get to the station in less than thirty minutes. If we miss this train we shall probably go across by steamer to-morrow morning, as there is a special holiday trip to Venice advertised; since

that means breakfast at five o'clock we should prefer to go this evening.

VENICE.

WE crossed from Trieste in company with fifteen hundred German trippers, who managed to disembark before us and fill every hotel to overflowing. The voyage was magnificent from start to finish. The bay of Trieste afforded an ever-varying panorama of green cliffs and white houses, while the range of colour from the glorious blues and violets of the sea to the deep purple hills in the distance was bewildering from the intensity of the delight it gave me. The pleasure was keen enough to overcome the thrill of anticipation with which I had been thinking of Venice. For some reason or other I had got the idea into my head that I should not be able to see Venice, at any rate for several years: before I started for this pilgrimage of mine I suffered from the delusion that travel in Italy was only for the rich; a delusion supported by the exorbitant prices charged for so-called cheap trips. I am learning how very inexpensive travel in Europe may be made, if only one can fend for oneself, and does not demand that everything shall be exactly as it is in England. Just about six weeks before I started I was hearing about Venice and confessing my envy of those who could go there, and the apparent impossibility of any such visit for myself. All the envious longings of years came back to my mind as we watched for the first sight of Venice, and I tried to imagine what would appear first. As a matter of fact the city is considerably further from the open sea than I had imagined; we could see the long, low line of



Piazza and San Marco.



sand-banks for some time before we caught sight of anything else ; it was not until the boat had passed through a narrow gap in the banks that we could really see Venice at all. Even then, it was not the real Venice, for although we occasionally caught sight of venerable spires or towers, as yet we only saw what one might see in many estuary towns. At last, however, as we passed the Isola S. Helena and caught a glimpse of San Pietro and the quays opposite, we began to realise that we were actually coming into Venice. For myself, I can only describe the sensation by saying that as we passed slowly along by the Riva degli Schiavoni, catching a fleeting glimpse now and then of the length of some little canal, arched with its stone bridges, I felt more and more at home. As we brought to just opposite the Molo, everything seemed familiar, and yet hardly real ; each single feature was perfectly well known to me, but I did not quite recognise the setting of the picture, and needed to assure myself that I was awake. We were detained over an hour on the boat, so had plenty of time to look about. On the right is, first of all, the Doge's Palace ; its outlines are familiar, but even Canaletto's paintings had not quite prepared me for the effect of its warm colouring ; above the shadowed arcades of grey stone comes the long brick façade, pierced by its seven broad windows. Actually the coloured bricks are laid in a regular lozenge pattern on a yellowish ground ; in effect the eye only half realises the arrangement and loses all sense of contrast ; from our boat the whole surface appeared to be of a wonderful warm colour which is neither orange nor red, and is only not uniform because of the suggestion of pattern which persists to almost any distance and yet does not become more definite until the spectator is almost

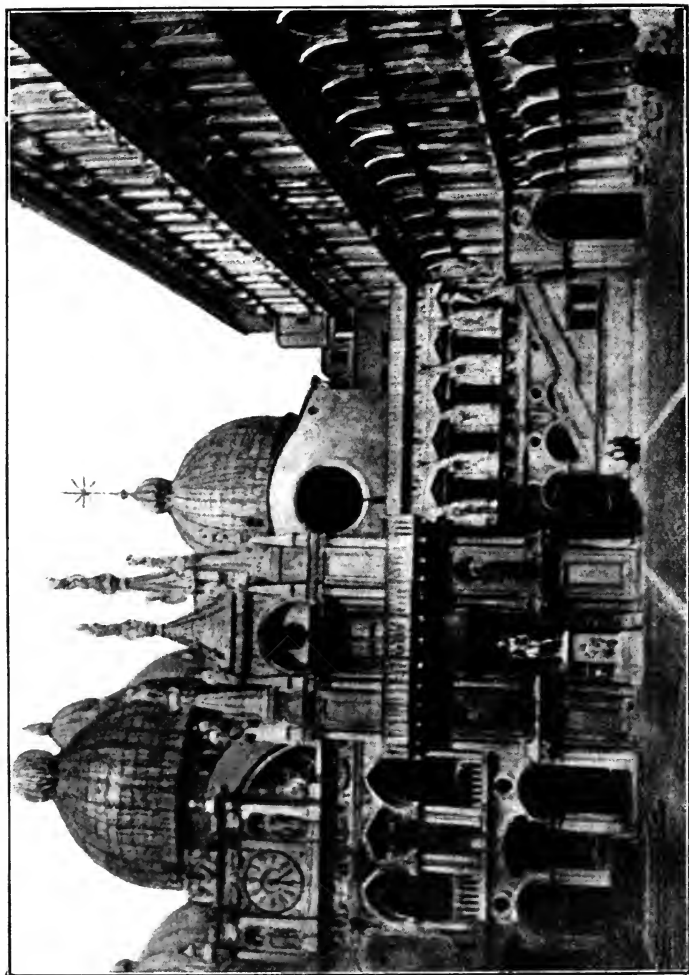
within arm's length. There are two tiers of arcades forming the lower portion of the building ; the lower tier quite simple and the upper richly ornamented ; in the middle of the upper part is a large balconied window set in a great frame of carved stone. Over all are great masses of light and shade which satisfy my eye and rest it far more than wealth of ornament. Next to the Palazzo is the Molo and the Piazzetta, down which we look to the Piazza and St. Mark's. We can only see a small corner of the building, but what we can see is impressive in spite of its apparent wealth of decoration. At the edge of the Molo stand the two columns, the lion, and St. George and the dragon. Behind us is San Giorgio and the broad extent of the lagoon, to the left the sullen old Giudecca, and in front the Grand Canal. We look past Santa Maria della Salute, past the great hotels, along the line of old palaces till the canal sweeps round to the left by a little square garden. The whole scene is perfect, but yet it is not quite my idea of Venice. I have not yet met the spirit of the place as I imagined it ; that, I hope to find in some of the small canals or perhaps in the Doge's Palace.

We were almost the last to get off the boat ; ravenously hungry and thirsty and eager to begin to see the city. Hotel after hotel had just let its last room, and it seemed as if we should be obliged to tramp the Piazza all night, or sit on our luggage in some sheltered corner until daylight dawned and the trippers fled away on the steamer, which starts off again to-morrow morning. At last we secured a room in a queer little trattoria in what I suppose is the Venetian equivalent for a slum. I make it a rule never to complain of my quarters when I am travelling, but I must admit that when the Professor suggested lunch in

the house I felt a slight hesitation in spite of my hunger. I need not have worried. The Professor knows his Italy even though Venice is new to him ; the meal marks an epoch in my life : I cannot now imagine how I ever lived without Pasta Schiutta at Formaggio Burro ; the Professor, on the other hand, cannot imagine how I still live after the amount of it I ate. The Milanese cutlets which followed reminded me of my well-loved Wiener Schnitzel, but are, of course, much smaller, while the flask of old Chianti remains one of my happiest memories. It was some time before we sallied forth again, murmuring the old true lines, " Fate cannot touch me, I have dined to-day."

Our first objective was St. Mark's and the Piazza, which was crowded with a cosmopolitan throng of holiday-makers, for it appears that to-day is a Festa ; wherefore flags are flying from the three masts and the gendarmes are wearing long white plumes. The whole square is a garden-bed of every colour and shade, a kaleidoscopic effect framed by the three tall grey rows of stone. I should imagine that the Piazza was at its best now, or by moonlight. Just at present my thirst for colour can only be satisfied by some such scene as this ; soon I shall find what I want in this square when it lies empty beneath the moon, and the grey stone shines white above the dense black shadows of the colonnades. I feel that I am beginning to understand the meaning of light and shade in architecture ; it is impossible to get any conception of it in England. Here the contrast is as strong as between black and white, but the black is velvet and the white is not cold, but warm. The brightness of the sun is intense, but to me it does not convey any unpleasant suggestion of glare. I don't know how a purist would regard St. Mark's, nor do I care to know ;

I caught myself wishing that the domes were just a little higher so that the eye might travel on beyond the façade, but quite probably the effect would not be improved. This feeling, however, only arose when I moved further back, after my first sight of the front. I can only say that it is far superior to all I had dared to hope ; some day I may make a study of architecture and judge every building by strict laws and conventions ; at present I feel free to admire or dislike in accordance with the impression made upon me. At the same time, I do not believe that, even from the point of view of the expert, Gothic is everything and Byzantine necessarily bad art, although I have been told that my taste in architecture is hopelessly depraved, because I refuse to admire the gaunt perpendicular churches in red brick which seem to be coming into fashion in England. I revelled in this façade, admiring both the general effect and the details of the ornamentation. I like the suggestion of mass in the huge clustered pillars supporting the five broad arches, and the deep shadowy porch, while the upper row of arches above the balcony are solid enough for grandeur and yet do not look too heavy for their position. The six turret-pinnacles and the elaborate gold-work at the top is, of course, ornate, but at the same time convincing ; it had to be there to balance the marvellous wealth of mosaic. Except for one great window in the centre arch, every arch head in this façade is filled with mosaic pictures, while every wall of the inner porch has its own scene. We were very much taken with a series representing the story of Noah ; a picture of Ham's unfilial conduct and the piety of his brothers was particularly delightful. This is a cathedral which requires years to explore and know fully ; every aspect is different and has



Venice. Court of Doge's Palace.

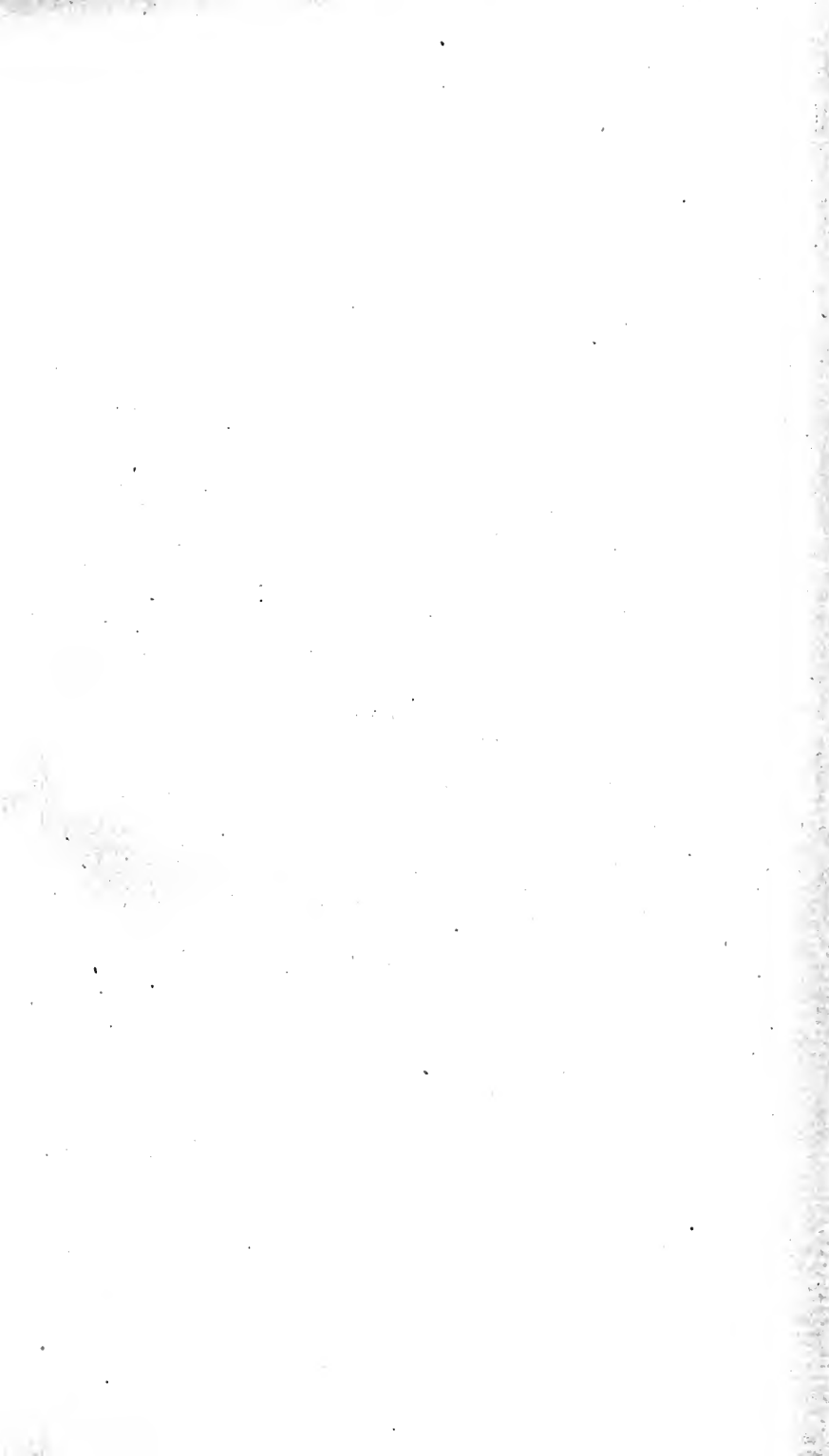


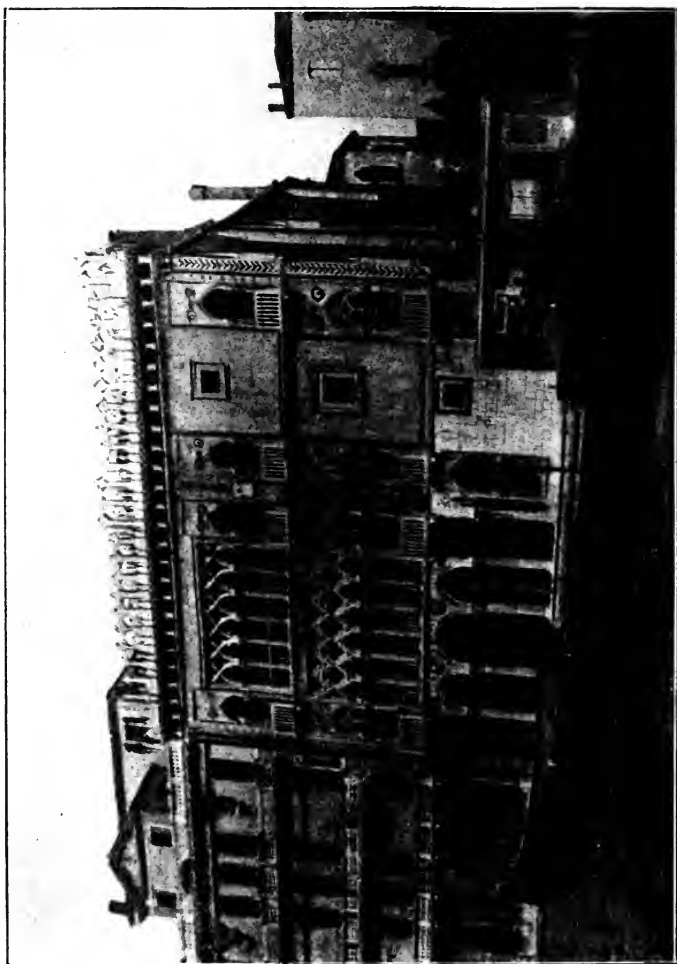
some particular charm, and the interior seems to need hardly less study. It is welcome to me as a protest against the tyranny of the stained glass window, though such a building might be hopelessly dark in our climate. There are a few stained windows which I love, but there are also very many which I would most gladly break into small pieces. A short time before I left England I was taken to see and admire a new window which had just been put in at great expense. It was Perpendicular, and elaborate at that ; it was placed in the one position in which it could not admit much light—and the glass ! At the bottom was a thick flower bed of very conventional tulips, red, white, and yellow ; they all had exactly the same number of terrible green leaves in exactly the same position. The subject was obscured by a cloud of bloated cherubs varied occasionally by the introduction of lymphatic choir-boys in Eton collars, all of whom had got themselves inextricably mixed up in the snaky coils of a scroll inscribed with a horrible doggerel in a mixture of Latin and English. What the subject was I have forgotten, or possibly could never make out. I went away with the desire to live in buildings with as few windows as possible. St. Mark's satisfies that craving ; I suppose there really are quite a large number of windows, but they are small and cunningly placed so that they let in a sufficiency of light but do not attract attention to themselves. The light is quite strong enough to allow of an inspection of the mosaics ; even those in the great domes can be quite clearly seen, yet, as one enters from the brightness of the Piazza the building seems dim and shadowy ; it really does convey the effect of a " dim religious light," which, after all, is light, not merely gloom. You must have seen

too many photographs of the interior to need any descriptions of its details, but the one impression which at first overpowers all others cannot really be conveyed by means of photographs ; I mean the grandeur of the building as a whole, the subconscious idea that this is really not a work of man but of nature, that we have strayed into some huge cavern in which we may wander for days. All the megalomania in my nature responds to the influence of the place, and from my soul I am grateful to the authorities because they have not interrupted the long vista of the nave by any gigantic baldachino or opaque screen. From the Cathedral we plunged into a maze of narrow passages, crowded with people making holiday ; the first thing we discovered was that one need not go shopping in a gondola, for there were fine shops all along several of these tiny streets, besides, of course the Piazza, where the colonnades display long rows of shop fronts. We wandered on with no guide beyond my vague sense of direction working on a passing glimpse of a map of the town in our rooms ; our objective was the Rialto and the Post Office, and I don't think we could have found a shorter way than that we took. Time was when the Rialto was the only bridge over the Grand Canal ; now there are two others, one near each end ; I suppose they are necessary, but for their artistic value neither would be missed. The Rialto is not high enough to be very impressive, though it certainly looks fine from the surface of the water ; the six arched openings on each side of the centre are boarded up, and have each a black and white streak across them, which produces a strange effect. The booths inside are very quaint and seem to drive a roaring trade. We determined to strike straight back to our hotel without going back to the Piazza, and by

some strange chance we got there without apparently wandering out of our course or asking the way. We passed through many little twisting passages and over little bridges ; I discovered two or three spots where my idea of Venice was actualised ; narrow canals with low arches spanning them between two lofty palaces ; here and there is a tiny square or a garden wall over which hangs some spray of spring blossoms. For the most part there is silence, silence broken only by the âoul of a gondolier as he shoots round a corner, or the occasional sound of children playing in some little alley. To-day the Piazza holds the native population and the Gallery and churches the visitors ; we have these quiet streets and canals almost to ourselves. The spirit of the great Republic haunts the square and the Doge's Palace, but here we feel the breath of the queen of romance, here are the streets to which for the lover's sake the night clings closer than his lady's face may shine out upon him, here is the Venice of sentiment, the paradise of the young lover's imagination. This is the quality that Venice alone possesses, why I cannot say ; but I believe that if you asked any average pair of untravelled lovers what place they would choose for their honeymoon, the answer would in almost every case be " Venice." Perhaps because we are not young lovers we became aware before very long, firstly that these little canals and still more the little alleys above them, are rather smelly ; secondly, that we were both rather hungry and more than rather thirsty. I daresay that under certain unlikely circumstances I could lean for hours over one of these bridges oblivious of smell, hunger, thirst, and everything but my companion and the Venetianity of the place ; as it is, although the Professor is the one person above all others that I could wish to be

there, I felt that enough was as good as a feast, or, to be more exact, determined to postpone my contemplation till I could be less distracted. We made a mental resolve to explore all these canals in a gondola as soon as possible. We have been told that one must stay in Venice either not more than a week or not less than six months ; the more obvious sights can be seen by an energetic visitor in a week, but if you wish to pierce below the surface, you will not exhaust half the attractions of the city in many months. Our stay will be exactly a week, after which we move on by slow stages to Florence, the culminating point of our wanderings. I daresay you have already discovered that this letter was not written in a single day ; as a matter of fact it is now four days since we arrived, and I have only described our proceedings during the first six hours. The next morning was devoted to the Accademia ; the expression " morning " may be rather misleading ; here and hereinafter it generally denotes the time between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Lunch time lasts till 2.45 or possibly three o'clock, and the " afternoon " from lunch to half-past seven or eight. Occasionally this order is upset, but not often. I decline to answer the question whether we have breakfast in the morning ; as a matter of fact we do not always have any. The afternoon is the time for excursions or distant sight-seeing ; the morning for pictures or buildings close at hand, anything that does not need quite so much exertion. Whatever hour I may go to bed, however long I may sleep, whenever I may get up, I never feel fully awake in the morning until I have been at work for some time ; I believe that most people feel the same to some extent, and that the early part of the day should be devoted to any routine work which may be necessary, in order





Ca' d' Oro.

that more important business may be transacted when the brain is working its best later in the day. Most people are not fully susceptible to the influence of delicate sensations at an early hour ; often they are entirely occupied by the sense of their own virtuous conduct in getting up. For this reason we do not begin the business of the day before ten o'clock : even then, when we go to a gallery I always look round first for a picture which will wake me up so that I may be able to appreciate less obvious appeals. This time I hardly needed it, since we passed along the Grand Canal on our way, but none the less I found at once what I wanted in Titian's Assumption and Paolo Veronese's Virgin Enthroned. They are neither of them pictures for which I have any great affection, in spite of their wealth of colouring ; they give rise to much the same kind of pleasure which one experiences from hearing some exuberant kinds of music, such as for instance, " See the Conquering Hero Comes." I like both the pictures and the music, and, although I much prefer a different style in either case, they are certainly well adopted for calling the mind to attention. The first picture that held me was a fresco by Buonconsiglio, which appealed by reason of a sort of subdued reverence in its treatment and prepared me for the glories of Carpaccio. There are far too many pictures for me to mention the half of those I loved at first sight ; the two painters who please me most are Carpaccio and Bonifazio of Verona, and they are both well represented ; there was not a single picture by either these two that did not give me intense pleasure. Perhaps I liked best Carpaccio's Presentation and his Joachim and Anna, and Bonifazio's Judgment of Solomon and a Sacra Conversazione. Others out of very many that pleased me are a Madonna of

Benedetto Diana, Padovanino's Orpheus and Eurydice, Paris Bordone's picture of the fishermen restoring to the Doge the ring from the lagoon, a Madonna and the Tobit of Cima da Conegliano, and Tintoretto's Crucifixion. I was a little disappointed in the Bellini pictures in spite of some gorgeous colouring, but I think I should have liked them very much if I had not been expecting great things from them. However, the little room at the end of the gallery where his pictures hang well repays study. I am talking of Giovanni Bellini; I liked Gentile rather better, probably because I had expected less. I believe for most people the great attraction here is the work of Titian, Tintoretto, Giovanni Bellini, and Paolo Veronese, and perhaps the two Palmas. I liked them all, but preferred those I have mentioned. The gallery has been a revelation to me; I have not seen my ideal picture, but have seen a far greater number of pictures which appeal intensely than I had dared to hope, and have revelled in the wealth and the grandeur of conception shown on half a hundred canvasses. I have ceased to wonder at the length of the muster-roll of Italian genius, for surely no spark can die here for want of fuel; how could men help painting amid this scenery? Anyone with the smallest faculty of appreciation who stops here long must become a poet, mute and inglorious perhaps, but none the less artist and poet. Nor could men here in Venice have painted otherwise than they did paint; you need not go into the Gallery to find out its contents, for they are all crystallisations of the spirit of Venice, entirely delightful, noble conceptions successfully executed and yet—yet I feel that there is still more in painting that they never quite attained, that these men, great though they are, have not done more than

hint at something which lies beyond, and of which I have seen a part in other pictures also. The Sistine Madonna led me to the gates of the city of God, and though the gates were shut, I was content to look through the bars. From Andrea's Holy Family in Munich I learned the meaning of resting in the Lord and while resting in Him waiting patiently for Him ; at Vienna He came, as He has come before, but yet in a different way ; if I may use the expression, I could grasp Him closer. The gates were opened then, and I cannot speak of what I saw, but my hope is that some day I shall see a picture which will bring it all back, which will show that its painter belonged so the holiest place of all. Here at Venice I have stood again outside the gate, but for the time this gate is shut, and I go with a thankful heart through the gate which natural beauty opens for me.

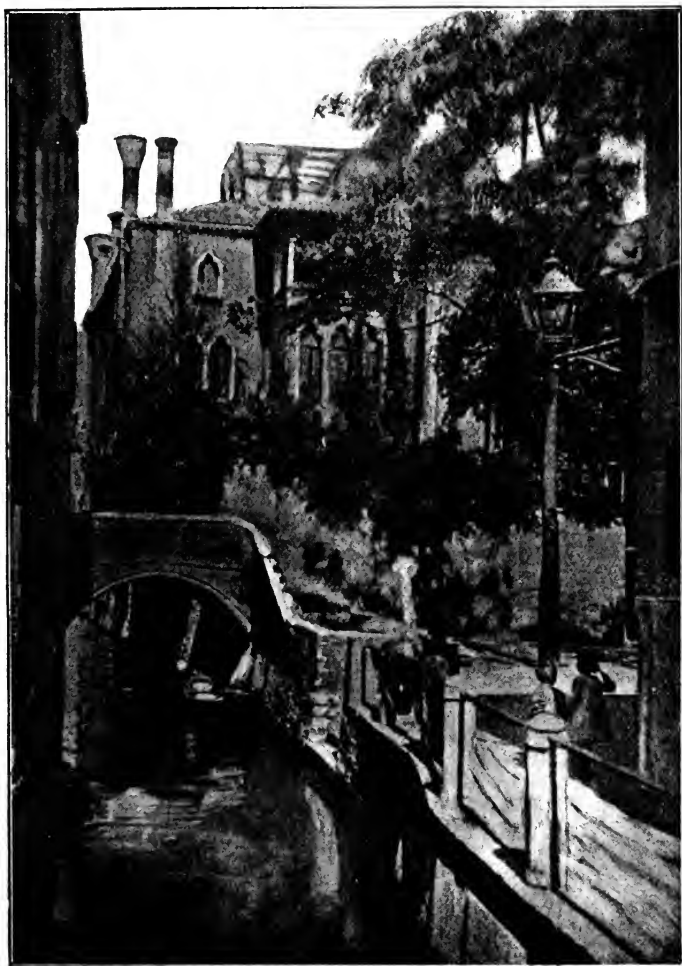
It is too much for me, this place ; I pass from impression to impression, each one exhilarating as wine ; I am almost surfeited of beauty, and yet drink in fresh revelations each moment, till at times I want to cry, at times to shout or sing lustily. Nor is that all ; the city is full of ghosts, ghosts of dead admirals and doges, ghosts of aliens who served St. Mark and staked their life on their success. There are the men who fled from Attila, the men who lived in Torcello and Heraclea, before the little island of the Rialto gathered their powers unto itself. Here are the spirits of those who lived at peace while all Italy was aflame with war, those who were civilised when our fathers were quarrelsome barbarians perpetually at war with other barbarians who lived across the Tweed or the straits of Dover ; here lie the men who ruled a great empire, powerful on land, invincible on the sea. More insistent than all

are those who took up and maintained their solemn trust, those who stood for the Cross when the Crescent threatened to rule the world. How did they ever contrive to stem the current? Again and again they wrested his conquests from the Turk, facing his whole strength almost single-handed, although they must have known that the struggle was well-nigh hopeless. At one time it looked as if something might be done; a Holy War against the Turk was proclaimed; there was no need to ask if Venice would join; she had already begun the war. Matthias Corvinus took up arms; the Duke of Burgundy promised to lead a great crusading army against the common foe; the unconquered Scanderbeg engaged to risk the hard-won gains of twenty years of victory. The Turks were hardly settled in their freshly-won territory, the struggle for freedom in Bosnia and Serbia had scarcely died away, the Venetians still held many fortresses in the Peloponnesse. I wonder if Venice really was deceived, or if she knew from the beginning the character of her allies. The great Crusading Army, the result of the Pope's call to arms, dwindled to a disorderly mob of vagabonds, who with the utmost promptness deserted to a man as soon as they received the first instalment of their pay. Still, Crusades were out of date, and in any case these heroes were not much worse than many others who had taken the Cross; surely the King of Hungary would give them substantial help? He might have done so, for Corvinus was a good soldier, and the Turkish women still frightened their naughty children with the name of his father, John Hunyadi. Only, he was an obedient son of the Church, and Paul II. took little interest in so insignificant a matter as the defence of Christendom against the Infidel; a far more important

task awaited Matthias. It seems that the King of Bohemia either from humanity or from necessity, had left unburned a large and powerful body of heretics, followers of the accursed Hus. Here was an opportunity for a nobler Crusade than any against the destroying Mussulman, a duty that set aside all treaty obligations, that came even before self-defence. Hungary deserted the Venetians—and the way into Croatia was open to the Turks. Venice was deserted by all except Castriot and his Epirots, and after many years of war, after they had seen the Moslem army almost at their gates, was compelled to purchase peace by a surrender of territory. It was a wonderful state ; few empires have had more contented subjects than were the dependent states of the Terra Firma, in spite of local patriotism. I wonder if, in any place, at any time, the lower classes have been as prosperous and contented as at Venice ; she knew no rebellion of the Ciompi, no Jacquerie, no Peasant War. None but the few had the slightest voice in the government of the state, none dreamed of agitating for the vote ; they did not know they had rights, though they never forgot that they had duties to St. Mark. They paid little in the way of taxes, and every penny went to beautify or defend the state ; every career was open to them except politics, and, to some extent, the army ; and as a result their patriotism was superb ; every man, woman or child was ready to give his life for the state. Of course, we know now that they were quite wrong, that their prosperity was merely the gilding on the chains of slavery, that their contentment and patriotism were marks of a servile mind. We know that when the Republic seemed in her death-throes, when the Genoese were at Chioggia, and the forces of Padua ready to attack the city in the rear, and when Zeno was

away, the people should have seen that their hour had come and should have endeavoured to extort some share in the government from the Signoria ; they should have done anything rather than what they did do, rise as one man and snatch victory from defeat. They did not know that starvation with a vote and the right to embarrass the councils of the country is preferable to prosperity and obedience. There is, of course, another side, the dungeons beneath the Doge's Palace, the watchful Sbirri, the Lion's Mouth, and the sad cortéges passing across the Bridge of Sighs. Breathe but one word against the State, and you were as good as dead ; let even suspicion fall upon you, and you met the fate of Carmagnola. It was dangerous to belong to the aristocracy of Venice ; the poor and obscure were safe, but the rest had indeed reason to take heed to their ways. So it was that the government was disgraced by such acts as the torturing of Jacopo Foscari, while on the other hand there are few rulers who would ever have had the magnanimity to release spontaneously from their allegiance the subjects they could no longer defend.

These are the tales of a bygone age ; yet down to our own days stretches the long succession of heroes. There are gaps here and there, where the glory of some great name blinds us to the merits of those who came before or after. It is said that in the seventeenth century Venice was effete, but the shadow of the shade of her former greatness ; yet at the end of that century Morosini recalled his compatriots to their faith, and tried once more to grapple with the eternal enemy. It is true that his conquests were all ephemeral, yet for a breathing space he thrust back the Turk until Athens herself was free. This Venice could not hold, but for fifteen years most of the Peloponnese



A Fondamenta in Venice.

had rest from the oppression of the infidel, and the horrible exaction of the tribute children. It is true that earlier in this century they had lost Candia ; but for twenty-five years alone and unaided they had opposed the whole force of the Turks, a force as yet unbroken by the third battle of Mōhacs. Twice during this war they won a great naval victory, but the odds were too great. After the peace of Passarowitz in 1718 it does indeed seem as if the republic were asleep ; a single city could no longer defy the great states that were now consolidating their power. The fanatical courage of their attack upon Buonaparte seems not altogether admirable, as I am not sure that they were not to some extent responsible for the massacre of the French in the hospital at Verona. At the same time, if the Venetian tyranny was so heavy, why did the Veronese so hate the men who offered them their freedom ? There can scarcely be any room for disparagement in the crowning achievement of Venetian patriotism, the struggle for freedom in 1848. For fifteen long months Manin inspired his countrymen with irresistible heroism. Food ran short, and the cholera broke out—I believe that over 4,000 people died of this disease. They had seen what treatment Radetzky meted out to the conquered, but they still fought on until resistance became impossible. If Venice had never fought the Turks, if Pope and Emperor had never joined the Kings of France and Aragon against her unaided power, if Dandolo and Mocenigo, Foscari and Bragadino had never lived, yet the achievements of Manin and his cityful of heroes would have been enough to win for her a crown of immortal glory.

He who wishes to write a history of the Venetian Republic must not do so at Venice, or sober

historical criticism will be impossible, and the world will be the richer by a romance which will make us all feel that we have fallen on barren times. If his pen drives him as mine has driven me, the book will not be of a small size.

PADUA.

I SUPPOSE I must give some account of a few of the sights we visited in Venice ; so far as I can recollect I mentioned nothing in my last letter. I have written enough about Venice ; I am not there now, and therefore have no immediate impressions to give, while the memories have not yet co-ordinated themselves. However, I must admit that we did see something in Venice besides San Marco and the Accademia, though I cannot give you any long description. Of churches worth seeing there are no end ; so at least the guide-book says ; we visited, perhaps, half-a-dozen, and are inclined to admit the truth of the assertion. Some were chiefly noticeable owing to the pictures or the carving they contain ; many of the pictures were disappointing, though Santa Barbara makes up for much, and most of them were placed in a very bad light ; of the sculptures, the majority I hated, but one or two small pieces of Cinquecento work, done in the golden quarter-century, were wonderful. The discovery of one of these carvings, often surrounded by examples of the worst banality the late Renaissance could compass, was like a patch of shade in the desert. Perhaps the most beautiful interior is Santi Giovanni e Paolo, fourteenth century Gothic ; to me it seems at once imposing and graceful, combining power with what is almost delicacy. It would, I think, be entirely satisfying, if it were not for one thing ; as the eye looks down the length of the nave, it is outraged by an enormous baldacchino, which will not let it pass on down the chancel. It is a

huge erection covered with red velvet, as devoid of all beauty of form as a pile of cushions, and producing much the same dusty suffocating effect as the dining-room of a wealthy middle-class house, furnished in the style of sixty years ago. Add to this the fact that some of the pillars were swathed in the same repulsive red stuff, and you can imagine that I had some difficulty in forcing myself to see the church free from these revolting excrescences. That I did enjoy my visit to it shows the beauty of the fabric in my eyes. I really cannot expatiate on the "Shrine of the Slavs," with its Carpaccio frescoes, on the Frari or the Carmine, or any of the other churches we saw; the number must be really nearer a dozen than six. Of course, we climbed the tower of San Giorgio Maggiore and mused over Venice as she lay at our feet; the Cemetery, the Armenian Monastery, the Giudecca, we rushed through, or by, them all; we spent an evening at Lido, and took the steamer to Burano and Torcello, saw the lace being made, and sat in Attila's seat, which is more than he ever did. I feel in love with the Cathedral at Torcello with its quaint old mosaics; I should like to spend exactly two-and-a-half days in each year on the island. It is worth the journey from England to lie amidst the sea of grass, green as I think no other grass has ever been, gaze at the Cathedral, the sky, the flowers; stand up to watch the orange sails gliding over the lagoon, and, putting away all meticulous exactness, people the wilderness with the ghosts of those who fled before the Hun or the Avar.

So at last an unhealthy hour of the morning found us, bag in hand, boarding the steamer for Fusina, en route for Padua. The journey was interesting, but not in any way remarkable; the country was exquisitely beautiful in spite of its





Venice. Bridge of Sighs.

flatness, and as we passed through fields and orchards pulsating with the joy of spring, I began to see how much there is in that season which we never get in England, though the English spring has delights of its own, and becomes more and more of a revelation to me each year. We travelled from Fusina, in what I should call a light railway, but apparently the proper title of the rolling stock is "tram," not train. As far as the city is concerned, the glory of Padua is its long arcades or cloisters, which run the whole length of many of the streets; the result is a perpetual contrast between the fierce glare of the sun in the roadway and on the face of the arches, and the cool velvety black of the shady depths within. I believe that this is quite common in Italian towns, but it is new to me. But the greatest marvel is the little red-brick church, La Madonna dell' Arena; the fabric itself with its unassuming simplicity might serve some of our architects at home as a model of an alternative to the cheap and nasty barracks which are springing up everywhere; here it would pass absolutely unnoticed if it were not for what it contains. There are few churches which I would not willingly see destroyed in order to preserve this, for every available space on the walls of the nave shows a fresco by Giotto. There are, I think, about twenty of them, scenes from the life of our Lord, and of His Mother, and each of them is wonderful. I have heard them called stiff, whatever that may mean in this connection, but to me they seem to breathe and move; on thinking them over I can imagine that, if the figures were measured, they would be shown to be anatomically incorrect, but I should be sorry for anyone who wished to make the experiment. Whether they are anatomically correct or not, they are right and true; there are

some inaccuracies, some anachronisms, which do annoy me, because they seem to show a fault in the conception of the artist, but I am certain that no such fault could be discovered here, even though anyone were found Philistine enough to look for it. These pictures portray natural and actual scenes which are sanctified by the presence of a sacred personage ; they are to me both natural and sacred, natural in their simplicity, sacred from the reverence with which the artist used the gift given him by God. Each fresco gives its message clearly and plainly ; there are no irrelevant personages looking sentimental or bored in a corner, no inopportune monks or intrusive patrons ; nothing detracts from the single conception which is worked out in each picture. Not that some of them are not almost crowded with figures, terrestrial or celestial, but they have a real relation to the main idea ; all of them are people who might very well have been there, and who have a reason for their presence ; in fact, if I see any other pictures of the same scene in which these same people do not reappear, I shall feel inclined to resent it. I am really not at all sure what I liked best ; perhaps the Flight into Egypt gave me the most pleasure (which is not necessarily quite the same thing). There are several figures in this, eight to be accurate ; in the first place beside the three chief figures, an angel, who is either watching over them or pointing out the way. Joseph walks in front carrying a flask of wine and something slung over his shoulder. He doesn't look embarrassed or awestruck, as in many pictures, but is looking back and talking naturally with the boy who leads the donkey. I say *the* boy, because as soon as I saw him I knew that he ought to be there. I don't know who he may be, but there he is in a dark gown,

and a sort of close-fitting hood, with a stone bottle at his belt. He is leading a real donkey, and is very interested in what Joseph is saying. The donkey is a nice-looking beast, though I fear very unæsthetic, for he is walking at an easy pace in as natural a manner as if he did not know that it was his duty to look stiff and unnatural. The Mother and Child are also convincing in spite of crinkly haloes, though I think that they are not so absolutely natural as all the rest. Lastly there are three people behind the donkey; I think they are not companions, but merely casual wayfarers, whom the fugitives have just overtaken; their presence seems accidental, but they are not in the least irrelevant, since they make you remember that the journey was long and varied, not a hurried dash through the night. I say nothing about the background because I can't describe it at all; it hints at much, but has few clearly defined features, merely suggesting distance and variety; it attracts no attention to itself, but is exactly what is wanted to set off the theme of the picture. I adore the glorious blue backgrounds of Dietrich Bouts or Bartolommeo Veneto, to mention the first two names that come into my mind, but this background of Giotto's is as high art as theirs, only a different manifestation of it. On second thoughts I am not sure that Giotto's method would be as high in other hands than his; on third thoughts I think that you can hardly call one higher than the other since there is a greater difference in principle than I imagined at first. As Giotto paints we get a single message from God, one idea to which all else points directly; it is difficult to isolate any of the subordinate parts of the picture; in fact, there are no parts; it is a unit. Of course, the idea contains food for a lifetime of thought,

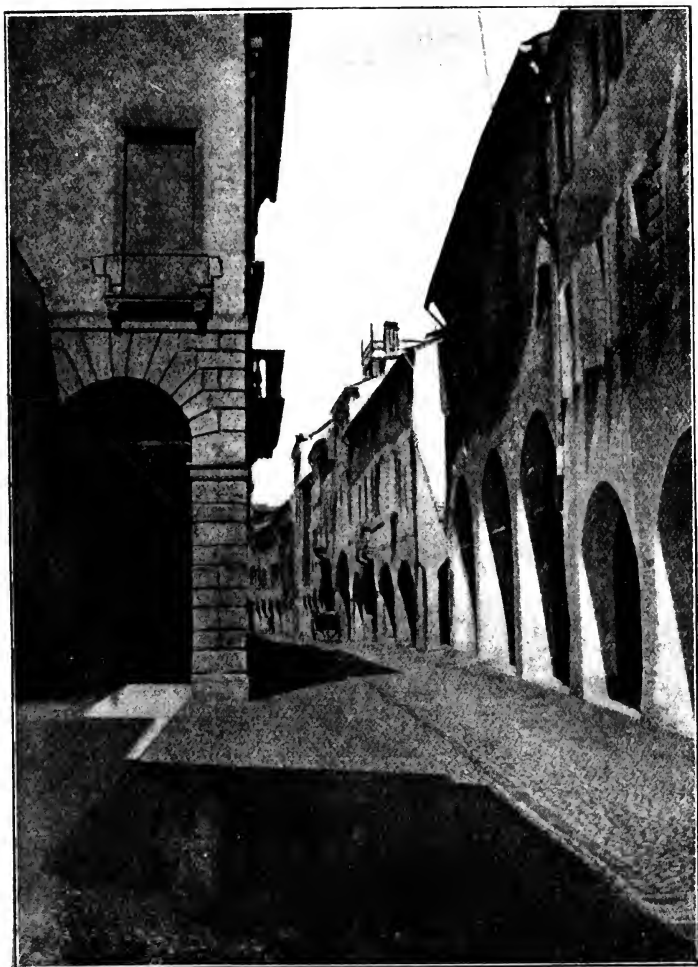
but it is none the less indivisible ; the parts are fused together so completely that anything less than the whole is meaningless. I am not sure that this is entirely true of this picture, but it is nearly so ; and the principle remains even if it is not entirely carried out. In the other class of pictures each part has its own special message, a message that is none the less real because it is made to contribute to the main idea. For instance, take Bartolommeo's Madonna and Child in the Palazzo Ducale, or any one of Dietrich Bouts' pictures of the same subject. God is incarnate in the Christ Child, and therefore man and man's works are redeemed, but He may be seen also in nature, as shown by those wonderful backgrounds, for by the same Incarnation nature too, is redeemed for us. Yet there is still a single message which includes the messages of each and every part—Christ, the Incarnate Redeemer. This latter class of pictures is perhaps more articulate, if I may use the expression, but I should not like to say that one class was greater than the other ; the direct Vision is itself at times articulate, and at times of things that cannot be uttered.

I did not care much for any of the churches here, though St. Antonio and Santa Giustina are imposing in a way, especially the latter. The former contains some very fine wood carvings by different artists, representing the miracles of St. Antony of Padua ; they are in a little side chapel, and are impossible to see clearly owing to the enormous altar and the crowd of dedicatory tablets and models of the various parts of the body cured by his power. In spite of its size this church is very uninteresting ; its seven domes look dumpy, and the whole effect is unconvincing. Santa Giustina I like slightly better, though I am not much moved by it ; from a distance its domes

and shafts are impressive, and the interior has a certain grandeur from its great size. There is a Martyrdom of St. Giustina by Paolo Veronese, but it is tucked away in the darkness behind the altar, where it is impossible to make out anything, especially when the whole of the place is swathed in red fabric, as it was when we saw it. There is a congregation of what are called Waldensians here; I believe that they are not really anything of the sort, but that they can trace an Apostolic Succession of their own through Boni Homines, Paterini, and Paulicians. The Paterini were numerous here in the early thirteenth century, and do not seem to have been stamped out by the terrible persecution they suffered at the hands of Roland Martyr and John of Vicenza. I went to their service on Sunday, and enjoyed it very much; there was a good congregation, composed chiefly of the working class, but with a fair sprinkling of the middle and upper classes, and there was an interest and heartiness which was refreshing. They listened with apparent eagerness to a long sermon, which I should think must have been very good, for although I had difficulty sometimes in understanding it, as my knowledge of Italian is not great, I enjoyed what I could follow more than I have enjoyed many sermons in my own language. If it had been necessary I could have forgiven them much for this great virtue—they did not spit on the floor, or exhibit notices forbidding that practice.

This afternoon we leave for Este, where there is a very fine archæological museum, over which the Professor is gloating in anticipation. While we are there we shall probably try to see a little of the countryside, and shall certainly pay a visit to Arqua to see Petrarch's house. Padua has provided me with no special gastronomic memories,

chiefly because we were rather hurried, and had our meals in the hotel. Still, a certain dish of spaghetti——



Padua. Arcades.



ESTE.

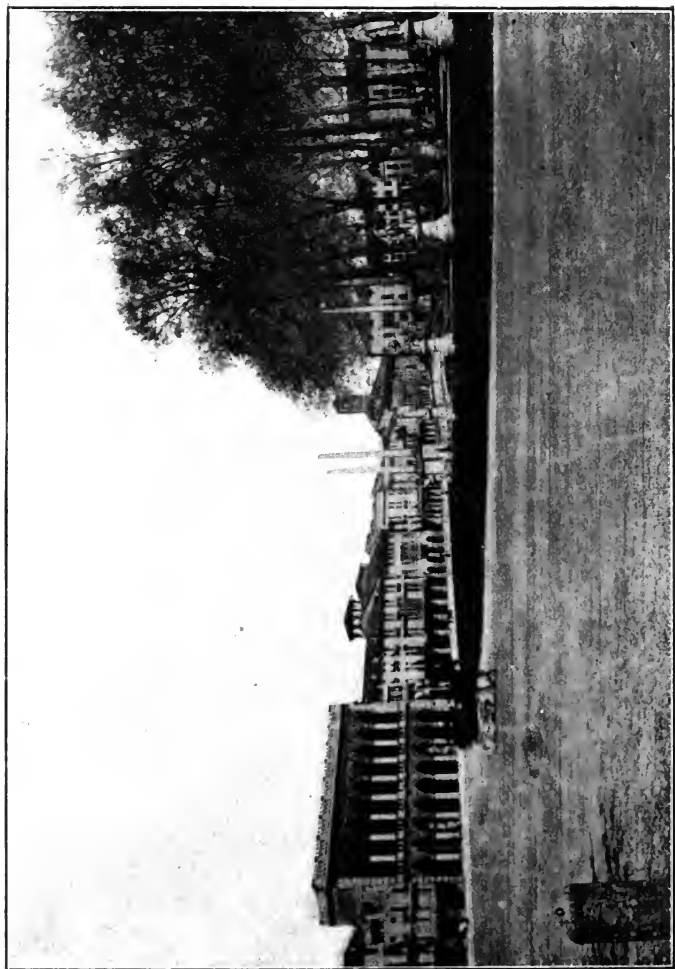
IN spite of all, God made the country and man the town ; I feel it is even now, when the towns concerned are Venice and Padua. It is true that man is sometimes very godlike, and that his works do not always cause a painful shock of contrast, that there are three or four towns to which one might go from the country, and not regret the change immediately ; but go from the noblest town man has conceived into the country, even though the place you choose may not be conspicuous for its beauty—then you can appreciate the difference if only you have eyes to see. It may be true that “ One is nearer God’s heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth,” for there nature and man meet and work together ; but the balance between the two must be perfect ; man must “ educate ” nature, not overpower her, or else the result is like the performances of trained animals, while if nature has altogether the upper hand—why, there is no great harm done, only it is no longer a garden. Here I sit on a little spur of the Euganean hills, and look across the plain ; along the slopes the spurge is flaunting its wealth of gold, the high lights of the canvas, and the ground ivy paints the shadows with the blue that is theirs by right. The ruins of the castle at my feet pour down cascades of wistaria, wave upon wave edged with white foam ; just beyond is an avenue of chestnut, where the pure white spires stand out sharp against the perfect green. Now, indeed, I know that spring is here, for I have had my own sign. Surely each one of us

has some sign that tells him that the full glory of the spring pageant has appeared, and which awakens the delicious spring sorrow within him, that sorrow which is a joy grown too great to bear? For me, I know that spring is beginning when the larches veil themselves in green, but the full power holds me only when the white-chestnut blooms. It holds me now as I look; the pipes of Pan play their irresistible strain, and I can hardly forbear rising up and following, following over all the earth. It is not the "old spring-fret," the Wanderlust; for am I not wandering now? It is not the call of the Red Gods, as I understand them, for I have no desire for the far places of the earth. Yet, literally, I can hardly sit still; I feel-impelled to search first among the wistaria, for it seems that within its shelter the Graces are dancing to that music, and if I could but steal upon their play I would kiss the hem of the robe of my lady Spring, even though the Goat-foot shrilled the strain that turns to flight armies in battle array. So strongly does the old mysterious Pagan spirit sway me. And yet it is not false, this spirit; Flora and her company are no Comus-rout, nor is the old castle a Venusberg. As I look over the broad plain, golden and blue and purple and blue again, till the colours in the far distance seem transparent, yet quivering in their intensity, the whole scene takes form, and I see that it is a veil. The Earth spirit has woven it well upon his loom of time, and from its mysterious top to the border, where Flora and the Graces lead the dance, it is alive. As I look it seems that it shakes, the figures quiver and blur; there is a movement as though some hand were about to draw aside the veil; for a moment I wait in a fever of anticipation and prayer, the next it rolls back, and I see Who is

behind the veil. Colour and form are gone, swallowed up in a glory, which is blinding for a moment, yet only for a moment ; for a while I am thrilling, tingling, overflowing, with an intensity of feeling that is not sight, nor sound, nor touch, yet all of these and much more, for it is as if for the time the body were sloughed off, and the spirit lay bare to the glory of God. I know it cannot last ; the wine must burst the jar ; yet there is no fear nor shrinking, but rather the thankful cry, " It is good for me to be here." It does not last ; the glory parts and forms the walls of a Presence Chamber, and I am as a Child held close in the arms of Love. For a while it is as if I slept, for I am conscious only of this, that He holds me ; I forget all else, even that I am tired ; I do not even cling or beg that He will hold me still ; for a while the moment is enough. Then—how shall I explain it ?—it is as if I said to Him, " Dear Lord, I am very stupid and dull ; some things seem so strange to me. I know they are right, yet cannot see how." I hardly expect an answer, but He answers me ; I think because I have never believed anything contradictory to reason, yet have always admitted that the solution of some problems may lie *beyond* human reason. And in some cases the answer is not in terms of human reason ; it is as if I brought to Him the odd bits of a Chinese puzzle, and He showed me the completed pattern. And yet one question is not answered ; I ask that He will show me what He would have me do, and He bids me wait and take each step as it comes. I wished to know chiefly this : ought I to take up some special work which would probably wear me out in eighteen months, but in which I might perhaps do something definite for Him, or am I to continue as I am, where opportunities of service come but

now and then in the daily round ; golden opportunities, I admit, if I could be sure of seizing them. When I return to my body, for that is the feeling I experience as the vision ends, I expect to find it worn out, but the few moments of time during which I have been away have refreshed and rested it, and I find my eyes are even more keen and eager in their enjoyment of the scenery. I could stop long here, for each step seems to reveal a fresh and more alluring aspect of the country side, hill and plain, stream and wood, even the Roman road that stretches out straight and white, each has its own charm. The town is very small and sleepy, but entirely delightful to me just now with its cool arcades and sun-baked streets and squares ; the archæological museum here is famous ; I should be well content to spend days in it, although I am hardly enough of a specialist to appreciate its fullest charm ; the Professor spends hours there, and argues amicably with the curator, or listens without a smile to a hundred weird theories. Even I was involved in a discussion on Mithra worship, in which my bad Italian handicapped me hopelessly. We drove over to Monselice, and admired the position of the old castle, which crouches on its hill above the town, but above all else I enjoyed our visit to Arqua. The various monuments to Petrarch left me cold ; even his house, in spite of the mummified cat, seemed unconvincing ; how much is old, I do not really know, but it does not leave on me the impression of a personality ; I feel as if I were looking over a brand-new house which had never been inhabited. But when the caretaker opened a window, and I stepped out on to a balcony, I forgot everything except the marvellous view. You look straight up a valley ;—but I cannot describe it ; you must come and see it for yourself.





Padua. Loggia and Piazza.

No wonder Petrarch wrote deathless sonnets ; the wonder is that Arqua produced but one Petrarch. "Faithful Petrarch, gloriously crowned" ;—my mind is full of Keats' perfect sonnet ; drop by drop, like some fragrant liquid it distils from my memory, and for a moment as I stand upon this balcony I feel the influence of Petrarch's spirit as I never did inside the house. Afterwards I realise more keenly that his feet have toiled up the steep village street, and that, after all, things looked much the same then. I wonder if they tasted the same, or if he never knew how glorious a wine his village could produce. I had tasted Arqua in Este without enthusiasm, but here among its native hills it is a thing to be approached reverently. The Professor and I swore to each other over a bottle of the liquid gold that we would die of thirst rather than shame the poor exiled wine one meets in the plains by drinking it. It is curious how these wines deteriorate with travel ; Chianti in England is a shameful travesty of the truth ; Arqua in the plains, a few miles off, is the pale ghost of its bright self ; you have tasted and condemned Frascati in Rome (you do not know the one little restaurant where it forgets its toils and travels) ; have you ever tried it in Frascati ? (This is the Professor's comparison). There are, of course, a few exceptions, Orvieto is, I think, one of them, but they are very few. As far as England is concerned German beer suffers as much, but apparently it is the sea-voyage that, naturally enough, is too much for it ; land journeys it bears with comparative equanimity, although it is at times heart-rending to think of the nectar that flows at Pilsen or at Munich when one has to put up with some local innkeeper's consignment of the same. Last night I woke suddenly from a vivid dream of my last term at Oxford : The

stimulus of the dream was not apparent at once ; outside, the castle stood silver and blue in the light of the moon ; the long piazza was deserted ; it was as if one looked upon a phantom scene, for all seemed unsubstantial in that solemn radiance ; one might have expected to see mail-clad forms stalk out with slow step from the great gate. It would occasion no surprise if the fifteenth century had regained its sway ; if old feuds broke out once more, if strong-willed leaders were even now sitting in council in the castle hall, if some traitor were shrieking his last in the dungeons below. Such power has imagination that I could have sworn I heard those shrieks ; sound utterly horrible such as only the last extremity of torment could wring from any lips ; again they came, and they achieved the impossible, for they were even more ghastly than before. It was too vivid for a dream, yet if it were not, why did not someone put an end to the torture and the cries ? They came apparently from a certain spot under the castle wall where the shadow lay thickest ; after a time it seemed that I could distinguish some movement in the darkness, something that looked like two fiery eyes. Again the eldritch shriek profaned the solemn stillness ; the eyes grew clearer ; two shadowy forms slowly took shape ; a stark horror of sound tore the silence into shreds, and the Professor muttered half-asleep " Confound those beastly cats ! " Why had I dreamed of Oxford ? Well, I suppose you remember my old digs, where the landlady started with five cats. The brutes broke cover, and with a burst of the most foul-mouthed scurrility I have ever heard, established themselves under a hand cart just opposite our window. With great deliberation I unpacked my revolver ; I hate to cause suffering, and intended to hit the head—or nothing. I loaded it

carefully, and was waiting for an opportunity for a shot when the Professor came over to the window. Apparently if I fired I ran the risk of languishing for years in an Italian gaol ; if I didn't the noise would continue. I considered each side of the question impartially, and had just decided that I could not risk being deprived of spaghetti when a fresh shriek resounded. I turned to the window again with murder in my heart. At the last moment the Professor suggested a compromise ; it was possible to break off several lumps of plaster from the outside wall, and a few good shots with these would probably abate the nuisance. My third shot went through the spokes of a wheel and two flying forms sped swiftly into the darkness. Silence resumes her reign, and I my sleep.

There is a question that has been exercising our minds just lately, and I am not sure that we have reached any very definite conclusion ; the point at issue is the comparative merits of concentration and comprehensiveness, especially in relation to art. We stray over the whole wide field of human activity, and in the main agree that each quality has its own definite sphere, and that a certain amount of each is necessary. The difficulty arises in a certain special instance ; ought the art-lover to lavish his affections on all forms of art, or should he concentrate them on the best ? I incline to the latter view, but there are many circumstances to be considered ; for instance, is it true that one is apt to lose a sense of proportion by dwelling only on the highest and best, that one loses much by neglecting or undervaluing the lesser work, that an appreciation of this lesser work is necessary to the complete comprehension of the greater ? These are not my ideas, nor the Professor's ; they were brought forward in a letter from a friend, and gave rise to much discussion ;

there is so much truth in the ideas behind the phrases, and I think also a certain amount of misunderstanding. With regard to the first question, I think there is little difficulty ; unless we are art-critics we are not required to have that sense of proportion which can arrange minor artists in an order of merit, while if the meaning is that art is exalted above its due place in life, this result is not peculiar to devotion to the highest forms of art. It is, of course, true that one loses by undervaluing the lesser work, but would not one also lose by expending upon it a devotion that might be given to the highest ? The third argument, of course, necessitates a consideration of the denotation of the terms highest and lesser ; if the first class contains all works of genius as distinct from talent, I don't believe there is anything in it. The work of genius may help us to realise what the man of talent is striving to convey, but I fancy that work devoid of genius can be little help towards the appreciation of that which is so entirely distinct from anything else. If works of genius are to be included among the lesser productions, there seems to be more in the contention though it would be a terrible task to arrange the works of genius in order, but I think that the study of the lesser works should come later, as one is then better able to recognise the fainter tokens of inspiration.

We must soon leave this place as time presses and cash runs short ; our immediate objective is Bologna ; I should have liked to spend a day at Ferrara and a week in Ravenna, but find it impossible. The Professor is full of the praises of a wonderful pension in Bologna, where one can live for three lire a day, wine included ; I believe as a matter of fact he could do the same in any city in Italy, except, perhaps, Rome and Venice.

There are times in which I feel that if I could amass enough money to bring in, say £100 a year, I should settle down here in one of these places and learn how sweet is the *dolce far niente*. At the same time I know that it is not in me to live such a life ; I do to some extent appreciate the charm of solitude, even that solitude which is found in the midst of a crowd ; I have felt how isolation gradually enthralls those who at first dislike it. I might very easily become a solitary, but it would be very bad for me ; I should out-tub Diogenes. At present so many things are interwoven in the thread of my life ; my work, companionship, and even, let me confess it, all forms of sport so long as they are not spectacular ; I would infinitely rather play in a game myself than watch its best exponents give an exhibition.

To-morrow a little steam tram takes us off to catch the train for Bologna. Beyond that we have no plans at all ; I must get to Florence, and also to Verona ; there are several places in North Italy that the Professor must visit before he returns to Rome ; I should like to go to Rome with him, but cannot afford to wander up and down Italy. Probably we shall stop some days at Bologna, possibly even a couple of weeks, but I really can say nothing for certain. I hear from home that one or two letters, after pursuing me from pillar to post as far as Buda-Pesth have returned at last, wearied out and covered with remarks in strange tongues. I have seldom been able to give an address where letters would be certain to find me, although we fixed the date of our arrival in a few places, such as Munich, Buda-Pesth, Sarajevo and Venice.

We did not stop a fortnight at Bologna, nor even a few days. When I got there I picked up a letter which made my visit to Rome impossible,

and necessitated an immediate arrangement of our future movements. I am not inconsolable ; of course I should like to see the Forum and all the other memorials of the ancient days, but from what I hear centuries of disorder and frequent sieges and the Renaissance Popes have robbed Rome of most of its earlier interest. There is one thing I shall be sorry to miss ; that is, the sight of St. Peter's. I am told that after you have seen it, you realise that St. Paul's is not nearly so hideous as it might have been. Anything that could make me regard this with more equanimity would be very welcome ; I had hoped that the photographs of St. Peter's, which I had seen, might for some reason or another have done it an injustice, but apparently the reverse is the case. The Professor maintains that once a year the voice of a soul in torment is heard in Rome, the voice of Michelangelo, who for some unknown but terrible sin is compelled that day to descend from heaven and look upon this awful result of divided councils. This being so, I was ready to give up my visit to Rome, but of course could not think of being in Italy without seeing Florence. For some time we could not make up our minds, but at last the Professor very kindly offered to put off his tour of the northern cities and come with me to Florence ; after that, I shall accompany him up north again, and go round with him until I have to leave Italy.

This cut down our time at Bologna to six hours, during which we saw as much as we could manage, marvelled at the leaning tower, shuddered at a mutilated Francia in the Cathedral, revelled in the long shady arcades and the sun-bathed square, and thought of Fra Ugo Bassi and the Sermon in the Hospital. The Italians of to-day have this rare good fortune, that most of the heroes of

their country are alive and real to them ; Savonarola, Arnold of Brescia, Giordano Bruno, and of course, still more Garibaldi or Cavour, are not mere memories staled by repetition, for it is not so very long ago that the names of many of the older heroes were anathema to their masters. Of course, this is especially true of Rome, but it holds also of other parts ; even now it is not always safe to celebrate the anniversary of a national hero, as the people of Monselice discovered when they wished to honour Giordano Bruno. At present we are on our way to Florence, and are just about to pass through the Apenines ; I will write again as soon as I have time.

FLORENCE.

I FORGET the number of tunnels through which we passed on our way from Bologna ; I have forgotten the heat and dust and the crowd in the train ; I remember only the one view when we came out at last high up on the western slope of the Apenines, and I looked down. On one side the mountains still rose steeply from the track, but on the other by vine-decked terraces or swelling-slopes "smoked over with grey olive trees," they rolled down to a plain blue as is the sea. In the midst of the expanse of palpitating colour rose the roofs of Pistoia, and here and there a glint of gold showed where the sunbeams danced upon a stream. Then, as some curve shut off the view, we gazed along little green valleys running back into the hills, or caught our breath as some tree flashed past, laden with the warm snow-flakes of spring. Every delicate shade of pink was there ; all hues from the deep colour of the Judas tree to the purity of the cherry blossom. Scarcely had one recovered breath after the vividness of the tints, startling after the comparative dimness of the mountain gorges, when the green of hedge and bush and tree demanded attention hardly less insistently. Think of the range of colour ; from the many hues of flower or blossom, from whites and pinks and reds the eye passes to the black cypress trees, and the grey of the army of olives that strives to scale the slopes. Add to this a green on grass and hedgerow unbelievably bright, and the tender paleness of half-opened buds, and you can imagine that the blazonry of spring's

shield awakes a world of feelings unexpressed and inexpressible. Again we catch sight of the plain ; this time the blue is paler, and the towers of Pistoia are more distinct ; I should like to watch the colour slowly change as we approach, but the view is lost again, and at our next turn we are running across the plain, and can only see the meadows on either side. We reached Florence after dark, and as we were very tired did not go out after dinner. I am writing to you now partly because I am so excited by the thought that at last I am in Florence that I am doubtful whether sleep will visit me soon. I wish the older form of the city's name still survived ; Firenze seems so much more stately and more suitable than Firenze ; however one can be thankful that the adjectival form of the older name has not also passed away. If only we had some similar place-names, or rather place-adjectives at home ; compare the pretentious ugliness of such titles as Mancunian or Liverpoolian, or even Londoner, with the simple beauty of Fiorentino. I cannot believe any evil of the inhabitants of this city as long as they have this name to live up to, and devoutly pray that the day may never come when we shall all be obliged to refer to them as Firentini.

I am in love at last, and very deeply so ; as is natural, I walk on air and sing and sigh by turns without apparent cause ; I am in love deeply and irrevocably with la bella Italia, youngest of the nations, yet at the same time the oldest and the mother of them all. " O Italy, woman-country, wooed, not won." I understand it now, and feel its meaning in every fibre of my being. The love I bear for Italy is but little less than the love I bear my own country, but it is different in kind. England is my mother, and can command of me my life, or anything she needs ; I have no right

to claim anything from her except that if I can serve her as a son should do she will not refuse my service. I can recognise her faults, but may not speak of them outside the family ; I take pride in her virtues, and in the destiny that may be hers, but do not boast of them ; I strive to order my conduct so that it may not bring disgrace upon this great mother of mine ; “ *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna* ” rings in my ears ; but her praises are not always in my mouth. I hold that patriotism is the first and most essential civil virtue, and hate those who are the friends of every country but their own, but I have not very much sympathy with the insularity that lumps together all other nations as “ dirty foreigners ” ; the first class represent the vice which is most antagonistic to the first civil virtue, while the second display an absurd and harmful caricature of that virtue. If I did not love my country I should be guilty of ingratitude and other black vices, but I need not love Italy unless I choose to do so, although there is no doubt that she is the truest friend to England of all the nations of the earth. Italy alone of the great powers was free from the virulent Anglophobia which was successfully engineered against us in almost every country during the Boer War. If I by any chance should be enabled to do some great service to England, I should have no right to claim gratitude or reward, nor should I deserve to escape punishment if I failed to seize the opportunity ; but if fortune should give me a chance to benefit Italy, my service would be a gift, offered joyfully it is true, but none the less deserving of gratitude. I love her for what she gives me, as well as for what she is ; she seems to welcome me as no other land ever does ; she shows me the memorials that her countless great sons have left behind them,

her air refreshes me, her scenery delights me. Do I not well to love her for these gifts? And then, think of what she is; the strong young nation reborn so lately amid such dread birth throes. We have all been accustomed to love our country from its earliest years; it is an institution with us; think of the feelings of some of these Italians who have seen their country born before their eyes; think of those few remaining heroes of the Risorgimento, who loved their country before it was born, who saw with a prophet's eye the country that should be, but which had never been. We can hardly imagine our country as ceasing to exist; the Italians know that the glorious young life fostered by the blood of countless martyrs for the cause of Italy, depends on them for its preservation; I verily believe that the fiercest anarchist of them all would drop his darling schemes for the moment if his country were attacked. I don't mean that I think that they have done, and are doing, more than our ancestors might have done had the need arisen, but these men have actually faced the necessity, and have emerged victorious. Each old man I see may conceivably have been one of the deliverers of his country, each young man is ennobled in my eyes by the thought that his father or grandfather may have been a martyr to that holy cause. I am never so proud of my own land as when I realise that it is the country which Italians most admire next to their own.

To-morrow we visit the Uffizzi Gallery; after that I don't quite know where to begin, since the number of sights I am dying to see is almost infinite.

If I am to give you any idea of my impressions of Florence, you must allow me to send you a heterogeneous collection of thoughts that have

occurred to me at various times, and which I have put down at odd moments, probably late at night. It would be quite impossible for me to sit down in cold blood and write a description of the whole city; all I can write is immediate recollections set down as soon as possible. First and foremost, I have been in the Uffizzi Gallery; I do not say I have seen it, because I have not really seen more than two or three pictures; I have "done" it in the approved American style in little over two hours and a half. My object was to mark down a few pictures to be studied later, and to get some idea of the arrangement; I did not intend to spend as long as I actually did; I had imagined that an hour and a half would be long enough for my purpose, and that I could then go on to the Pitti to repeat the process. The extra hour is to be put down almost entirely to the *Sala di Botticelli*, with a little extra time for Andrea's *Madonna dell' Arpie*. It was no good; I tried in vain to think of my well-ordered plan, and to tell myself that any departure from it meant loss in the end; I was hungry and tired, and generally not quite up to the high mark which I attain here; crowds passed and repassed; all the tongues of Babel buzzed at my ears without a word penetrating to my consciousness; there in that room I stood or sat hopelessly unable to tear myself away. Ah, don't ask me to describe the pictures; I only know that of six or seven pictures in that room there is not one for which I do not thank God from the bottom of my heart. You and some of my friends who call me phlegmatic and unenthusiastic would not believe that I could be so susceptible; I tell you that I cannot imagine how it was that I did not shed floods of tears; the choking in my throat was almost unbearable; I felt utterly unworthy to lift my eyes to the

canvases, and yet could not turn them away. After a while once more God opened for me the gate of heaven, and gave me even more abundant access than on that day in the Euganean hills. When I came to earth again, I found that I was repeating to myself Browning's line, "My heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less." I have received a message in this vision; I have been foolishly tormenting myself over what I imagined was the slow progress of God's cause and dangers which seem to threaten it. Now I know where before I only believed that great is truth and will prevail. I cannot spend long before the Madonna of the Harpies, but it speaks to me of the peace that passeth understanding, and shows me that it is not idleness nor blind credulity, but faith and obedience. The afternoon we spent in the Cascine, those lovely gardens by the Arno, which are now in their full glory of leaf and blossom, where one can sit in the shade and gaze at the shadows that flit over the hills towards Fiesole, or watch the never-ending line of carriages that pass and repass. How I am revelling in the sun and the heat, and it has been really hot these last few days; cats, Englishmen and madmen walk on the sunny side, they say, and here we are tramping about in the sun at the hottest time of day, while our Italian friends prophesy an early death. In the winter there is nothing like the bracing cold of the Alps, but in the summer I do like sun and heat; the Riviera in winter, and the north of Scotland in the summer, are to me equally abominable, for my sad experiences have destroyed my faith in those who talk of real summer weather in Sutherlandshire. I have already met three English people of my acquaintance, and have come across the fresh tracks of half a dozen others; I always enjoy meeting

friends away from home, as I think one sees them in a new light. At the same time I do not hold with those who, when they make a long stay in a foreign country with the object of learning something of it, invariably select English hotels and restaurants. In Switzerland, of course, especially in the winter, it is different, as the object is then as a rule either health or sport or scenery ; at the same time I think that we should be more welcome guests if we realised that even Switzerland is something else than a playground for English holiday makers, and that all Swiss are not hotel keepers. Here the Professor's foot is on his native heath ; he knows every inch of Florence, and can tell of a thousand delightful little restaurants and countless pensions that are marvels of cheapness and perfectly clean. I should be quite willing to live here for an indefinite time on five lire a day, and should eat more than I ever do in England ; it is possible to live quite decently for three and a half lire, so that the larger sum represents luxury. One restaurant with a neat little garden attached will live long in my memory ; three of us enjoyed an enormous and sumptuous lunch for a total sum of five lire twenty, including tips, much excellent Chianti and dessert. In the evening we stroll along the Lung' Arno, past the Ponte Vecchio, with its jewellers' shops and the quaint little sheds that cling like limpets to its sides ; the sun is setting in front of us in a sea of colour incredibly gorgeous and most marvellously varied ; the colder hues range from a delicate but vivid green to a deep violet, while the palest yellows and dainty shell pinks contrast with a great streamer of the brightest crimson. Perhaps most wonderful of all is the blue of the distant hills ; even Dietrich Bouts never dared to put on canvas

quite that colour ; it is something like the eastern sky at about 9 o'clock on a June evening, but with this difference ; the blue of the sky is a colour that seems to dissolve as you look at it ; the eye pierces deeper and deeper, and still meets the same melting hue ; with these hills the outline is also yielding, but beneath there lies an impenetrable surface of a deeper colour, not hard or steely, but so to speak final. It is the difference between the softness of outline in almost any of Andrea del Sarto's pictures, and that of, for instance, Watts' Sir Galahad. But I think that one of the greatest marvels is the colour of the sky as twilight passes into night. For the life of me I cannot tell whether it is violet or purple ; a little later the sky is like velvet of the very darkest blue, at times all but black, thick-piled velvet, yet still finite, but during the earlier stage the wonderful majesty of the sky is of a depth unplumbable. The stars seem very near the earth, and yet the dome of heaven does not press heavily. A winter night in the Alps, or far to the northward is a vision of the splendour of God as He appeared when Job grovelled before Him in dust and ashes ; it needs a sure and daring faith to claim as Father the Spirit that shines with such awful purity ; but here in the summer twilight His royalty is no less supreme, yet can we stand upon our feet as princes with God ; there we feel only the infinity that lies between the human and the Divine ; here He is more human, or we are more divine. It is possible to stand up before the winter night, and meet its majesty with the bold claim τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἑσμέν, possible for one, or perhaps two in a generation ; here the claim is impossible, because superfluous.

The Professor is grateful to me for not talking, and I reciprocate the feeling ; we shall talk fast

enough when we get back to our room, probably either Hamlet or Browning, unless he gets out his book of Schubert's songs. It is an uncomfortable characteristic of mine that if I see anything beautiful I feel bound to call to it the attention of whoever may be with me, if I imagine that they have not seen it ; it is distracting for myself, and generally very boring to the others, who probably do not agree with me that it is a crime, if not a positive sin, to ignore any beauty that can possibly be contemplated. With the Professor it is different ; I know that he sees as much as myself, if not more, and that if I should point out anything he might chance to have overlooked, he will be grateful.

To-day we have been looking at churches ; for a wonder we were out and about quite early, and as we did not have lunch till about half-past two we saw a good bit in the morning. From the Arno we walked by the Uffizzi to the Piazza della Signoria, admiring the wonderful tower of the Old Palace ; it cannot be very far short of three hundred feet high, and its upper story projects some feet out from the line of the palace wall. From a little distance it is like a tall mast, rising above the roofs of the town, but from immediately underneath it is stupendous in spite of its grace. We did not spend much time over the Loggia dei Lanzi, merely marking down certain bronze statues for future study ; Benvenuto Cellini and John of Bologna need more than a mere glance by the way. Of course we have to inspect the Great Fountain and the slab that marks the spot where perhaps the greatest Florentine of them all was burned alive. Our immediate objective is Or san Michele. We begin with this simply because it is the nearest, not because we imagine that it is in any way typical of Florentine eccles-



Florence. Uffizi.



iastical architecture. You probably know that it was originally merely a grain market with a granary in the upper story. Even now it is altogether unlike a church outside ; the interior is too dark to be effective, almost too dark to allow one to judge of the magnificent tabernacle by Orcagna, which is its chief treasure. The church is noteworthy for the sake of the statues placed in niches around the outside walls, and the intricate tracery in the drums above doors and windows. This latter is a marvel of craftsmanship, and its elaborateness is perhaps justified by the fact that a striking effect has to be produced with only a limited surface to work on, while the spectator, from the position of the building, cannot stand too far away to distinguish the minute detail of the work, however complicated it may be. In the east window of a cathedral this tracery would be absurd ; in its present position even I, the lover of simplicity, cannot seriously find fault with it ; I will even admit that it pleases me very much, for a short time. Next along the Via Calzaioli to the Cathedral Square. How the first sight of that mass of stone takes away one's breath ; suddenly without a warning I stepped into the square, and stood amazed at the sight of those three buildings, the Battistero, the Cathedral, and Giotto's tower. I am not sure how either of the first two would impress me, if they stood alone ; here side by side, and dominated by that perfect Campanile, they are irresistible. It is long before I have taken in enough of the effect of the whole to be able to look at each building separately, although if I allowed it, Giotto would claim my whole attention. This is one of the few cases in which I am grateful to those who in modern times have added a façade to an old building. If the Duomo stood by itself

the rough unfinished surface might have been left alone, but here something more is needed, and although Emilio di Fabris' front is rather too ornate for my personal taste, yet it is not out of keeping with the rest, and after all one could hardly give higher praise than that. Its impressive size—it can hardly be less than 200 feet high—and its shape are sufficient to carry off the profuseness of decoration lavished upon it. I did not expect to like the colour scheme, the stripes and squares of brown ; I had imagined something like the tower of Balliol chapel, and did not think that style would suit a great cathedral built beneath the dome which I had seen from my window ; even now I am not sure that I should appreciate the same scheme in a different building, but I am quite sure that I like it here. What would Ruskin say of a great rose window edged with pure white tracery like lace set in the middle of a sunk square ? With rare fortitude I have refused to read either the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or the "Stones of Venice," till I have seen as many as possible of the buildings he instances. I don't know if I ought to like the effect, but I do like it so much that I can imagine no possible alternative. Most of all, perhaps, I like the projecting buttresses along the top, where cool black shadows lurk in delightful little arches, while Brunelleschi's great dome is exactly what is wanted to complete the effect of the whole. And yet, much though I like the cathedral, it is not my idea of perfection in architecture ; I have seen, and I hope shall see again, buildings that I like much better, though I am not at all sure that I know of anything more wonderful than this square. The interior of the Duomo frankly does not appeal to me, in spite of its size and comparative severity ; it seems to me not cool but

cold, not dim but gloomy. I was interested in the tomb of Sir John Hawkwood and Michelino's picture of Dante ; and, of course, looked into the sacristy where Lorenzo found shelter from the conspirators in the sacrilegious Pazzi plot. It has always struck me as one of the finest ironies of history that the only men who could be found to attempt a deed from which hired assassins shrunk back, were the two priests who administered the fatal Mass, and it is interesting to speculate on the moral code of men who regarded a poisoned chalice as nothing unusual, but who were doubtful about the propriety of stabbing a man as you were delivering to him the consecrated wafer. It was with a feeling of relief that I left the gloom of the Cathedral for the warm sunlight outside, and passed across the road to the Baptistery. We were lost in amazement over Ghiberti's marvellous Door of Paradise ; the audacity of the man in trying to draw pictures in bronze is almost as wonderful as the success he attained in his mad attempt ; all three doors are wonderful, but this is a miracle, and what is stranger still, it does not cease to be a work of art. The interior of the building is almost worthy of its gates, for in spite of its octagonal shape it manages to be impressive, in fact from inside the dimensions seem very much greater than one would imagine from a casual glance at the outside. I had had hard work to keep my eyes away from Giotto ; from the glance I gave it as we came into the square I knew that I should appreciate nothing else if I allowed myself to gloat over it immediately. At last I felt at liberty to give myself up to the sheer delight of gazing at it, drinking in the beauty of the whole without paying much attention to any single part. I am not going to try to describe it to you ; I will only say that it is perfect and

complete. I know now what architecture means, for I have seen the solution of its mysteries ; before this I had not understood how fully architecture is an art entirely distinct from all other arts ; it is the master art in that it makes use of other arts for its own ends, but the result is greater than the sum of the results of those works of art which lend themselves to it ; an architect must do far more than provide a background for the works of other artists ; far more even than combine those works harmoniously ; his art has a message of its own and, though I did not believe it until to-day, he may be as much inspired as any painter, poet, or musician of them all. This tower is as wonderful as a picture of Botticelli's, or a sonata of Beethoven ; its message is no less clear, its appeal no less overpowering ; its influence no less blessed ; if Giotto had never painted a picture from this alone we might know that his shield hangs in the hall of the Knights of the Grail. Yet it is all different, entirely different, although the result is the same ; it is to me as if I travelled along a strange road towards a palace often visited before ; even the physical sensations are different, for with me there are physical sensations which herald the loosing of the bars of this flesh under stress of a message from God. I foresee that I shall spend many hours in this square ; it would need months to become familiar with all the wealth of sculpture on the Campanile alone. From the square we passed to the Piazza San Marco, full of thoughts of Savonarola and Fra Angelico. The old monastery is intensely interesting, with its ancient folios and manuscript, and all the memorials of the great preacher and martyr ; with regard to the Angelico frescoes which adorn every cell, I am sorry to say that I sit in the seat of the Vandal. It is not a comfort-

able seat, for I cannot help feeling that my lack of appreciation causes me to lose much that I would most willingly gain, and seems to hint that my faculties are not as keen as they should be. How many are the rhapsodies I have heard, even from the lips of people whose appreciative faculties are not usually keen, but who seem to regard these frescoes as the last word in painting. I know that they are supposed to be unrivalled as expressions of piety, and of that child-like faith which at times I value intensely, and at times am tempted to regard as too often equivalent to the refusal to think. I want to appreciate them, but if I had seen them without knowing of the high praise so many great authorities have bestowed upon them, I should have grieved for talents misused. It would have seemed to me that here is a stiffness that is deliberate and conventional, not, like the stiffness which is perceptible in some of Giotto's work, a technical difficulty overcome and made into an added charm. The motion of the figures would seem to me spasmodic, the movement of automata not of human beings, and I search in vain for tokens of that intense will to move which I saw in one or two pictures at Padua. They are devout, these people, I know, but I generally hate devoutness, and cannot persuade myself that they are not also sentimental; I should expect them, if they were alive, to gush platitudes in stained-glass attitudes and work slippers for the curate. Mind, I only say that this is what I should think and expect if I did not know better; there must surely be a great soul in these pictures which has a message for the countless admirers of Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole; that they have no message for me is a grief and a disappointment, especially as I dare not give myself up to a satisfactory hatred of

the man and his works. I do, however enjoy Ghirlandaio's Last Supper in the smaller Refectory, and Bartolommeo's portrait of Savonarola. I emerged in a chastened frame of mind, for I am not pleased that I have met a great painter who has no message that I can understand.

After lunch we went on to Santa Croce; candidly I did not at all care for the interior, though I do like the façade; one or two of the chapels, especially the Peruzzi and Bardi, are interesting, probably in my case on account of the frescoes. Giotto again leads me captive, though I think that the ravages of time and the hand of the restorer do not allow him to claim his due; still, much remains for which I am thankful. Two other paintings appeal specially to me, one a delightfully quaint Adoration of the Shepherds by Taddeo Gaddi, the other Giovanni da Milano's Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene. The latter is rather damaged but—she did look just like that and I am not quite sure that I realised before how vividly those to whom our Lord appeared recognised His Divinity. I am not particularly impressed by the figure of Christ in the picture, but when she saw Him she knew that she was looking on the face of God; she felt and knew what those feel who on some sudden mount of Transfiguration look upon the familiar face of their beloved companion and elder Brother, and see that He is very God, yet through it all, and more than all, still the same. The purely æsthetic pleasure from this picture is comparatively small, but it awakes chords within me that swell out into a passion of gratitude and love, and I realise yet once more something of God's marvellous goodness to me, for until I knew Him Art had no message for me; I could not even extract much pleasure from pictures. At that time I did not

care to look at lovely scenery, or hear music, because they meant so little, and I knew they should mean so much ; I could not bear, for instance, the Broads district, because each little lake, each reach of the river, cried aloud to me in a language I could not understand. I might have been a Philistine of Philistines, I might even, like a writer in a magazine I read not long ago, have talked of all the wonders of the Uffizzi as " pictures by obscure Dagoes " ; I verily believe that at one time I would rather have got a Blue than painted the Madonna of the Pomegranate, or composed the twelfth Nocturne. I suppose there is this much gain from it ; I never learnt in those days what I ought to admire, so that my present pleasure is quite spontaneous, and probably most unorthodox.

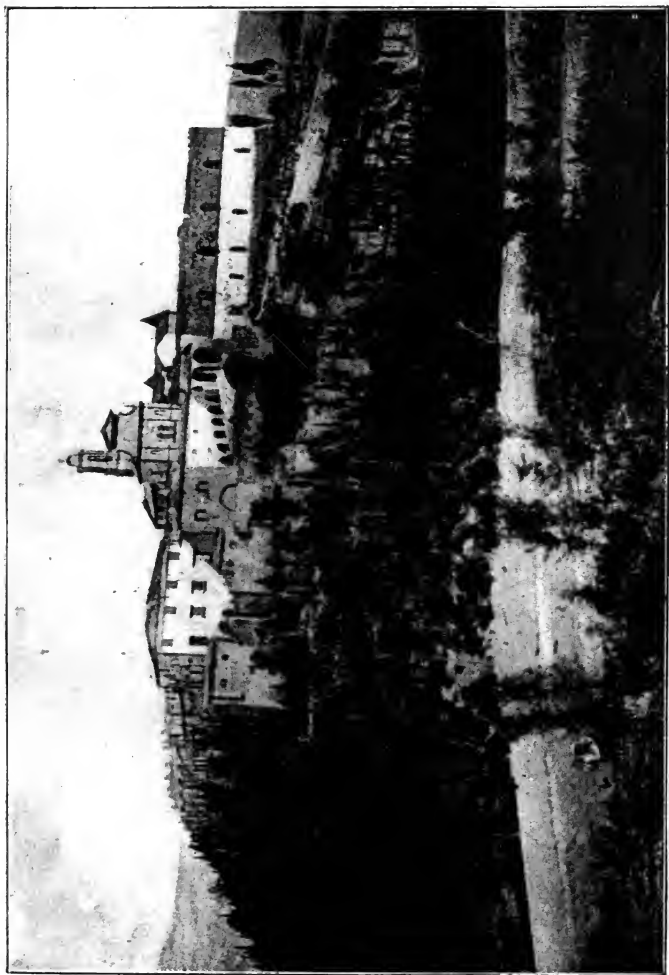
We finished up with a visit to Santa Maria Annuziata ; I quite fell in love with the quiet porticoed Piazza, with its statue of Ferdinand in the middle ; I suppose this is Browning's " Statue." The interior of the Church is almost entirely spoilt for me by the barbarous load of decoration in the Rotunda. I would not, however, have missed this church for worlds ; in the court are seven frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, each one more marvellous than the other. Five of them deal with San Filippo Benizzi, and are supposed to have been painted during Andrea's youth, and are therefore sometimes characterised as immature. I think that I probably should have put them down as earlier than the other two, even if I had not known this ; there certainly is a difference in style, but it looks to me like the result of deliberate choice, not of great development of powers. The date given for the first five is 1510, when the painter was 24, while the other two were painted in 1513 or 1514. At any rate they are all lovely ;

the earlier frescoes are marvels of harmony, and give me intense pleasure in spite of the fact that the three or four years' interval is supposed to cover the painter's progress from immaturity to the full development of his powers. The landscape background in the first of the miracles of San Filippo is a delight to me, and the figures show an exuberance of vitality which is carefully avoided in most of his later works. I never knew Andrea could paint like this, nor if I had seen only this picture should I have imagined that he would ever paint the pictures we regarded as typical of him. I think I know now what Browning means in his poem ; look at this picture, and then at one of his later works, and, so far as the special style of the earlier work is concerned, he fails to make good the promise of his youth ; he was also to some extent a failure if he sought for the applause of the many and the highest niche of fame ; there were few in his own day who would mention him in the same breath as Rafael, and there are few now. If he had developed along the lines indicated in this fresco, he might have succeeded in these points, but out of thirty or more pictures of his that I know, the Sacrifice of Abraham at Dresden, and the second part of the History of Joseph in the Pitti alone remind me in any degree of this early work of his. The similarity between it and the second of the pictures I have mentioned is to my mind very marked, in the case of the first it is very slight. Was he really a failure ? In the estimation of his contemporaries he was a good painter ; in his youth men might talk of the "sorry little scrub" with the beautiful face as one who could sustain the fame of Florentine art, but to them Rafael was—just Rafael, the name connoted everything. Andrea did not paint the resplendent glories that eye has

never seen, though perhaps he might have done so, but he did show on his canvases the peace that passeth understanding ; and there are times when we welcome this more than all the radiance of the Vision Triumphant. The world might perhaps have been the richer by another Rafael, perhaps even another Botticelli, but it would have lost Andrea as it knows him now, and there has been no one who could have filled his place, no one whose brush could show us perfect and final rest. I wonder if you happen to know Bonifazio Veronese's " Rest in Egypt " ? That is rest snatched from toil ; the rest of a soldier before a battle ; calm and perfect of its kind, but with an undercurrent of alertness ; Andrea from the mighty love he bore his Lucrezia, and the perpetual pain she caused him, had learnt his own lesson, and had looked upon the face of Peace. And yet many still call him the Faultless Painter, and imply that his technique was his sole claim to greatness ; I only know that mere technique could never appeal so intensely to any human being as he appeals to me and some others that I know. I suppose there is no doubt that he did defraud his benefactor, though I should like to hear his version of the case. Some time ago, when I could not sleep, I was reading a novel of the times of Gian Visconti ; the hero was Mastino della Scala, and the tragedy of the book is that to save his wife from death he betrays his allies. I grieved intensely over his fall, but somehow could not find it in my heart to blame ; dare not assume that I should have held fast. I pitied him more than ever, but admired him not much less, though in truth I think that it is easier to stand firm against the fierce onslaught of a short-lived temptation, than to endure through weeks and months insidious and incessant attacks, even

allowing for the exceptionally vivid imagination which is so strongly marked in the hero of this book. But was Andrea's imagination less vivid, or does it make much difference that Isotta d'Este is pictured as pure and good while Lucrezia del Fede was, as an attendant at the Pitti said to me, *molto, molto, cattiva*? I don't know if it was much less hard for him to lose Lucrezia than it would have been for della Scala to leave his wife to die. Nor do I think that the man who embezzled money to keep his wife with him was necessarily despicable, while the man who ruined half Lombardy is recognised in the book as still great. I hate and abhor the modern craze which sets on a pinnacle wholesale murderers or embezzlers who have ruined thousands just because of the magnitude of their crimes; one can recognise cleverness in a criminal, but as for admiring it—I would as soon admire the adroitness of the meanest of petty thieves, or the musical ability of the composer of the latest comic song (if he had any). The latter example is due to the fact that the comic song which helped to drive me out of England has found its way to a gramophone somewhere in my neighbourhood.

Well, let him be what he will, this poor Faultless Painter; I don't care if he was as weak as people say (with those eyes?); the world would owe him gratitude if he had painted nothing but this fresco of the "Birth of the Virgin." If possible, I like it even better than the Madonna of the Sack, which is in another cloister of this church. There are, I think, few pictures in which a large number of figures appear that are perfectly satisfactory; an exception which occurs to me at once is Botticelli's "Calumny," also I think some of Meissonier's, although I do not really mean pictures in which a crowd, or an army, forms



View of Certosa.



part of the subject. Often subsidiary figures seem to bear the label "Stock size"; they remind me of people engaged to play the part of a Shakespearean crowd by the harassed manager of a small touring company. In this picture, excluding angels, who, I consider, do not fall under the scope of this rule of mine, there are eleven figures; apart from those who are obviously employed or essential parts of any representation of this subject there are four who are apparently doing nothing, and yet the removal of any of them would spoil the picture. At first sight one might, perhaps, be inclined to say that it was a fault in composition to set two rivals centre of interest, the infant Mary in her nurse's arms, and Anna sitting up in her bed, so near opposite sides of the picture; if you look closer, however, you see that not only the mother, but also the attendant, who is bringing her some nourishment is gazing at the child. The existence of a second interest, subordinated in this way to the first, is here essential to the picture. I won't inflict a description of the Adoration of the Magi, or the Madonna of the Sack, but that does not mean that I do not love them both, but simply that I must finish this letter without more ado.

FLORENCE.

This morning brought a long letter from a schoolmaster friend of mine, which contained two rather good stories. His school has been inspected by some authority or other, and the report has been received; apparently the inspectors sat like graven images in the form room, casting a blight over the intelligence of the boys and the keenness of the master, and never spoke a word except to ask for a lesson to be given in some subject which

the boys had often not prepared. One of them listened to an explanation of some knotty point that arose, and after school told the master that he was perfectly certain that the boys had not understood a word. The next morning the master asked the two least intelligent boys in the form how much they had grasped, and was very amused when both gave him a perfectly clear account, in their own words. Another inspector praised most warmly the work of a form which was notoriously the slackest in the school, a form in which some of the older boys who had no chance of doing well in any conceivable subject are crammed for an easy exam. But the best of all was the remark of an inspector, who hinted that the masters in charge of a couple of sets in a certain subject depended too much on bad elementary text-books. Enquiry revealed the interesting fact that the only text-book ever employed was one written by the inspector himself. These revelations rather appal me ; I had hoped that some of these periodical inspections might benefit education, but I fear little can be gained so long as they are regarded, whether rightly or wrongly, as meaningless ceremonies involving nothing but a great deal of inconvenience, and a certain amount of amusement. It *seems* impossible to gauge a man's ability as a teacher by descending suddenly upon him, and making him take a class in some subject at a moment's notice, nor I think can much be done without a knowledge of the material on which he has to work. However, one of these same inspectors made a remark that seemed to me to sum up the result of modern educational ideas : " We are so afraid," he said, " that our boys shall be totally ignorant of any one of a dozen subjects, that we leave them in ignorance of all." To

which appendeth my friend : " the old system aimed at producing scholars and thinkers ; our ambition now is to get our boys to scrape through an exam. in as many subjects as possible." There follow pages of vigorous English concerning what he terms the criminal folly of parents who insist that their boy shall drop any subject he finds difficult, or who send a hulking idler to school on the condition that he shall be exempt from the one thing which might humanise him.

To return to Florence : the chief event of the day was to be the Pitti Gallery ; after which we walked along the half-mile or so of galleries into the Uffizzi. For my part I was most delighted with Lippi's round Madonna, Murillo's Virgin and Child, Allori's Judith, Rafael's della Seggiola, and not one but many pictures by my beloved Andrea del Sarto. There are, of course, many others which I like amazingly ; a portrait by Suster-mans, Giorgione's concert, Bonifazio's Finding of Moses, Durer's two pictures, Adam and Eve, Rubens' Horrors of War, Signorelli's Holy Family, and a Madonna by someone of Botticelli's school. They are all lovely, but do not appeal to me quite as much as the others. Fra Lippo's Madonna I love, though I cannot quite understand it, and do not quite believe all that I do not understand. It is a curious picture in many ways ; in the background is a Nativity of the Virgin perfectly arranged, living, moving, and having its own wonderful being ; Joachim is there, gazing at his child in wonder, while Anna with a deeper wonder on her face, a wonder that causes one of the attendants to watch her in amazement, is gazing at her husband. I do not, of course, wish to convey the idea of surprise by the use of the word " wonder " ; the parents are trying to grasp the meaning of it all, conscious all the time that

it is too deep to fathom. Yet through this wonder, this expression conventional to the parents of the Virgin, and natural to all parents, Anna's face shows not a little maternal pride, and even an anxiety to see the impression produced on her husband. Few painters of Fra Lippo's day would have dared to reproduce this last expression; there has always been a tendency to minimise the humanity of the relations of our Lord after the flesh, and those who bade the painter paint soul not flesh would not relish this evidence of his genius. In the middle distance are visitors, passing in to see the child, and in the foreground there sits in deliberate isolation the Madonna with her Son. Now this is what I do not believe; the theory that the mother of our Lord cut herself off from everything else, that she had no human life of her own, but only lived in and for Him; my critical objection to this theory is that it involves the arbitrary rejection of the brothers of our Lord, and serves in many other ways to contradict the Gospel account. But to me the strongest objection is that it presents the mother of our Lord as something superhuman, and thereby impairs the dear humanity of Christ. His Divinity I could no more doubt than I could doubt my own existence, nor could I for a moment lose sight of it; I cannot doubt His perfect humanity, but it is possible to forget it for a moment, and to suffer loss thereby; it is possible to forget that not only is He the mediator between man and God, but also between man and his fellow man. I am quite aware that this last view is entirely Protestant, and cannot be included among those beliefs which are common to all forms of Christianity; even St. Francis of Assisi could not win universal acceptance for it; but I am none the less convinced that it is of the essence of

Christ's teaching. The predominant expression is the face of this Madonna of Fra Lippo seems to me an almost haughty isolation ; that is what I do not believe ; there is of course much else in the face, but unfortunately that is precisely what I cannot make out. This picture for a moment makes me think with a longing of the Madonna of the Pomegranate ; it is so utterly wonderful, and yet contains a note that jars on me.

Very different yet equally marvellous is Murillo's Virgin and Child ; the colouring is more subdued, yet after all hardly less bright, if you will forgive the oxymoron. The expression in the eyes of the Child makes me marvel more than ever at the love of Christ, for it is a terrible thing that an infant should see so much. I love the wildness of triumph, restrained but not concealed, in Allori's Judith, while the glorious colouring and perfect technique of the Madonna della Seggiola is an exhilaration to me. There is something else in this latter picture, although the sentimentality of the Madonna's mouth would spoil all my pleasure in a lesser work ; but—the eyes are the eyes of one who ponders many things in her heart, striving to pierce the shadow of deep mysteries, and undismayed. They express a detachment far removed alike from the aloofness of Fra Lippo's Madonna, and the complete absorption of the St. John the Baptist at her knee, who sees nothing but the form of Him Who cometh after. But for once Rafael draws at last all eyes to the Child, the human infant who nestles into his mother's embrace while He turns eyes full of " the orbéd omniscience of a God " upon the beholder. The other Rafaels or quasi-Rafaels, the Baldacchino, and the Impannata, even the Granduca, the Madonna del Viaggio that accompanied the Grand Duke on all his wanderings, all seem in comparison

with this insipid, except for the wonderful little Vision of Ezekiel, which is worthy of Michelangelo. But what shall I say of the Andreas? I like the later Assumption least, but that does not mean that it does not appeal to me, even though it is unfinished. Those wonderful soft outlines, and the perfect harmony of colours are, so to speak, taken for granted, although the world can show very few artistic triumphs that are greater than these; they are taken for granted, although the eye cannot be satiated with feasting on them, because of the soul that they clothe. There are eighteen of his pictures here, and I could spend hours before each one of them; of the three Holy Families one is, I think, almost if not quite as fine as that in Munich; I don't know if it has any particular name, but it represents the Baptist talking animatedly to the Child on the Madonna's lap, while Elizabeth watches from the background. There are also two Annunciations, both perfectly convincing, the larger a glory of colouring. The Story of Joseph, the Pietà, the Disputa;—one after another they rise before my eyes, and my whole being throbs with an agony of thanksgiving to God, who has permitted me to see these messages of His love. If ever eyes beheld the glory invisible, it is those eyes set in the lovely child-face of John the Baptist; if ever man hoped or dreamed of high that seemed at times too high, then did that youth whose hand has portrayed for us his own unfurrowed face hope and dream and see. To me he is a prophet, and more than a prophet; I know he was not perfect, but did not one of the old prophets ever fall into a sin? Does God speak only through those whom our moral standards account the noblest? When I think of the thousands to whom Andrea or Botticelli or a

dozen others must have given some new revelation of God, when I imagine that great multitude who have heard His voice speaking to them the message He entrusted to His servant Beethoven, when I count the countless stars that must gleam in the heavenly crown of Robert Browning in token of the souls that he has led to Christ, it seems as if here in Art lay the world's chief hope, as if the statesmen with their little party jealousies, even the churchmen with their one-sided dogmatizings and their narrow spheres can hardly be reckoned as efficient instruments in the progress of mankind in comparison with these. And yet I know that I am to a great extent wrong ; there is a parson I know in the south of England, a man with a golden voice and of eloquent speech, who lives close to God, and who almost every Sunday in the year grips the hearts of close on two thousand hearers. He will never get preferment for, although well-known, he is not in the swim. No, I think that the really great preachers, men such as Fleming, Robertson, Spurgeon or Liddon, have after all almost as great an influence, although, perhaps, it is more confined to their own day. There are, I know, people, even among those who are supposed to be educated, to whom all alike is folly ; whom the finest preaching leaves unmoved, and who cannot see the glory of God that shines so clearly from some inspired canvas ; I suppose such creatures are human ; if so I know that there must be some other path by which they may ascend the mountain of Pisgah. But when I turn away from these pictures, it seems to me that after all the preacher is as much an artist as any poet or musician of them all ; it is true that much of his art perishes with him, but what a wonderful art it is ! It exists even in the most uneducated ; you or I cannot perhaps

perceive it, but we can see its results on those to whom it appeals ; I have known cases in which sermons or addresses that have set my teeth on edge at every sentence have revealed God to others, and I have heard a few men who could appeal to all classes and all types of mind. Don't think that I love that self-satisfied crowd which clamours for sermons which it can understand without an effort, and which resents anything new, anything which will tend to make them worship God with their minds. Still less can I forgive the preacher who is carried away by the insistence of their demands, who, although he could deal with aspects of truth which would appeal to the better educated, and force the sluggish to think, yet gives perpetually what St. Paul calls milk, the diet of infants, or of the sick. I think that the prevalence of this style of preaching is responsible for part of the popular outcry against the low level of pulpit oratory ; another reason, of course, would be the low value many parsons put upon preaching, but after all I think the real reason is that in the first place the congregation does not realise the unparalleled strain which is involved in the preparation of that endless number of different addresses and sermons which must be delivered before the same audience ; in the second place they want their instruction in tabloid form, and will not take the trouble to follow out an argument. I have a certain amount of sympathy with some of the people who stay away from church ; many of course are mere animals who, if they have a soul, neither know nor care anything about it ; there are, however, I think, many who stay away as a sort of protest against the shocking though common idea that a certain amount of merit is acquired by attending divine worship, that those who do so are con-

ferring a favour upon God. So far as their present state is concerned, I prefer those who stay away to those who imagine that any observance whatever has an objective value or gains merit for those who fulfil it ; none the less I think the first class is wrong because, as I think, they do not seem willing to put up with a certain amount of boredom for the sake of the chance of gaining such blessing as Browning gained in his Little Bethel, and secondly they seem like men who wish to fight for a great cause, but who refuse to join any of the regiments fighting under what claims to be the royal banner, preferring an aimless kind of filibustering. I know that the so-called Scotch Sabbath is out of date, perhaps rightly so, since it belongs to an age when the sense of things spiritual was more widespread ; its devotees were narrow, perhaps, but it was the intolerance of confident strength, not the narrowness by which weakness strives to keep itself safe, nor the pitiful narrowness of outlook which strives to convey the impression of breadth by means of utter shallowness. I hate all intolerance in religion, even when it is the intolerance of strength, but I loathe and despise that abject dread of the name of intolerance which shows itself in the crushing of all enthusiasm. I suppose there has never been such an example of intolerance on a grand scale as the Roman Church, and yet consider the marvellous power it has wielded and still wields. Their intolerance was absolutely ruthless, because entirely conscientious ; grant them their premises and the utmost excesses of intolerance become a sacred duty. Do you think it was in accordance with the natural character of Pius IX. to decorate or return thanks to the ruffians who came to him reeking with the blood of the women and children who died in Perugia ? Was it in accordance with

the sagacity of the Papal court to refuse the extraordinarily favourable terms first offered by Cavour? *Corruptio optimi fit pessima*; we may loathe the cruelty and marvel at the folly, but behind it was the realisation of a great purpose of God, and the determination never to betray that purpose. The faith was mistaken, and the results have been appalling, and would be so again if that faith had free scope, but the intolerance depended on the faith; it was open and unashamed, and is therefore never despicable. Do you want an example of the contrary? Think of "poor little Laud," and of the Clarendon Code; rank intolerance was there, but it grew upon soil unsuited for it, and though still poisonous it showed the venom of some low growing fungus, not the fierce deadliness of the upas tree. In the Church of England intolerance is an unnatural sin, and never conscientious enough to be strong, therefore it has always been a source of weakness. I fancy that I use the word intolerance in a sense that is somewhat unusual; I should not consider the authorities of the Roman Church in any way intolerant, for example, because they excommunicated Mivart; any organisation whatever has a right to expel members who do not abide by its rules, and to my thinking, it is no more intolerant to expel from the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, any members who avows doctrines which they repudiate or refuses credence to doctrines which they proclaim, than it is for a trades-union to expel a man who breaks its rules. Intolerance comes in when you refuse, so far as in you lies, spiritual or material salvation to all outside your own party. The Act of Uniformity was not essentially intolerant, though it was intolerantly framed; the Conventicle Act was. The other day someone

asked me if I considered that the members of a certain queer sect were Christians ; in spite of the fact that it takes two to speak the truth, I generally do my best in such cases, and so did not evade the question. First I laboured to make clear the point that I expressed no opinion with regard to the character or the ultimate destination of this sect ; I then pointed out that certain doctrines which I believed to be essential to Christianity these people denied, while holding doctrines which I believed absolutely contrary to the teaching of our Lord. If my view was correct, as I must believe it to be if I am to hold it, then their tenets are not those of Christianity. It was a case of contradictories, not contraries, and that with regard to admittedly vital doctrines. Therefore, I urged, either I am not a Christian, or they are not, since there is no question of different points of view. The remark at the end of it all was, " Oh but, isn't that rather intolerant ? Lots of them are very good men." All I could say was : " So are many Mohammedans." To which my questioner replied : " Oh, yes, but they are not Christians." Of course this spirit is a result of modern ideas of tolerance combining with reminiscences of the old ideas that all non-Christians are of necessity eternally lost, and of such a character that they deserve this fate. I did not of course follow out the whole of this train of thought in the Pitti ; it was suggested by some of the pictures there, and insisted on attention when I came to think over my impressions. As a matter of fact, we went straight on to the Uffizzi. Of course, there was another long visit to the Sala di Botticelli, where each picture seemed more wonderful than ever ; after that I jotted down a few pictures to describe to you, but when I came to go over my list, I found that the " few " had

run into the sixties. I need not describe the Madonna dell' Arpie, nor Michelangelo's Holy Family, which, I think are the two pictures which appeal most after the Botticellis, but do you know Leonardo's Head of Medusa? I do not say that it will haunt my dreams, for nothing can do that, but I cannot look at it, cannot even think of it without a shudder. I know now what horror is; I think that I could pass through all the tests which failed to affect Grimm's youth who could not shiver, but this thing I could not face for long. There is no word to describe it in our language; "gruesome," "horrid," "loathsome," "ghastly," "revolting,"—it is none, or all of these; a German would perhaps call it "greulich." It is dark with the grim darkness that is not the absence of light, but its negation; all around you can see the shadowy forms of unclean things, toads and vampires and vile, blind, four-footed beasts. How many there are I do not know, for at each look some fresh monstrosity is seen to lurk in the shadows behind that Head, until I dare not look again. The knots of steely-grey snakes writhe horribly in her hair; some are dead, some dying, but all vile and unspeakably malevolent, poisonous as sin. Slowly the pale blue vapour reeks ghastly from her half closed lips, as though the air of the accursed place were not already foul enough. She once was a woman beautiful as the gods, but that was before her cheeks were pinched from hunger, and before her eyes learned to look all the curses that devil or man could imagine, before that loathsome lividness stained her face a ghastlier colour than the horrid sheen upon her snakes. The Gorgon's head never turned men into good clean stone; it cast a festering sore upon them that they putrefied where they stood. Da Vinci has painted:

naked Sin ; I know it because I have seen it in two men, one of whom might have served as a model for Stevenson's Mr. Hyde ; a creature loathsome to all with whom he came into contact, all even who saw him, excepting one companion, who was the other man with the Gorgon's Head. I turned away from it at last, and refreshed my eyes with the mellow hues of Titian's Flora. It is a more fleshly face and bust than that of Botticelli's Flora, but then that Flora had her being in the Spring, and this is assuredly a creature of autumn or very late summer ; autumn's golden light seems cast over the canvas in spite of the brightness of a few sun-glints in her hair. There is no motherhood in the face, which seems to me langourous, sensual almost. Her flowers are on the point of shedding their petals, and she has lost the delicate charm of earlier days, if indeed this Flora ever was young at heart. Do you ever read poor, brilliant, terrible Weininger ? He would have recognised her as the embodiment of his idea of woman. Yet how my eyes rejoiced in the warmth of it all after the terror of great darkness, until I seemed to see that it was but a step from the ripe golden Flora, bounteous in her beauty, to the gaunt livid horror of corruption. I don't know why I should dwell on these pictures, which after all do not satisfy when there are so many marvels all around. Ghirlandaio has a Virgin Enthroned, which appeals to me almost as much as the Madonna of the Pomegranate, and that in spite of the fact that I generally resent the presence of such irrelevant figures as the knight in plate mail, and the two bishops. Here, however, so wonderful is the spirit of the picture, that they do not appear irrelevant. There is an Adoration by Mantegna, another by Ghirlandaio, Bonifazio's Rest in Egypt which I had noticed,



Lippo Lippi. Madonna.

number of examples of the Northern Schools. There are six or seven that are perfectly marvellous. I think I like best three of Honthorst's, Dürer's Adoration of the Magi, and Van der Goes' Adoration of the Shepherds, and Brueghel's Calvary. The last named is one of those canvasses which give the whole story of the event ; in effect it is several pictures in one, but, though each single incident is a jewel in itself, they are all set together as in a ring by the genius of the painter. Dürer's Adoration is an inexpressible delight to me ; I can hardly describe my sensations ; but I feel for that picture a love which is something like the feeling one has sometimes for an exceptionally charming child of three or four years old. I suppose the quality they have in common is a kind of adorable simplicity ; not that simplicity which may make us feel as though we were condescending when we admire it, but that which is a marvel and a sacred thing far nearer to God than we are. The scene seems to be laid amid the ruins of a palace ; part of the walls are standing, and the bare brickwork of one or two arches ; in other parts the arches have broken off close to the spring, and bushes are waving where the roof has fallen in. On the right in the background stands one of the skeleton arches, and around it are some men on horseback ; to the left a shed is built against a wall, and a cow looks out by the log on which the Mother sits. And it is a mother, not merely a Madonna ; this is the ideal of a German Hausfrau, yet does not seem in the least incongruous. The Child leans forward from His mother's knees, and stretches out his arms to the grey-bearded king who kneels to kiss Him. Behind there stand a negro and a white man with long hair and gold-embroidered robes each holding a jewelled vase as an offering for the Child. Of

the Honthorsts, one is a delightful picture of a merry supper party, a veritable masterpiece of light and shade. There are three young men and three girls, with an old woman to wait upon them; one man has been playing on the lute, but all are now watching the girl who is spoon-feeding one of the other men. Here is the homely everyday life of a bygone age, the mirth and jest of long-dead boys and girls living still for us of a vastly different age. It is a pleasant mirth, too; whatever may be the moral character of the feasters you can tell that their laughter was not vulgar or raucous, and that the lute was not intended to accompany the seventeenth century equivalent of a song from the latest comic opera. I daresay that for this reason Gerhard is liable to the attacks of those who insist that painters shall paint things as they really are, but I like his way better. I don't appreciate painting which seems to be a perpetual shriek of "It is, but it hadn't ought to be." I shall always, however, think of Honthorst, chiefly as the painter of these two "Adorations." In both the soft light that comes from the helpless Child lying prone on the sheet, which has been covering Him, is a thing that should make one thank God. In each picture there is the ring of dear homely faces, transfigured by the glory of that sight; in one, the shepherds who have pressed close till the covering was thrown back, are dazzled by the radiance which beats upon their faces and on the little Cherubim, who are hastening to adore; in the other the peasant-angels have crept softly right up to the Child, and are gazing with eyes as undimmed as those of the proud mother, or those in the wonderful father-face that looks over her shoulder. Till recently Gerhard of the night was little more than a name to me; now in my prayers I thank

God for him, as I do for Sandro Botticelli, for Ludwig van Beethoven, for Robert Browning, and for many others of the Knights of the Holy Grail.

From the leads of the Uffizzi one gets a delightful view of the Old Palace and the Piazza della Signoria ; we were astonished to see how far the top of the tower projects beyond the face of the building. As you can imagine, this was a tiring day, especially as we went out to dinner in the evening, and did not return to our hotel until considerably later than our usual hour for retiring to our rooms. When we did get back, and were composing ourselves to sleep the sleep of the very weary, a party of Florentine cats began to make night hideous from a courtyard under our window, which is, I may remark, on the third storey. Right underneath we could see them, seven of them, sitting in a circle with their noses together. Fortunately I had a newspaper in my room ; a large paper bag containing about a gallon of water is a very effective deterrent if dropped from a height close to a party of cats ; the water squelches out over a very large radius. I threw mine just a little too far, and was afraid that the bag would hit some cat and injure it ; fortunately, when it was about ten feet above them it turned over in the air, and emptied itself exactly on the spot where the seven noses met. After this we slept undisturbed, and woke up much refreshed at 9.30.

The worst of Florence is that it necessitates a shave every day, and even the minutes are precious. To-day we were in the Uffizzi all the morning, and in the afternoon the Professor studied knives and hairpins, paleolithic, neolithic, and eneolithic, in the museum, while I went out with some friends to the Certosa. It has a magnificent situation, this old Carthusian monastery, looking up and

down the Arno valley. We saw all the usual sights, including the room in which Pius VII. slept, when confined here by Napoleon. I was most impressed with the cloisters round the great quadrangle, and the views from the windows of the cells. To-morrow we are going to Santa Maria Novella in the morning, and up to Fiesole after lunch.

FLORENCE.

I have quite fallen in love with Michelangelo's betrothed, and the favourable impression produced by several hasty glances while passing in the trams is fully confirmed. It is a large building ; I should think well over a hundred yards long, and probably thirty wide, without counting the transepts. I don't know the height of the Campanile, which stands near the north-west corner, but it is a very shapely tower, and quite worthy of the church. The best view is from the piazza, although one loses sight of its great length, but the façade in black and white marble is in itself imposing. On the east of it is an arcade of small pointed vaults of the same marbles ; originally I believe they were used by tombs by certain families, but I have not verified this hypothesis which was suggested by the verger. The interior is fine, though I am not sure that one does not lose some of the effect which its size ought to produce ; the vaulting is, however, beautiful, and the general impression cool and restful, and not devoid of majesty. I think that the nave would appear longer if the distances between the pillars were less unequal, but I am not at all sure that the building would have benefited, as there is something attractive in the variation, although I cannot quite understand the proportion. The

pillars are alternately thick and thin, and the variation in size of the intervals seem to be between a third and a quarter of the distance. One of the treasures of the church is the Cimabue Madonna, which, according to tradition, was borne in triumph amid the rejoicings of the whole populace. The Professor tells me that this story is supposed to be apocryphal, and that the picture is quite possibly by Duccio, a gentleman who has an inconvenient way of upsetting old ideas. The frescoes are perfectly magnificent ; in the Choir are about twenty by Domenico Ghirlandaio ; they are all so lovely that I really do not know which to describe, though I think, perhaps, I prefer some of those dealing with the life of John the Baptist. In the left Transept are several fourteenth century frescoes, mostly by pupils of Giotto, among them a magnificent Last Judgment ; I believe the light is generally rather bad in this chapel, but we were fortunate enough to choose a day on which it was really quite possible to appreciate these pictures. The Green Cloister, to the north-west of the church, is delightful, and the frescoes are very interesting in spite of their damaged condition ; one or two of them are being restored ; I suppose by the Government. We finished with a hasty visit to the Spanish Chapel and the Great Cloisters, both of which I must see again if I can possibly manage it.

Lunch at a new trattoria, where we feasted sumptuously for two francs eighty, including wine and tips ; with regard to the latter, the waiter blessed us by a large selection of his gods because we gave him sixty centesimi. During the meal enter a Turk festooned with many large carpets, one of which he spread out before our eyes, and priced at 200 lire, vowing that it had cost him 197.50. Nothing would induce me to buy a

carpet here, as my two hand-bags are already on the verge of bursting, and my wanderings are not yet over. I think it was the Professor's command of Turkish which showed him that his efforts were useless, but at any rate he did not pester us for more than a quarter of an hour before going on to an Italian at the next table. Then began a battle royal ; the seller's price started at 175 lire, 22.50 less than what he had paid for it, while the other party stood on the defensive at 50 lire. 150 lire, 125, 120, and finally a hundred, proved in vain, until at last the attacking party turned to me with a fine burst of rhetoric, in which he described the air of distinction which that carpet would impart to my palatial abode ; the reputation for taste I might acquire ; the envy and other evil passions I might excite in my friends, and all for 100 lire. Next passing with a modest dignity to himself, he pictured the toil of carrying about such a carpet, double-woven throughout, senore, the heat of the day, his large family, which was only kept from starvation by the hope that he might sell his carpet to some rich English lordship. I mentioned the difficulty of packing such a treasure in a small bag, but the objection was waved aside ; it is often cold in England, and on the journey one must have some covering ; what better or more distinguished protection from the cold than this ineffable carpet ? What a magnificent present for my presumably aged mother, or assuredly beautiful wife. I was so overcome by his eloquence that in a burst of expansiveness I offered a hundred piastres. For a moment I was afraid he was going to take it, but after a long silence he shook his head, more in sorrow than anger, with a reproachful "*che cento piastre.*" After a short interval he returned to the attack on the Italian, and after much remonstrance the carpet



Dürer. Adoration of the Magi.

changed hands at eighty lire. My beautiful wife and my wealth are getting on my nerves ; a small girl of my acquaintance in England once told me that I did not look in the least bit married, and in spite of my poverty I try my hardest not to be ostentatious, but several times I have been credited with both these gifts of fortune. I suppose the travelling Englishman is invariably a millionaire, even when he travels third class, and lodges in small hotels ; the only thing that will in any degree shake this belief is a knowledge of some language other than your own. I dare say the average Englishmen are bad linguists, but I think this has been exaggerated ; for instance, the great majority of the classical men I knew up at Oxford knew at least a little of two or three modern languages besides their own. Often their accent was faulty, and their composition ungrammatical, but they could make themselves understood, and could read Goethe or Dante, and, of course, the French classics with a fair amount of ease. Men like the Professor, who knows seven languages well, and has some acquaintance with at least six others, are, of course, rare in any country.

We went up to Fiesole by tram along the new road ; it was a glorious excursion ; the gorgeous wealth of colour in the fields and gardens around us ; the wonderful range of greens from the emerald of the grass through the darker green of the vine leaves and the grey of the olives to the blackness of the cypress trees ; the brightest colours of the lilac, wistaria, Judas tree and every kind of blossom, all seemed to cry aloud in a jubilant chorus of praise. But the city at our feet with its perfect towers, the winding silver ribbon of the Arno, and the distant peaks of the Appennines ; these were a marvel as great as any

of the wonders in the treasure city itself. No landscape gardener in the world, even with all the architects and surveyors of all time to help him, could conceive anything to surpass the sublime blend of the works of nature and of man which lie beneath this hill ; there is no improvement, practicable or impracticable, that can be imagined. We spent some time over the cathedral and the Roman theatre, and afterwards sat for hours revelling in one view after another ; north, south, east, west, each aspect reveals fresh beauties of valley and hill and field. It is all indescribable, but if I ever do grow old, in the days when our own country is either redeemed or sunk in final ruin, when my work is done you will find me here, and through spring and summer I shall sit and feast my eyes upon the living vesture of God, but when the winter comes, I shall have my own chair in the Sala di Botticelli, and there I shall hold converse with the mighty dead, and shall pray that the Vision may be granted anew. It is not the life for one who still has work to do, but I am tasting something of it now that rest is forced upon me, and the sweetness of this rest can never entirely be lost for me. We walked back in the twilight down the steep of the Old Road ; if the charm of that hour can beautify even unbeautiful surroundings, think what the effect must be as one comes down from Fiesole.

FLORENCE.

All things have an end, and to-morrow morning we leave Florence for Modena. Yesterday we wandered out into the country towards Peretola ; this morning we were in the Accademia. Most of our time was given to the Galleria antica. This is, of course, much smaller than either the

Uffizzi or the Pitti, but almost every picture has an interest. The pictures that most delighted me after the *Prima Vere* are two Adorations, one by Gentile da Fabbriano, and the other by Domenico Ghirlandaio, and Lippo's Coronation of the Virgin. Besides these I liked Cimabue's Madonna, Giotto's Annunciation, and a Nativity by Lorenzo di Credi. Of course, there is no need to say anything, about the *Prima Vere*, except that it surpasses all expectations; I wish I could describe the transparent pretence of reluctance with which the figure of Spring strives to elude the grasp of the eager Zephyrus. Botticelli's Coronation is the most triumphant hymn of praise that I have ever heard; it is not exactly like "All that hath life and breath" from the Lobgesang, nor is it quite the same as Schubert's "Hymn to the Almighty." Its harmonies seem to be fuller and more satisfying than those of the first of these and its exultation is at the same time more spontaneous and less antagonistic to the sheer beauty of the composition, while the note of awe in the second is almost entirely absent. All the same it reminds me of each of these, and if you can combine them in your mind you will have something very like this picture. I was delighted with Botticini's "Tobit," but at the same time cannot understand how it was ever attributed to the great Sandro, in spite of many points of resemblance. I am quite enthralled by the golden glittering pageantry of Gentile's Adoration; every inch of canvas is full of eager life. My eyes wander from the Holy Family to the three kings with their gorgeous raiment ablaze with gold and jewels, from one face to another of those figures in their train, eighteen portraits, and each deserving of a canvas to itself. Almost every conceivable emotion is pictured on those faces, love, wonder,

mockery, indifference, enquiry, all are there, and each one in the position which suits it best. If you can analyse the emotions in Joseph's mind ; if you can be certain whether he is quite convinced that no harm will come of all this ; then I think you know more than he does himself. For the Madonna—you have that blessed childishness which clings to all true mothers while their children are infants still : this is the truth which underlies that artificial sweetness which crystallised into the simper of Carlo Dolci, and it is not fair to blame Gentile for the disastrous results that followed when others tried to imitate what he had shown them. The Child is just that delightful baby that any woman will call a whole Noah's Ark of pet names. Almost more wonderful than the faces of the men are the faces of the beasts ; the dog is merely a respectable canine, and the horses for the most part equine in an aristocratic sort of way, but the cow is a devoted disciple, and the camel an enquirer, while the monkeys are obviously at least agnostics. I wonder if I need explain to you that I am not in the least irreverent, nor am I making a jest of either Christianity or Art. Are we to condemn as puerile all the exquisite beast and bird legends of the Middle Ages, the stories of the crossbill, the robin, or the swallow ? “ The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together ”—I like this mode of expression better than its more up-to-date translation, “ Nature, red of tooth and claw ”—is it so very foolish to wonder whether some vague idea of deliverance may not have been felt outside the charmed circle of humanity ? I love Gentile the more because to him the beasts were something more than skin and bones. I love him too for those delightful little vistas in the background, the village street, the procession winding

along the edge of a cliff, the steep slope of the hill on the right. I am not quite certain in my own mind whether this picture belongs to the first rank of masterpieces, or whether it is an example of golden mediocrity ; personally I do not much care, for to me it appeals irresistibly. I am told that Gentile is often compared to Fra Angelico ; for my part I see no resemblance ; the technique seems to have little in common with his, and the spirit even less ; I am reminded somewhat of Benozzo Gozzoli and the rich splendour of his angel pictures ; in each there is a combination of brilliance and impressiveness. Very different is Ghirlandaio's Adoration ; everything is more subdued, and the dominant note is a calm contentment ; there is a hush about this picture that is as pleasing as the clank of Gentile's bridle chains, and the pawing of his horses. In the foreground kneel the shepherds, while in the distance a long cavalcade comes slowly along the winding hill-road. It is a curious picture in many ways, but I had admired it for some time before I realised how strange it was to imagine our Lord lying among the ruins of some Greek building by the side of an empty sarcophagus inscribed with a Latin elegiac couplet containing the prediction of "*Fulvius the augur*" ; "*Ense cadens Solymo Pompeii Fulvius Augur, Numen, ait, quae me contegat urna dabit.*" It strikes me that I have said a lot about the pictures, and very little about the sculpture ; I think the reason is partly that I see here some of the greatest pictures that have ever been painted, whereas to my mind even Michelangelo, even the sculpture of those golden twenty-five years at the beginning of the 16th century, does not compare with the art of the Greeks ; but my chief reason is that the pleasure I derive from sculpture is not less than that which

comes from pictures, but more difficult to describe. I think that the famous old tag of Terence, "*Homo sum, nihil ergo humanum alienum a me puto*," applies above all things to the arts. One is tempted at times to deny the title "man" to those in whom no form of art awakes a single impulse; there are such people, although they may be few. But to anyone who possesses in any degree the faculty of appreciation for any single art, all the others will appeal if he will give them their chance. And it is well worth one's while to give them that chance, so much so that to my mind it is an imperative duty which admits no excuse for omission unless it be the call of higher duties. The man who deliberately cuts art out of his life because, for example, he is in a hurry to be rich, is simply sinning against his own soul. Of course the devotion to art has its dangers; I am not at all sure if the most hardened Philistine is not preferable to the so-called Aesthete of the "Utterly-utter" type; I do not believe in many of the people who say that they live for art, but I am convinced that one should live by art. In the same way there are those who live for their religion, and those who live by it. I am not putting an appreciation of art on the same footing as a knowledge of God, since this latter is necessary in order that art, or beauty of any kind, may convey its full meaning, but I do believe that there are aspects of God which nothing else can reveal, and that to many this gate into the City of the King is that which is most often opened. I wonder if you also dislike the cant phrase "art as an aid to devotion"; so many people use it as meaning that the aid of art is to be invoked whenever they are "at their devotions," that is, whenever they pray; in fact, I have heard of some who profess an inability to pray without

such aids. I will admit that I have communed with God through the message of some painter, but this seems to me in no way to take the place of habitual and spontaneous prayer ; there is the same difference as that between our everyday conversation with our earthly father and our reception of some special communication from him.

I can hardly realise that I am leaving Florence to-morrow ; that it may be years before I see her again, my well-loved laughing mistress ; there will be many days when every fibre of me will yearn for her hot sunshine, when my eyes will grow dim with longing for her wealth of colour, for leaf and flower and blossom, for the wistaria that flings its showers of wonder over a hundred walls, for Fiesole and San Miniato, for the Cascine, and for the good broad stréets, and when my ears strain for the music which serves this people for speech. Nor is it her beauty only that enthralls me with a spell hardly less potent than that of Oxford ; I shall remember the soul of her, the soul which is both old and young. I shall remember how at times I have caught a glimpse of Giotto's robe round the corner of some street, or how I heard the murmur of voices as Botticelli and Savonarola passed together down the street. Some that pass are dear human forms, who seem to throw me a cheerful greeting as they go by ; some raise their hand in blessing and give me peace ; majestic forms are these, mighty as the great ghosts who walk the streets of Prag, Zizka and Hus and Prokupek, or the great Prokop, with all the mighty Taborites in his train. I leave my youth behind me here with many of its ambitions and much of its conceit. Years are nothing, though I have clamoured out that I must be young for years yet ; although I cling to the skirts of my departing

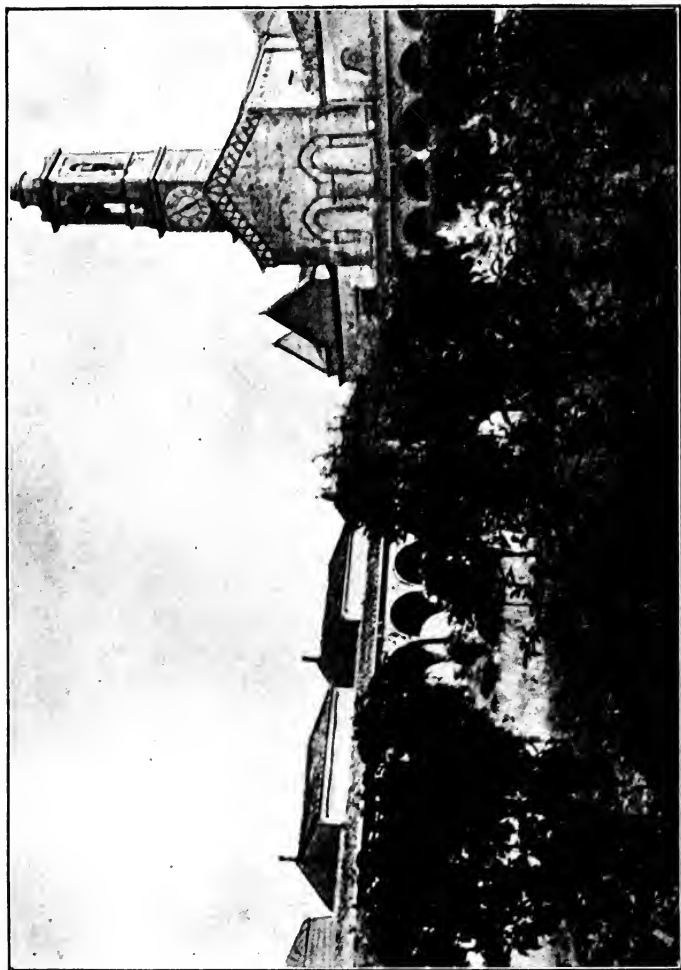
youth, although I force myself to think and speak as I did so short a time ago, yet spite of all, youth departs. I thought once that I should do great things ; you know how a sudden illness closed the doors I most desired to enter. Again the same thing has happened, and I have lost my youth. I tell myself that I have the constitution of a cart-horse, and that I am already as well as I was before my illness—probably better in fact owing to the rest ; all this is true, but none the less by a prophetic instinct which has never deceived me I know that I have missed even the second best with which I was consoling myself, and also that other longings which I have cherished for years will never be realised here. What do I feel about it ? Simply this : “ All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist, not its semblance, but itself.” At one time I should have imagined life insupportable upon these conditions, for besides all the rest I have not attained my full stature ; now I can lie peacefully in the hollow of God’s hand, and know that the fingers which move under me are working for my happiness. Some one has just taught me a great lesson ; that it is possible to love all with whom you come in contact. It is strange I never realised it before ; somehow I always imagined that it was very hard to love anybody who was not completely human, anyone who appeared to have no soul to speak of, or at any rate none to discover. I am very surprised to find that in most cases it is really not so very difficult to love people, even the few I have hated. The curious part is that I never imagined myself to be of an affectionate disposition, and have often loved animals more than members of my own species ; animals and children are made to be loved : this much I always knew, but I did not dream until lately of extending this

proposition to cover the whole of creation, including men and women who don't appeal to me.

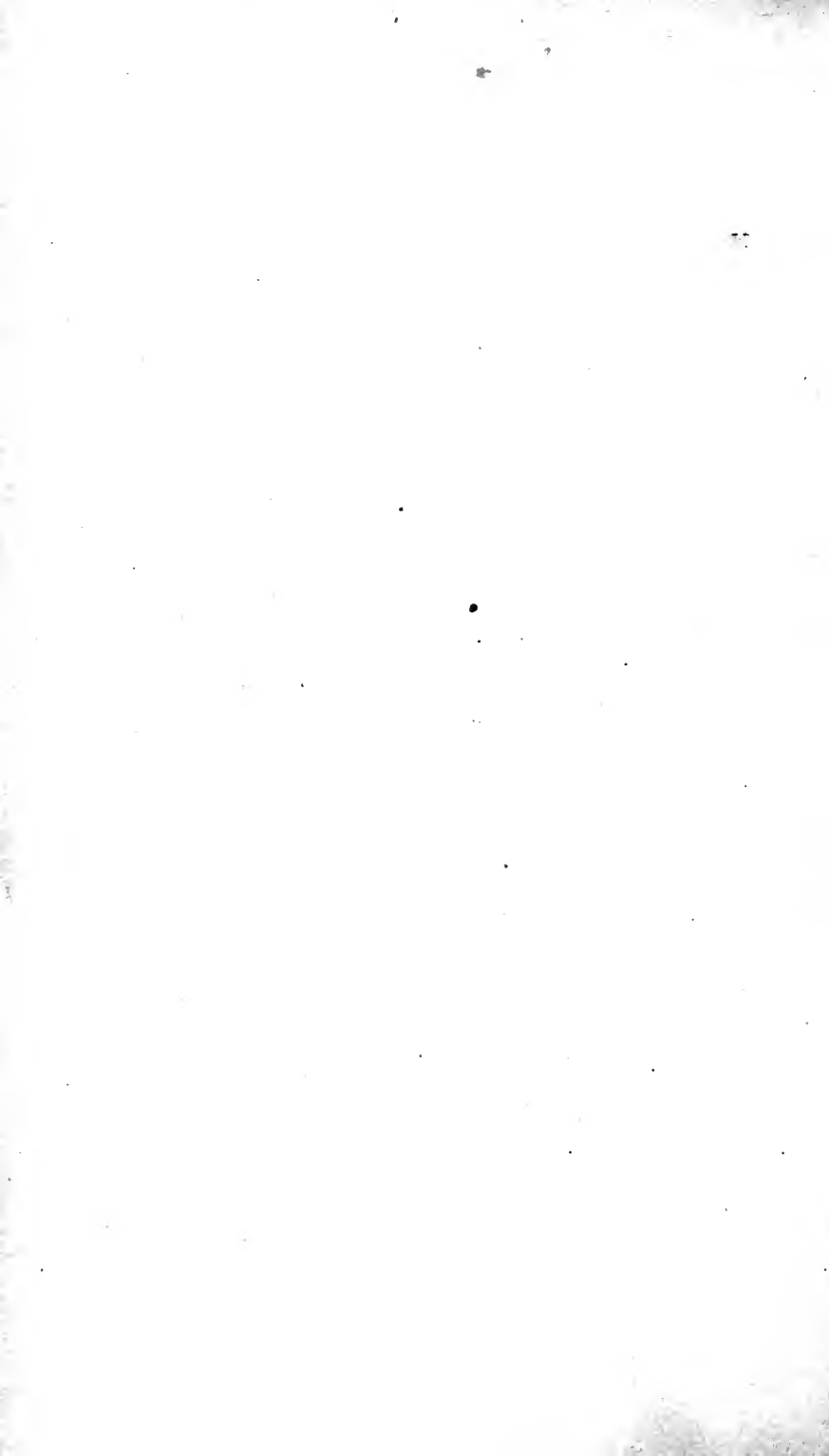
To-morrow we slip away to Modena, and my wanderings begin to wear to their close.

MODENA.

I FEEL as if part of me were left behind in Florence, and indeed, when I come to think, it seems as if I were divided into many parts, and had my being in Florence, Venice, Sarajevo, perhaps other places also, and could hardly tell where my real self might be. Yet this is a town worth visiting, although the "sights" are few; the ditch and mound which enclose it seem reminiscent of bygone days, and the general absence of noise or excitement suits my present mood. It is a town that has suffered; the struggle of Guelf and Ghibelline was here prolonged and fierce, and in the nineteenth century at three different dates the hand of the foreign ruler fell with pitiless cruelty on those who dared to breathe the name of Italy. The cathedral I like very much; the interior strikes me as being at once impressive and, so to speak, homely. I don't suppose you will be able to understand what I mean, but I am trying to indicate the absence of the feeling which sometimes clings to great cathedrals, that a congregation would be out of place in them. The crypt is delightful; it is supported by rows of slender pillars, some of which are fluted; many of the capitals are very fine, though some are, I believe, quite modern. But the long vista of the building as seen from the west door pleases me very much with its graceful shafts and simple round arches; the clerestory windows consist of three small arches enclosed within a larger arch with no perforation in the drum; the vaulting is pointed except in the apse, where three small



Florence, Certosa.



windows admit sufficient light, although the whole choir from a little distance looks dim and solemn. I could love this cathedral very much if I had time to get to know it well ; inside and out the alternations of light and shade are very restful. The exterior is very simple in so far as it is devoid of elaborate sculpture except for a few small groups on the façade, but a colonnade of arches like those of the clerestory windows runs the whole way round, and forms, to my mind, an adornment which can hardly be surpassed. On the façade the nave projects, and the upper part is pierced with a great rose window above the great door ; the porch is supported by those slim columns which I am beginning to love so well, and each aisle has also a doorway of its own. Light and shade, black and white, the colonnade runs on ; deep cool velvety shadows, and sunbaked surfaces cast into high relief. How shall I ever live in England again, where light and shade are but empty names ? Now that my face is turned towards home Italy tears at my heartstrings ; each added beauty is like a hand that plucks me back. It is seldom that I wish for the impossible, but just now a bitter craving surges within me that my lot might have been cast in the lands of the sun, and that I need not see each day the cold grey northern sea and the dreary waste where scarcely a tree can grow, and even the hedges are warped by the wind. " Nothing is ugly in nature " ; I know it quite well ; and our flat expanse has a charm of its own in spite of distant factory chimneys and gaunt electric car standards. I do not quarrel with the absence of hills ; the Broads district appeals to me little less than Italy and the Alps, and the desert is what above all things I long to see. Give me colour, and I will revel in the flat places of the earth, and if there

is any grandeur of mountain or rock, I will rejoice to claim kinship with it, and will praise and thank my Maker for making this thing also. At times I can even get pleasure from the gloomy treeless flats in which I live ; at times I can feel their charm, but that is when all goes well, and I am glad to be alive ; there is little consolation in such scenery as this. I do not say there is none, but it has little power against what I may call the inertia of suffering. When I am looking for beauty, I can find it there, but the beauty and the consolation do not offer themselves to me ; they do not remind me how fair the passing moment is. I think that the point in which I fall the farthest short of the life Christ wishes us to lead, the way in which I might dishonour Him most if others judged me by the single moments of isolation of which they know so little, is my frequent neglect of the command, "Distract not thyself about to-morrow." It is not that I ever doubt for a moment that all is for the best, that all is far better ordered for me than I could have ordered it myself ; I am thinking of the occasions when owing generally to physical weariness, an unreasoning horror seizes me, and when the years that remain seem all too long, when "the undone vast" weighs upon me with a crushing load, and the remembrance of a former joy becomes but an added bitterness. As a rule I feel the approach of the terror, and can fight it down with music or books or work ; it never seizes me when I am within reach of pictures, and very seldom amid lovely scenery ; but just occasionally the present is not enough ; work is a burden impossible to bear, music or poetry only turn the knife in the wound, and the face of God seems dim. The greatest mercy is that my trust is never allowed to falter, in spite of occasional doubts as to whether

my whole scheme of life is not wrong, but though I trust and cling, there are times when the joy of close communion seems to be denied me and my prayers, for all my agony of effort seem half-hearted. There is a depth of despondency, no leucocholy but the darkest melancholy, in which all the little troubles and worries coalesce and form as it were a black impenetrable mist which envelops the whole being, and which seems for all its impalpability heavy with a weight that would crush its victim slowly but remorselessly into the dust, until one craves in vain for even the temporary relief a woman finds in tears. With me there is this alleviation, that it does not make me shun my fellow-men ; that a friend's company will even in the midst of it all sometimes enable me to snatch a good hour from the depths of despair. I know that if I did not fight my enemy with all my power it would be a grievous sin ; I know that the blackness of these hours reveals a lack of something in me, whether it is faith or love I cannot tell, yet in my saner hours I am glad that this shadow comes at times, for I would not choose to be insensible to joy or pain alike, and this depth of pain assures me that I have capacities for joy as yet unsatisfied. At times, too, I feel very vividly the sympathy of Christ, and realise that no thorn which pierces my shrinking flesh but was blunted when it composed His crown, and in the midst of it all, it is generally given me to partake of the Sacrament of Pain. Whence comes the pain ? I can hardly tell ; in part it is the incomplete yearning towards completeness, part is the product of sheer bodily weariness, part disappointed ambition, and a part an absolutely unreasoning hopelessness, yet though its causes are so vague, the heaviest external trouble could be no harder

to bear, for there is a point at which stupor intervenes. Up till now throughout this trip I have left the morrow to take care for itself, but to-night they throng round me, those insistent to-morrows, like a throng of skeletons, and for the moment I have not the power to put flesh upon their bones that I may live with them without fear.

I wrote all this last night while the Professor slept, for the relief of writing, intending to tear it up this morning, for I keep this skeleton in my cupboard hidden closely from view. To-day I think that I shall send it, for there is more to add. How do I fare now? Bravely; for like Matthew Arnold's preacher, "I have been much cheered by thoughts of Christ, the living Bread." I had come to what seemed to be an impassable barrier, and I find that it is a step by which I may raise myself nearer to Him. I realise that if I did not know Him, I should dash my heart out against some such barrier; for these dark hours are too terrible to be faced in isolation. To-day I feel through every fibre of my being that "*la Sua voluntate è nostra pace*"; not merely a passive peace, a stagnation or a stupor, but a peace that is effervescing with joy. This town is transfigured before my eyes; the Torre Ghirlandina enthalls me almost as strongly as did Giotto in Florence, although I do not really compare the two in any way, since the whole effect is totally different. I can enjoy the cathedral to-day without a shadow of regret, and gain great pleasure from a visit to San Francesco and a walk in the Giardino Pubblico. The wall or mound which encircles the whole city is well-marked, and it is very interesting to watch the Dazio or town-customs officers at their work; the dutiable articles seem to be mostly wine and farm-produce,

but none the less the officers insisted on examining our hand-bags, and displayed a keen and suspicious interest in my sponge-bag. Apparently its shape rendered it an object of a suspicion, which the examination of its contents did little to dissipate. It was only when the Professor explained that these articles were required for an English custom or ceremony that we were allowed to proceed. I shall remembre Modena for its alternations of light and shadow, both physical and mental ; yet the shadow has served only to throw the light into stronger relief.

REGGIO.

HERE the chief charm is firstly the broad streets with their cool arcades ; secondly the quiet beauty of the country around the town which for some reason or other has attracted my attention more than is usually the case. The cathedral is interesting, but has no very striking characteristics, though I should like to have seen the original eleventh century building, of which a portion is enclosed within the later additions. From the hotel a very easy stroll brings me to a bank of emerald grass, where I can lie in the shade of whispering trees beside a little stream. I am almost glad that there are so few " sights " here, for part of me is tired, and the rest wishes for quiet to adjust its impressions. They throng upon me like the shades which pressed round Odysseus in the realms of the dead, and like them are vague and feeble at first until they are strengthened by blood outpoured. It is my own blood that must vivify them, for it seems to me that some part of myself is left in twenty different spots, town and country and sea, and that as I turn to one after the other, the severed member bleeds, and from the blood a ghost of the past rises to meet me in fashion of a living man, who brings both joy and sorrow with him. *Mein Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert Von Zauberhauch* ; I remember the visions and the inspirations of many a different scene ; then *die Schmerz wird neu*, and I feel that it is " never to be again." There have been periods in my life which have been so wonderful that they are like single jewels

strung on a thread ; things apart and apparently devoid of organic connection, yet exercising a very vital and very far-reaching influence over all the rest of life. As I lie here on the grass, these last months seem just such another period, and I know myself well enough to be sure that as I weave the bare thread, I shall yearn for this pearl as for a thing that is gone, and shall need many a struggle before I establish a complete connection ; before I realise that the metaphor is false, and that the influence of this time must not be impaired by regrets of this kind. A better metaphor would be the picture of a mountain stream poured into a sluggish river, and pervading and accelerating its whole course. This shadow is due to news from home of another plan for the future made impossible ; but this time it is no more than a half-luminous mist. " God's in His Heaven," and I am part of the world. For now Teiresias walks among the shades, yet needs no draught of blood from me ; vivid with a reality that surpasses all the rest the Euganean hills rise around me, bringing the remembrance of that vision. The scene is so real to me that I almost put out a hand to pluck a flower from the golden clump of spurge which grew beside me there. To-day it seems that the vision brings another message ; great things are not for me ; I am to be content to fill a little space, and yet it seems that I am not to discourage my desire for amassing knowledge of all sorts and kinds, however little my occupation may seem to need it ; I may follow in the footsteps of Browning's Grammarian so far as in me lies, but may not look for any conspicuous or tangible life-work. So at any rate I understand the command, but the vision is, so to speak, second-hand ; it is a reflection of what has gone before, the shadow cast on the wall of the cave

by what I have seen ἐν οὐρανίῳ τινί. τόπῳ If it were not for the comfort of the vision, and the "grace that is sufficient," I should torment myself in a seething tumult of protest and disappointment, almost rebellion and despair, but this much at least is certain ; that someone, I think someone I have helped, shall do what I hoped to do.

This bank, blue-veined with ground ivy, is a famous place for dreaming, or for watching the life of plant and animal ; a huge green lizard came out of the hedge just now and looked at me with some curiosity, which visibly increased when I made no attempt to catch it ; others of the smaller chequered kinds swarm all around me ; a few yards off a whole army of Bombyx caterpillars are deserting a leafless bush, now fluttering mournfully with their silken nests, through which the stragglers are eating their way. One of them had terrible difficulty in getting out, and eventually fell to the ground, half suffocated in the sticky folds. I wonder if their hairs really do set up as bad an irritation as they are supposed to do, and if there is any truth in the stories of men who were poisoned by a few hairs of Bombyx Processionaria dropped carefully into their wine. I am not sufficiently enamoured of the Heuristic method to make the experiment, although it might be *in corpore vili*. Two peasant boys came up and talked to me ; they had caught a young starling, which was going to acquire an unlimited vocabulary ; when I told them I was English they inquired very anxiously if I could understand their dialect easily. Apparently they did not wish the bird to acquire a provincial accent. I thought they spoke better Italian than most of the country people, and told them so, wondering if they would see the humorous side of a foreigner's commendation of their manner of

speaking their native language. If they did they kept it to themselves, and seemed quite pleased. They asked all manner of questions about England, and seemed surprised to hear it was very unlike Italy ; their concern at hearing that we produce no wine was almost comical.

I am almost beginning to believe that some nations do occasionally feel gratitude for services rendered to them ; the Italians as a whole, so far as I can judge, do certainly seem to have an affection for our country, which I am inclined to trace to our sympathy with them during the Risorgimento, half-hearted though it was. The fact that an Italian killed the king who had fought for their freedom seems to condemn the doctrines which could lead to such ingratitude, rather than the nation to which the assassin happened to belong.

The boys passed on and left me to myself and nature, the dear mother I love. It is strange how any scene is essentially a single whole, and yet is made up out of a thousand parts, each with its own identity. Each fresh view seems to me at first entire and indivisible, almost a personality, to be loved for and in itself ; soon the parts of it, each blade of grass, each blossom or leaf, every bird or beast in it demands and receives its share of love ; they are all my brothers and sisters, and each one seems to give thanks to God, even as I do. I understand so well how Linnaeus fell on his knees and worshipped God when he saw a gorse-bush in bloom. Yet there is an incompleteness here. This grass, these trees, the lizard that runs over my foot, are thoughts in the mind of God, and revealed to me that to some extent I may enter into that mind ; the thoughts are wonderful beyond all wonder and complete ; the incompleteness is in myself, and the more I realise the mean-

ing of these thoughts, the more I feel that something is wanting. Nature, or rather our perception of nature, has been redeemed, but its redemption is not fully worked out for us. We see this "working out" when a painter by the will of God gets nearer to the true form of those thoughts. Some of us through the same communion may see what the artist sees, yet cannot reproduce it; we see the idea and yet are not completely satisfied. The reason seems to be that nothing which we receive is fully our own until others benefit by or through it; I believe that unless the sense of uplifting which we gain from beauty of any kind, and from many another source is on each and every occasion used by us as far as possible as an aid in the service of our fellows, reaction is bound to rob us of all benefit. To every action there succeeds invariably an equal reaction, which cannot be avoided, but may be commuted. If this impulse leads directly to the Vision, then all must be well, for surely no one could dare to let that pass away without result; if it falls short of this, I need some person near at hand to benefit from what I have seen. I am not talking of the subtle pain interwoven in the fabric of almost all beauty, for this I take to be simply the yearning of the spirit to look beyond the embroidery on the living veil of God, though even here the same methods are profitable. I wish I might hope that in dreams I should lie once more upon this bank, but I seldom revisit in sleep the places I love best; my dreams are generally incoherent except for quite uninteresting incidents, which are sometimes strangely clear. As a rule they are two or even three deep, sometimes full of misery, but never fantastically horrible even after late suppers of lobster or salami.

To-morrow a flying visit to Parma, where we

hope to pick up letters, and also to find some washing which has followed us from Munich. Up to Triest it was about two days behind, owing to long sojourns at Austrian custom-houses. From Venice, however, it made a break for Rome, where it remained for some long time buried in oblivion. A few days ago we heard of it in Florence, and at once sent explicit directions as to forwarding it.

I am getting accustomed to the position of Italian stations ; at first the arrangement which puts them all outside the town seemed very inconvenient, but somehow the buildings and the sunny square in front seem much cleaner and brighter than the noisy dirty erections in some of our big towns. Probably if I were a business man I should prefer our method, in spite of the electric trams which connect these stations with every part of the town. It is only about half an hour's run to Parma, and as we are making an early start we shall see a good bit of the place to-morrow.

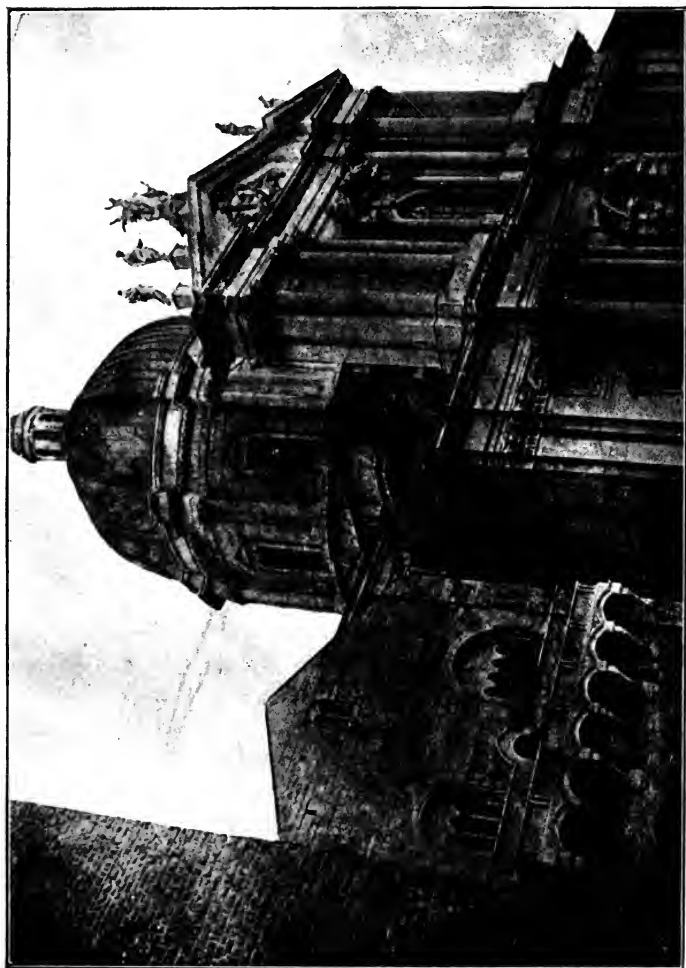
PARMA.

A BIG town, clean, spacious and bright, but altogether modern ; this was the first impression that Parma produced upon us. Afterwards we discovered several remnants of antiquity, small side streets or isolated buildings. The Professor is very happy here, for in the neighbourhood of the town lie six or seven neolithic settlements, and one of the eneolithic period, while Parma itself was inhabited by lake-dwellers in the bronze period. I rather doubt whether I shall visit their terramara ; I have already seen the site of one of these lake-villages, and I fear I should not recognise it again if I saw it, as the excavators have left very little behind them. I am sending this letter from a stern sense of duty, because I know I ought to write, and do not wish to spoil my record for punctuality ; I feel very disinclined for effort of any sort, as I am in the throes of one of my headaches, the first since I started this tour. For this reason you will not get any description of the cathedral, or indeed of anything in Parma. I alternate between the shady public gardens, which are really delightful, and iced drinks outside various cafés. Some of these latter are a revelation to me ; the principle is the same in every case ; a tumbler is half filled with ice broken very small upon which the liquid is poured and sucked through a straw. Coffee iced in this way is a dream of delight, and there is one liquor called ciampagnino, though it is nothing like champagne, which almost makes worth while the headache that warrants the extravagance of I

should not like to say how many. I suppose I must say that I considered the octagonal five-storied Baptistery interesting, though hardly as beautiful as others I have seen, and that the cathedral is really one of the finest specimens of the Lombard type, though Correggio's famous Assumption in the dome did not appeal very much to me, in spite of its wonderful technique. I should like to tell you about some of the other pictures in the cathedral and the 13th century frescoes in the Baptistery, but it is really impossible. For the time I am hardly capable of coherent thought ; my head feels as if it contained a mass of hot metal, which is expanding slowly, and which has already distended my skull to twice its natural size. I am ravenously hungry, but the bare sight of food is insupportable ; fortunately I can still drink. However, I recognise the type of pain, and know that I can get rid of it ; a couple of tabloids, and an hour or two in a darkened cool room, will bring me round. The Professor attributes it to the Scirocco, but I do not quite agree, though most people do seem rather limp to-day. If I can write more about this town later, I will do so ; but I expect my impressions have been too faint to last long, as I am almost oblivious of everything, and very nearly blind. I shall, however, have recovered by this evening, when we start on a night journey to Brescia by an " omnibus " train, which will stop for several minutes at every station, and probably average ten miles an hour. I believe that when we get there we shall find little of interest in the town except the memory of Arnold, the great reformer, and of course those points in which Italian towns differ from our own.

BRESCIA.

THE size of the town is less than one might expect from its importance in the days of the Lombard League and its wealth in the time when it owed allegiance to Venice. There are a few interesting churches, and one or two delightful old houses and on the whole the narrow streets seem to belong to bygone ages in spite of the electric trams. I should imagine that Gaston de Foix, when he destroyed the city in the sixteenth century, did his work thoroughly, although parts of several buildings date back beyond that time, notably the Rotunda or old cathedral, and the Torre del Popolo. The interest seems to centre round the Old Square and the streets immediately adjoining it, but the charm for me lies in the country outside the walls, and one view from a hill to the north of the town, which shows how the houses and towers are grouped round the base of the castle hill. I forgot to mention the old town-hall, the Broletto, portions of which date from the twelfth century. At the south-east corner lies the Piazza Tito Speri, with the monument of the heroic young patriot—he was barely 26 when he was executed—who is one of the many sons I almost grudge to Italy. It was just here, Baedeker says, that the fiercest fighting of all those terrible ten days of March and April, 1849, took place. What a man this Tito Speri must have been! He cannot have been more than twenty-two at the time, and yet his influence seems to have been unbounded. The treatment of those who struck a blow for liberty in '48 had not erred on the side



Brescia. Duomo and Broletto.

of leniency, and every other Lombard town was cowed into submission. I don't know what the population of Brescia was at that date ; it is now about 45,000, and probably was not then much larger. Yet this boy inspired his fellow-citizens with a courage and devotion which enabled them to fight to the death unafraid. Neither the horrors of the bombardment, nor the terror of Haynau's name could weaken their resistance ; house by house, street by street, they contested each inch of ground to the bitter end. There are three names which Brescia remembers : Arnold, Tito Speri and—Haynau.

Yesterday the Scirocco blew, or so every one told me, though to me it seemed that there was no wind at all. The whole town seemed to feel the oppression of it ; the staff of the hotel lay about in unbeautiful attitudes on sofas or deck chairs ; the Professor stretched himself on his bed half-dressed, and apparently the occupants of the other rooms did the same. Personally I felt mildly energetic, and so started out into the country for a walk. I started off at my ordinary pace, four and a half miles to the hour, but soon left the road and strolled along a little shady lane. Eventually I lay down on a bank by a tiny thread of rippling water, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of my surroundings. I call it enjoyment, but I am not sure how far the term is correct ; the appeal of all that loveliness was so subtly powerful that I felt with a throb of almost physical pain as if a hand plucked at my heart. I have heard people call the scenery of these plains langourous, implying that it conduces to inactivity, or even laziness ; on me the effect is different ; if I am tired it is certainly restful, but otherwise it makes me long for action, not for the sake of the exercise, or of any results of action, but as an

escape from other deeper longings. A wilder type of scenery has not this effect ; somehow I feel more on an equality with a mountain than with this wonderful green grass ; the mountain is a contemplative giant, who tries to over-awe me, but who greets me as a brother when I boldly claim kinship, and insist on sharing his meditations. I will concede to him points of superiority, and gratefully accept from him advice or encouragement, since he is older than I, and can see further. I leave a mountain with something of his spirit in me, and strengthened by frank converse with him ; if he turns churlish at the end, I remember that I am his superior in some respects. But the grass—the grass is a wonderful little lady whom I reverence as I reverence womanhood ; I claim her as my sister, but in spite of my love she goes beyond the limits of my understanding. If only I could paint, I would show you the grass-fairy ; she is daintier, more fragile, more feminine than the nymphs, and owes allegiance neither to Pan, nor to Artemis. She is teaching me tenderness, and under her influence the scope of my love and pity is enlarged ; in time I may be able to love the being that of all created things most repels me, the self-contented person. Somehow every type of scenery seems to me to have its counterpart in a human being, often in someone I know. It is not the result of association, for it often happens that I compare a person with a type of scenery with which they are unacquainted, and which has no tangible connection with them. I think I am very fortunate in having come into contact with so many lovely and loveable people, for, of course, they must be both in order to be compared with natural scenery. I do not draw any such comparison in the case of works of art ; there I see no one but God and the artist. I was

just pleasantly lazy, without any of the extreme lassitude, generally associated with the Scirocco ; I tried to read some Tasso, but gave it up after a time. I read the whole of the Gerusalemme some-time ago, and expected to get more out of it owing to my improved knowledge of Italian ; parts still appeal to me, but most of it makes me long for Spenser or for Homer. On my way back I searched three villages in vain for Birra spillata, which is one of the best thirst-quenchers I know. No one seemed to recognise the name, so I was obliged to wait until I got back to the hotel. The whole staff joined in predicting the early death of the mad Englishman, who goes for ten-kilometre walks in a Scirocco ; I daresay they are correct enough in the prophecy, but it won't be fulfilled as soon as they imagine, for I am feeling very fit just at present, and am revelling in the experience.

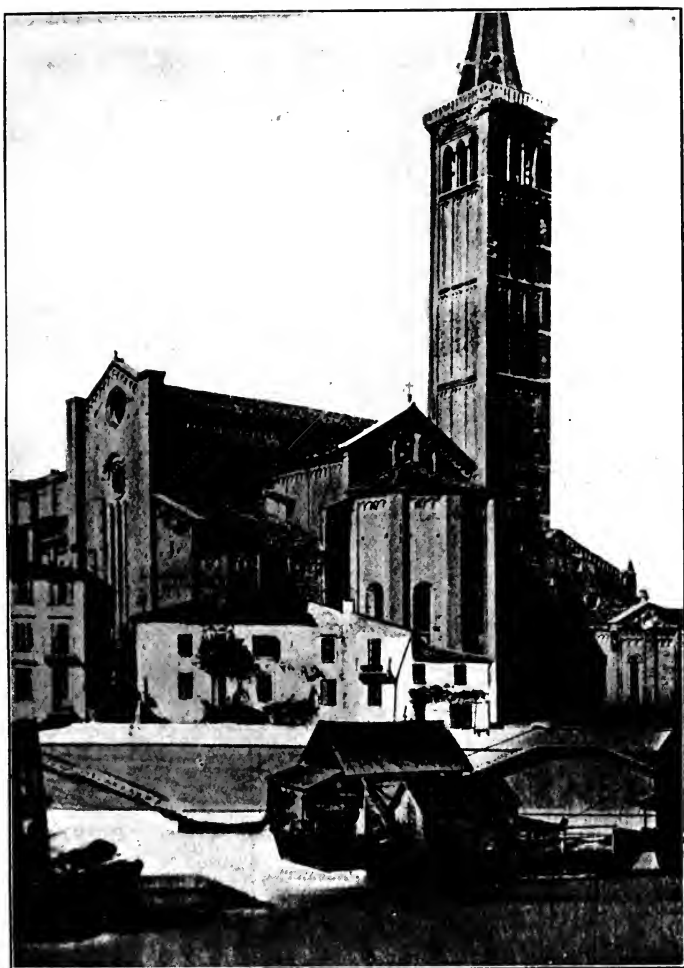
There is only a week left of my tour with the Professor ; we part company at Verona ; he goes to Rome, and I to a little North German town, where I shall work too hard to have much time for letters. Only one town remains, but that one is Verona, whither we go to-morrow afternoon. It seems to me that I have given you no idea of Brescia ; you must not imagine that I do not love the place, but its charm is not localised in any particular spot, and is altogether indefinable. It is partly due to a sort of sympathetic shudder, arising from the memories of the horrors that were perpetrated here within the memory of some who are still alive. It is a reminder that even in the nineteenth century civilisation had not entirely eradicated the savagery of earlier times. I am not in any way advocating weak sentimentality. There is, perhaps, some excuse for Haynau. He may have imagined that what Europe regarded as atrocious cruelty was in the long run the best

course to pursue for the sake of the Italians. Although my blood boils at the thought of what happened here, I do not regard this policy as more culpable than that of those who leave unchecked open incitement to riot, and who would rather see riot grow to civil war or anarchy than shed one drop of blood. There is a mean between the two extremes, and it is possible to be firm without being cruel.

This train of thought reminds me of a contention of a certain acquaintance of mine who has a Socratic fondness for paradox. He maintains that the criminal loses rather than gains from the abolition of mutilation as a punishment. He supports his theory by an ingenious piece of special pleading; during part of the Franco-Prussian war the Germans shot in cold blood captured *Franc-tireurs*. Of course, there is much to be urged both for and against this proceeding, and the phrase used does not imply entire reprobation. On the whole the conscience of Europe was not outraged by this display of severity. The same penalty has more recently been inflicted on soldiers who used explosive bullets against a civilised enemy, and little protest has been excited. Now, my friend maintains that in either case the amputation of a hand, or of sufficient fingers to render shooting impossible, would be a more merciful punishment. Under the circumstances I cannot contradict him, especially if the operation was performed under an anæsthetic. Yet—can you imagine the outcry which would ensue? I cannot altogether see myself joining the outcry, though the idea of such treatment of the temple of God revolts me for some obscure reason more than the infliction of the death-penalty. I cannot help thinking that familiarity with such punishments must brutalise men's natures more

than an equal number of military executions. At the same time it seems fairly evident that the victim would in many cases prefer such treatment, and it may be argued that by this means you do not injure his innocent family so much. In this particular instance no stigma would attach itself to the suffering of such mutilation ; it would be regarded by Franc-tireur or unlicensed combatant as an honourable wound. The women who claimed the titles of patriot and martyr for their husbands who perished in endeavouring to strike an illicit blow at the enemy of their country, would have claimed these titles as proudly, and even more fiercely, if these victims of a justifiable exercise of martial law had been restored to them in a condition that precluded further fighting. And, yet, yet—"In short," says my friend, "the victims must endure the last severity of punishment in order that the ultra-civilised feelings of their executioners may receive no shock." On the whole I think this is the lesser evil, for the present. When our civilisation has succeeded in subduing our latent savagery a little more thoroughly, then, perhaps, we may risk such leniency. This instance is, of course, intentionally chosen as an extreme case ; the real subject of the discourse is corporal punishment in general. Here I am often in absolute agreement with him, and am therefore, he maintains, illogical in refusing to follow the argument to the end. It may be so ; but one is sometimes obliged to go beyond logic without being illogical. I think, however, that my position is sound ; adopt no form of punishment which looks at all like a return to barbarism, but do not therefore be in a hurry to condemn such kindred forms as have survived, and which do not shock the conscience of the age merely because a few sentimentalists would rather

risk the dissolution of all civilisation than retain methods which seem ill-adapted to the civilisation of future ages. When the savage and the animal is completely starved out of the whole race, you can safely abolish corporal punishment ; when it is expelled from the large majority you may increase the severity of those punishments in order to drive it out of the rest. I don't think that the question of corporal punishment in schools stands on quite the same lines, for a boy is frankly and delightfully barbarian. I can quite see the disadvantages of public infliction of this penalty, except in cases of great gravity, but I always wonder what becomes of all those highly-strung, sensitive boys who, according to their parents, would be brutalised and debased by a single thrashing received in his housemaster's room. Nor have I ever noticed that schoolmasters are as a class perceptibly more brutal than other men, or that public school men, who have in many cases been exposed to the degrading influence of many stripes, are really less sensitive to the promptings of honour, pity, or any of the softer emotions than those who have been brought up on a system that sets at defiance the wisdom of Solomon. Let me give you a case in point : a friend of mine is a house master at a public school, and has under his charge about forty boys. A boy of about fifteen came into his house in the ordinary course of events, a boy who had spent most of his life travelling about with an invalid father. He was big for his age, the type of youth who both mentally and physically may be described by the adjective "hulking." He was entirely unused to discipline, and was in other ways objectionable. My friend was obliged to "carpet" him in the first week of term, and eventually, after fair warning, caned him. Soon



Verona. Sant' Anastasia.

after an indignant letter from the parent arrives, and demands assurances that no such brutality be again employed against his sensitive and highly strung offspring. I may mention that the boy has no brains, and is as good a specimen of a loafer as the school discipline allows him to be. The simplest method under such circumstances is, of course, a request to remove the boy from the school, but both the Headmaster and the Housemaster were loth to give up any chance of saving him. The method adopted was, of course, unusual, but the end justified the means, the next time the boy was in trouble he was given lines to write in his best caligraphy, and as he was not exempted from games, he was obliged to spend all the spare time in which he had formerly endeavoured to loaf shut up alone in a classroom. It was not long before he came to himself, and requested that subsequent offences might be visited with a caning. Now, I believe there are hopes that he may turn out a respectable member of society, in spite of his unfortunate start. A letter from this same friend contains a vehement outburst against the system by which many schoolmasters are practically compelled to remain unmarried. There is no personal feeling involved, as he could marry if he wished, and probably will do so before very long. There are, as he shows, several big schools with staffs of anything from thirty to fifty, where marriage is an impossibility unless a man has private means and is content to give up all chance of a House. The evil is not confined to second rate places of education; it occurs even in some of the big public schools. I suppose that few would deny that it is to the interest of the state that these masters should bring up families? They are at any rate not below the average standard of education and

intelligence, and the large majority of them are physically fit, while the exigencies of their profession render it difficult for them to indulge to any great extent in the grosser vices which might taint their issue. I agree with every word he says ; this state of things seems to me regrettable from every point of view. The nation certainly loses a fairly large number of children, who might be expected to develop into useful citizens ; the school loses whatever good influence the wife of a master can exert—I don't want to commit myself to any estimate of the probable amount of that influence—and the profession as a whole loses because every year some few of the best men do not adopt it for this very reason. The master's loss is obvious ; to me it seems all the greater because I believe that many more men are aided by marriage than are handicapped, and because somehow the majority of bachelors seem to me to fall short of their full development. Besides this it requires great freshness of mind under any circumstances to avoid an exclusively pedagogic outlook, and the difficulty is much increased by the celibate system. Of course, I know the stock argument that a married man will think more of his family than of the school, and that the school should take the place of a family ; I do not, however, see what right the governing body of a school possesses to make this demand. If the Government, upon the same pretext, required all its employees to remain unmarried, we should hear many complaints of unwarrantable tyranny. Personally, I do not believe that schoolmasters as a class are so conscienceless that they can only be induced to do their duty by emptying their lives of all other interests. As for the school taking the place of a family—perhaps there would be more in this contention if the requirements of

the profession did not make it necessary to get rid of a man as soon as old age comes upon him, at the time when he most needs a family. I sympathise entirely with my friend's declaration that if he had a son he would never send him to any school where this system is in force. If more people would adopt the same principle, the evil would be checked very quickly. Of course, there are a few schools of recent foundation which have been obliged to adopt this system for a time, until the numbers of the school allow of separate houses; these schools are naturally not to be included in this condemnation.

I am really ashamed of the way in which I have allowed my pen to run away with me, especially as there is very little in the whole of this portentous epistle which might not have been written in England; however, it may assist you in the preparation of your "dossier," and if any of the views I have expounded lead to any fresh discoveries in your psychological anatomy, you must cry quits. If not—*peccavi*. Still, remember that you will not get many letters of this sort from me.

VERONA.

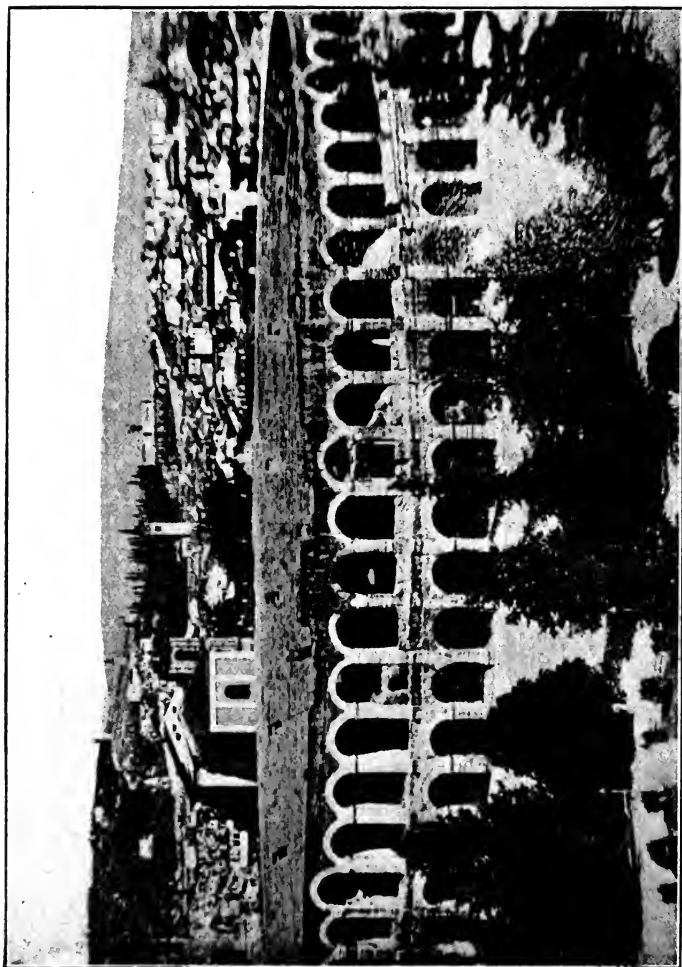
THIS is the last town of our tour, and I can only say that even after Venice and Florence it does not strike me as an anti-climax ; of course, the pictures cannot be compared with some that we have seen, nor do I love Verona as fervently as I love some other places ; yet it has a fascination of its own, as distinct as any of them all. I will really do my best to confine this letter to a description of the town ; when I leave, I will write a valedictory epistle, and try to sum up my impressions of the whole tour.

Imprimis—the history of Verona. Of course, you know it as well as I do, but I will jot down a few incidents to clarify my own impressions. There are still traces of the old castle of San Pietro, the residence of the great Theoderic, the Dietrich von Bern of the German Minnesänger. At that time Verona ranked among the most important of the Italian cities, a position which it seems to have maintained even after Narses destroyed the Gothic kingdom. It was one of the first to suffer from the attacks of the Lombards, and it was here that in the year 568 their king Alboin was murdered by Rosamunde, whom he had compelled to pledge him in a draught from her father's skull. Hither also came the Franks, the conquerors of the Lombards, and some of their kings fixed their abode here. I suppose that Verona suffered to some extent from any recrudescence of the prestige of Rome, which may have resulted from the crowning of Charlemagne, but even before this it seems to have been some-

what overshadowed by the Lombard capital, Pavia. Still the marquis of Verona, who had charge of the northern portion of Italy, must have been a person of some importance, and no doubt had plenty to occupy his mind. I don't know how far the town suffered from the various plundering incursions of the Magyars, who seem to have done considerable damage on the occasion of one of their raids in 924, or whether its position was affected by the transference of the imperial dignity to Otho the German in 951. During the next century it seems to have been less important than either Milan or Pavia, but after the destruction of the former city in 1162 it was Verona that initiated the Lombard League against Frederick Barbarossa. It also joined the second league in 1226 against the noble Frederick II., and with much reluctance consented to receive the emissaries of the Inquisition, a concession exacted by Gregory IX. in return for his patronage. Near here the monk, John of Vicenza, delivered his famous address on the forgiveness of injuries, an address which moved his audience to tears, and aroused such enthusiasm that sixty "cathari," i.e., mystics who held unpopular views on the moral state of the Church, were burned alive in the Square at Verona as a guarantee of the depth of the charity of his audience. About this time the Pope ordered Eccelino III. to deliver up his father to the same punishment. There are few crimes which Eccelino did not commit, but, in the eyes of some of his contemporaries, his disobedience to this order was the heaviest of them all. Soon after this, the same prince became podestà of Verona, and from this time the predominant influence in the city was Ghibelline. Eccelino was succeeded by Mastino della Scala in 1260, and from this time until the city fell into

the power of the Viscontis of Milan in 1387 the Scaligers ruled. The famous Can Grande, Dante's patron, and his successor, Mastino II., made Verona one of the most powerful states in Italy, but after the defeat of the latter its influence quickly diminished. From 1405 to 1797 the city was subject to Venice. It was on the 17th of April of that year that the citizens, in conjunction with the Austrian General Laudon, massacred the greater part of the small French garrison left behind by Napoleon. Later, Verona was one of the fortresses composing the Austrian "Quadrilateral," but won its freedom in 1866. The town is built on both sides of the Adige, but most of the older parts are on the right bank inside a deep bend of the river. It is situated in a long and rather narrow plain; to the south are low hills, while northwards one looks towards the mountains, and the opening of the valley of the Trentino. Through this opening is the road to the north over the Brenner pass; the Austrian frontier is barely thirty miles from Verona, but the land on the other side, though still *terra irredenta*, is inhabited by Italians in all but name. There is little to show that Italy is left behind before Bolsano is reached, and in fact the Teutonic influence is hardly perceptible before Franzensfeste, over ninety miles from the frontier. A large proportion of the countless hordes of German tourists enter Italy by this route. Occasionally a through carriage from Berlin arrives, emitting ecstatic or depreciatory gutturals which sound like a hail storm on a lake. Ordinarily I love the German language, but somehow it sickens me in the air of Italy. The tourists come from the Porta Nuova along the broad Corso Vittoria Emanuele to the Piazza. As we sit under the awning of some café looking at the arena, they swirl past us in droves.





Verona. Amphitheatre.

To me it is the last refinement of pleasure to see them pass. Opposite us there stands the huge circle of grey stone, where the arches hold mysterious depths of cool blackness ; it is more than sixteen hundred years since it was built, but, though the highest tier has almost entirely disappeared, the two lower stages seem scarcely less solid than when they were new. In front are flower-beds and fountains and dark cypresses, warm in the golden sunlight which shone on the builders of the Arena, and which will shine as brightly when the greatest names of our time are buried as deep in neglect as Diocletian is now.

Hoary age and ever-youthful eternity hold the stage together here in Verona for the especial benefit of a critical English spectator. The scene is impressive enough, but, for once, it seems that something is lacking ; the audience is in a hyper-critical mood, for it has consummated (at three lire a head) a lunch worthy of being eaten in silent reverence on the tomb of Apicius. Also it has discovered the pearl of Italian cheroots, and will not put up with anything less than perfection. Suddenly a confused murmur, which has for some time been gradually increasing in intensity, grows articulate, and from behind the right shoulder of the critic resounds a simultaneous ejaculation in many keys, " Ach, wie schön." How does the water come down at Lodore ?—when it does not stick half-way. Even so they came grunting and gaping and puffing and blowing and gurgling and wheezing and muttering and groaning ; hundreds of them, it seemed, from Austria apparently. Every woman had a thick stuff skirt, a tartan bodice, and a flat sort of cap with a green veil ; every man had a Tyrolese hat and a tweed knickerbocker suit ; every child of sixteen and under had short socks. Man, woman, and child they all had

spectacles and fat guide-books ; they were all fat, except a few who were very thin ; they were all palpitating with excitement and very happy, and all literally exuded the milk of human kindness. They swirled over eternity ; they clambered about every inch of age, seething like a stream of ants. For a moment pure comedy held sway ; it was like passing from the stately procession of a Trilogv to the rough and tumble of a Satyric drama. And yet the two tragic actors still held their place although the comic chorus had invaded the stage. Not only did they hold their place, but their stature increased ; the dignity of their tragic mask grew yet more awful ; chorus and audience were dwarfed into insignificance, and the play went on with added grandeur. Suddenly something happened ; the cothurni broke, and the actors stood on their feet. In a moment the mask of comedy slipped away ; chorus and audience stood erect, and all the grandeur of age and of eternity yielded to the grandeur of humanity. After all, the German trippers and myself are in the ultimate resort men ; we may reverence the dignity that clothes the works of our Father, or of the great men who begat us, but we are none the less superior to these works, which have their existence in us and for us. The tumult dies away in the distance ; our friends have gone to drop visiting cards into what purports to be Juliet's coffin ; for a little while we sit and muse, then we stroll through narrow streets, where high houses shut out the glare and heat of the sun to the Piazza dell' Erbe. Here stands a column with the lion of St. Mark, and all around the long rectangular space are old houses of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. One or two show traces of antique frescoes ; some preserve their original design, and some have been much

restored. In the centre stands the Tribuna, or judgment seat. On the whole, in spite of the stalls of the fruiterers and market gardeners, the appearance of the square is probably not very different from what the Venetians saw when they entered Verona to take possession of their legacy. The whole scene is extraordinarily picturesque, and I love to stand here watching now the sunlight on the Torre Civica, now the busy throng of buyers and sellers, now the piles of fruit in the market, oranges and apples and pears, yellow nespole and fat luscious melons or, best of all, the crimson fragole, the delicious wild strawberry, which has a flavour that makes our home-grown giants tasteless as pith in comparison. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the town is the number of fine old churches; the three oldest seem to be Santa Maria Antica, parts of which are supposed to date from the time of the Lombard kings, though I believe that very little of the original fabric now remains; the lower church of San Fermo, which is said to have been in existence in 751; and Santi Siro and Libera, begun about 920. These are the dates given by the officials here; as a matter of fact, I believe that it is generally considered that the fabric of San Fermo, as it stands at present dates from the latter half of the eleventh century. To the same century belong San Lorenzo and part of San Stefano, and possibly also San Giovanni in Valle and the apse of Santi Apostoli. The Duomo and San Giovanni in Fonte belong to the next century, and Sant' Anastasia and Sant' Eufemia to the 13th. The upper church of San Fermo was built in the beginning of the fourteenth century as a Benedictine chapel. According to one account San Giovanni in Valle is considerably earlier than the date I have given; I am inclined to think, however,

that there is very little now remaining older than the 11th century, though possibly some older carvings are built into the fabric. I have not mentioned the most famous church of all, San Zeno Maggiore, since its construction covers so many periods. The most recent portion is the choir, which was completed in the 13th century; the oldest is the little chapel which still exists at the side of the present building. The sacristan informed us that this was built in the fifth century by Pipin the First, and adorned by Theoderic the Great. I believe his date is correct, but I cannot quite understand what connection Pipin had with the work, since he died in 640 and, to the best of my belief, never visited Verona in his life. I could more easily believe that Theodoric enlarged or beautified the church, as he certainly did much for the development of Verona; the Adigetta canal and a large aqueduct are attributed to him, and, although a staunch Arian, he was tolerant enough to enrich a Catholic church. Part of the present nave dates from the twelfth century, but much of it is eleventh century work. Some of the mural spaces are covered with fourteenth century frescoes, which are quite delightful for the most part, but unfortunately they are painted over much older work, some of which cannot be later than the eleventh century. In a few places the underlying frescoes have been exposed by careful manipulation, and are well worth careful study. According to our friend the sacristan they represented scenes from the life of Theoderic's court, and were executed by his order—some centuries before this part of the church is supposed to have been built. I believe that the first part of his statement is correct, and that these priceless records were defaced by the same fanatical zeal for orthodoxy, which portrays this noble

king in a relief by the doorway as hastening down to the infernal regions. I cannot regard Theoderic the apostle of tolerance, as a persecutor, or Boethius as a martyr ; it is just possible that the latter did not enter into treasonable correspondence with the Emperor, but I can understand that the king did not wish to take any risks. The work of building the larger church was apparently begun in the ninth century, but before it reached completion, much damage was inflicted on the fabric by the Magyars during the great raid of 924. The right aisle, the sacristan assured us, belongs to this period ; personally, I am not entirely convinced of the truth of this statement, although, as the building was nearly completed, it is not impossible that some part resisted the destructive energies of the invaders. Building operations were resumed in 961 by order of Otho I., who left money for the purpose with the bishop of the diocese.

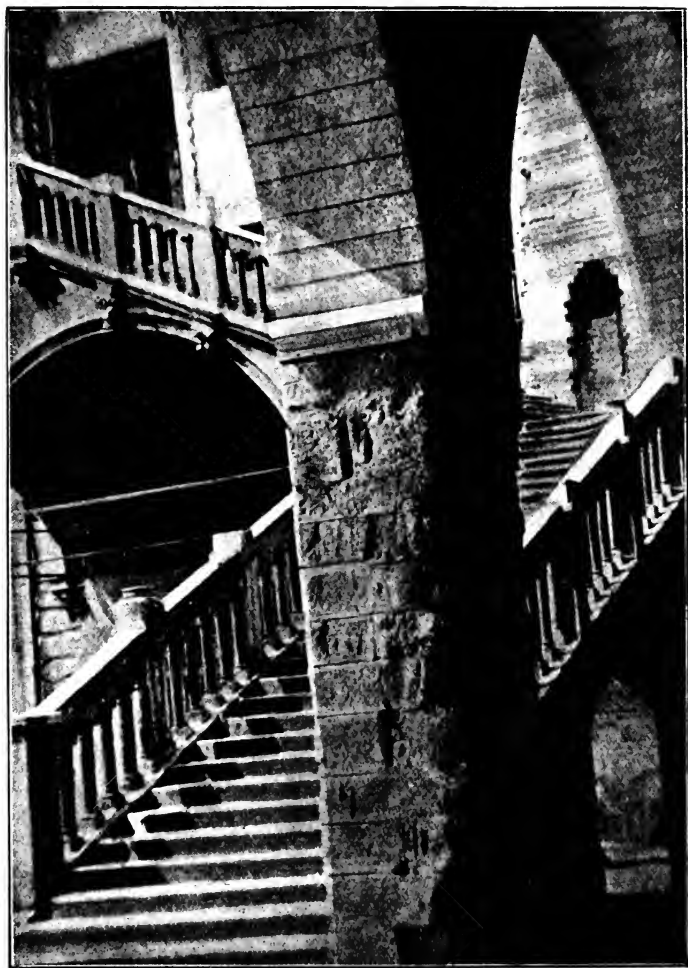
On the north side of the church stands the tower of Pipin ; on the south the Campanile ; the façade is in the Lombard style, with a great rose-window and the usual colonnade of narrow arches. On either side of the portal are twelfth century reliefs, covering the whole of the central portion of the façade up to the colonnade ; the arched penthouse over the door is supported by two slender columns resting on lions of red marble. The drum is also adorned with carvings, and the doors are covered with bronze, wrought by some process of casting into reliefs which, though rude, are delightfully animated. The carving on the side parts is, I feel sure, later than the rest ; from a hurried examination I should be inclined to attribute them to some artist of the period between 1510 and 1530. The interior is entirely satisfying ; the vaulted choir is raised above the level of the nave, and beneath it three arches give

access to a large crypt. The nave is considerably broader than the aisles, and much loftier; the arches are supported by huge columns alternating with slender pillars; the roof is of painted wood, keel-shaped. The general proportions seem to me almost perfect, and convey an impression of grandeur, which is not in the least cold or forbidding. The cloisters at the side of the church are worth a visit, as the effect of their double columns is distinctly pleasing, and some of the monuments are interesting. Altogether there are few buildings which appeal to me more than this; I love both the simplicity, I might almost say severity, of its architecture, and the wealth of carvings that enrich the west end. Of the other churches, I am very pleased with the façade of San Fermo Maggiore and the view of Sant' Anastasia from the opposite side of the Adige. If, however, on some later occasion I could only visit two churches, I should chose San Zeno Maggiore, and the Duomo. I am not quite sure how far I really like this latter as a whole. The interior makes some appeal to me, but it is a sensuous and rather languorous appeal, like that of a few of the best examples of the baroque style. The building seems to me too broad for its length, and the columns of red marble somehow appear to be either too thick or too thin. I can imagine an auctioneer or some such person describing it as a commodious building. Still, there are mysterious shadows in the dome of the apse, and a general impression of spaciousness, which somehow pleases me. I rather like the way in which arch rises above arch; from the capitals of the pillars of the nave rise clustered pilasters, from which spring the blunt, almost round arches of the roof, while above these again the vaulting is carried up by a pointed arch springing from the same

support. I don't know if you can understand this description ; it is rather difficult to explain the means by which, after being attracted by the great arch of the choir, the eye is led higher and higher. I am much taken with the façade of this cathedral, but am not going to describe it. You must imagine what it is like from the fact that a portal supported by huge columns, and consisting of two large, round arches, one above the other, is not too heavy, although it is about half the height of the whole façade. I cannot attempt to put on paper the charm of this town with its winding river and its many towers ; it is a charm that clings to every part ; indeed it seems to me that if I should be transported hither in a dream, and set down in any spot within the city, I should know at once from some subtle intuition that I was in Verona. It is inevitable that in time the increasing commercial prosperity of Italy should spoil something of the charm of antiquity which clings to so many of her towns ; it is inevitable, and we have not the right to wish that this brave young nation should stand still that their land may continue to bring back to the hearts of other nations the days that are gone, when commerce and the arts went hand in hand. Yet I can be thankful that Verona is still Verona, and that my last sight of Italy is not some evidence of material progress, but a scene which visualises for me the Italy of my dreams. I am not afraid of dwelling upon past glories, for they can never make me think less of the Italy of to-day ; the Cawnpore horrors of Perugia, the long agony of Brescia, the prisoners who languished in the dungeons of the Quadrilateral, the countless fusillades—while there are men still alive who have seen these things ; so long even as they are yet living in the hearts of this people, Italy is consecrated by her much suffering.

It is very hard to leave this country, more especially as I am not going straight home ; yet I am grateful to the illness that forced me to take this holiday, although I am afraid that it has upset all my plans to a very serious extent. I leave here to-morrow morning at 8 a.m., and reach my destination shortly before midnight. No doubt I shall enjoy the Baltic coast very much, but I am not going to continue these letters, as I shall be obliged to work too hard. I will write a farewell to-morrow in the train, and send it to you as soon as possible.





Verona. Mercato Vecchio.

ENVOI.

I am passing through the Brenner on my way to the North ; " I " unfortunately, not " we," for the Professor has left me. The magnificence of the scenery takes away some of the sting of parting, and I am able to write in a collected and undistracted frame of mind.

Well, anatomist, I have done my best for you. I have tried to give you a view of many places through my eyes, and I have also done my very best to convey to you my ideas, feelings, impressions ; passing moods and constant beliefs, hopes and fears, griefs and joys. In every case I have tried my utmost to give you what I felt or thought spontaneously, without editing anything in the light of conventional ideas, or of my own more deliberate preferences. You asked me to lay my inner life bare before you, in order that you might compare ideas and experiences. Whether you will entirely sympathise, or whether you will docket each characteristic and foible, in order to classify me for some collection of human beings you have known, I do not much care. To tell the truth, I was glad to accede to your request, for I think it is wholly good that one should occasionally be able to drop the mask which, after all, though perhaps necessary, blinds the wearer as much as it conceals him.

There is only one comment I wish to make and that I think is necessary. The dark hours are far more frequent in my ordinary life than they have been during these five months. I believe that they have been very largely due to physical

weariness, and it is not impossible that I shall find them grow less and less frequent as I perfect the restoration of my health. I cannot describe the utter desolation of blackness and the numbing effect upon all my faculties, although there is often little tangible reason for the despair. Yet, though I cannot tell how, I have retained my sanity through all the hours, I can thank God that He has never once allowed me to doubt His love or His wisdom, and that in the midst of the darkness He has again and again revealed Himself to me.

THE END.

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